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'ANGELS'

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By Dr. Robert Chartham

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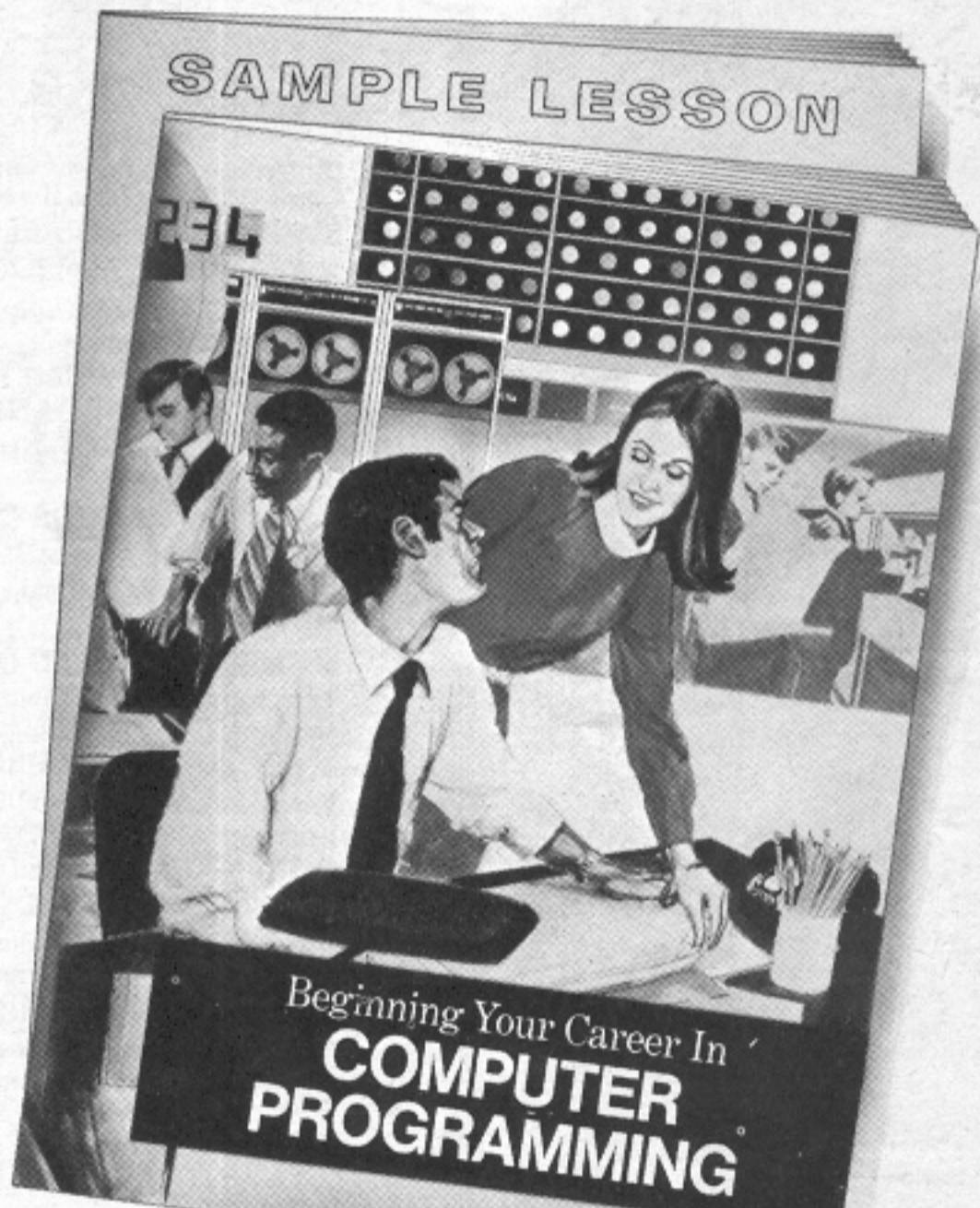
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MALE



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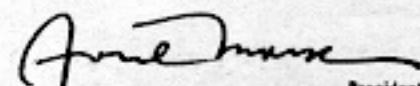
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President

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1-316 Duraclean Bldg. Deerfield, Ill. 60015

Ford Marsh, President, DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL
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YOU and WOMEN

EXCLUSIVE MONTHLY FEATURE

NO DOUBLE TAKES

Q. If during sex play a man sets up mirrors because he says he wants to view a girl in all her naked beauty, how will she react?

A. Most likely she'll turn off sexually. A study by Dr. James E. Ellwood showed that 91 percent said they would react unfavorably to such a proposal. "Most women," the doctor concluded, "dislike being 'studied' during the act of love."

NON-VIRGIN COURSE

Q. Susan enters college at 18. Are the odds really that great that she will get pregnant before she graduates in four years?



Sex learner

A. They are quite great. Dr. Malcom Potts, writing in *Family Planning*, estimates that one out of every 10 coeds in the school he studied will become pregnant during the years they attend. That of course is merely considering the girls who actually become pregnant in this era of The Pill and other advanced forms of contraceptives. The number of girls who lose their virginity in college is virtually total—excepting of course those who were non-virgins before reaching college. The average coed, says Dr. Potts, was a virgin when she entered the university. She engaged in her first sexual experience more out of curiosity than real passion or love. "Some time later she fell in love with a student of about her own age, and they

began having regular intercourse . . . she used a tolerably effective method of contraception and three months later obtained the pill . . . she plans to marry the boy . . . she does not take drugs . . . she expects to have children and a secure marriage."

DOLLAR DIFFERENCE

Q. Is Georgia, a \$5 prostitute, likely to be just as good at sex as Jeri, a \$50 call girl?

A. Of course not. As in so many other fields, you get what you pay for. A study



Passion package

by German psychologist Heinz Rabnek indicates that while call girls often have an interest in sex, many women who become low-paid prostitutes simply do not. Far fewer call girls are frigid than are lowly prostitutes. In fact, some women become prostitutes because they have so little interest in sex, especially in unusual varieties. "The price tag on the woman is merely an excuse for not engaging in unusual sexual activities. The more prudish prostitute becomes a cheap prostitute precisely to have price as an excuse; in effect, telling the client: 'You are not paying a lot so you cannot demand that much.'" Given a certain amount of frigidity in the call girl ranks, Rabnek insists studies in Germany, England and Sweden show that many call girls truly enjoy their work. Another proof of the call girl's superiority at sex: The large majority of call girls eventually marry; many prostitutes do not.

HELPFUL HINT

Q. If a female objects to certain sex practices, will showing her a sex guide in which the activity is favorably treated help to change her attitude?

A. It has a fairly good chance of success. In a survey of 243 men and women by

psychologists Thomas Staine and R. E. Casser, 91 percent of the women said they'd never read anything in a sex guide book to which they had any objection. By comparison, the figure for men drops to 62 percent. "Clearly," the two researchers conclude, "women are far more impressed by whatever appears in black and white in a reputable sex book than men are. Whatever is more 'scientific' for a woman is probably more 'moral' for her."

SWITCH

Q. Alice and Bob have been making it for quite a while and now figure to get married. Charley and Dee are in the same situation, the only difference between Alice and Dee being that Dee is a widow. Both Bob and Charley have been very happy with their premarital sex life. Does either figure to be disappointed after he is married?



Best in bed

A. Charley is far more likely than Bob to be disappointed. "Most sexologists," researcher Kenneth Palmer notes, "have noted the abrupt changes that occur in the sex life of a young widow. Usually when a girl is young she cannot be cut off from regular sex activity when her husband dies. As a result she will often grab desperately for any available man, after what she feels is an adequate period of mourning. Generally, she will be most uninhibited in her approach to sex, indulging in activities she never permitted her husband to enjoy. She may

(Continued on page 54)

Who'd have thought I'd make so much money without going to college?



I still have to pinch myself every week when I open my pay envelope—it seems too good to be true!

Especially when I remember how sorry everyone felt for me because I couldn't go on to college with the others in my high school class. "How are you ever going to make it now?" people kept asking me. "Without college, it's a losing battle. Everybody knows that!"

Well, the college boys left for school, and I got my first job. And it was tough going for a while, I'll admit that—one dull, routine thing after another. From pumping gas to driving a cab to working on an assembly line in a factory. I worked hard but never "struck it big."

Then I read an announcement like this one about the opportunities in Electronics.

I discovered that, with proper training, I could have my pick of thousands of glamour jobs—in fields like radio and TV broadcasting, automation, computer servicing, or even the aerospace program.

And I found out that as you move up the ladder in this booming field of Electronics, you can earn the kind of money that even a college man could be proud of—up to \$5, \$6, \$7 an hour... \$200, \$250 a week... \$10,000, \$11,000, even \$12,000 a year!

And—most important—I realized how easy it would be to get the training I needed to break into this great field. The announcement said I could learn everything I needed to know, right at home in my spare time, with a home study course from the Cleveland Institute of Electronics.

Well, to make a long story short, I enrolled with CIE. I found that their courses had taken what seemed like a complicated subject and broken it down into easy steps. Sympathetic instructors sent me letters helping me over the rough spots. I really learned fast. And here I am now, a respected Electronics man—earning so much money I still have to pinch myself.

Thanks to CIE, I don't have to envy the college boys anymore. In fact, there are some that envy *me*!

Send for 2 FREE BOOKS

This composite story is typical of hundreds told by CIE students who are now enjoying exciting new careers in Electronics.

Most of them decided on their new careers after reading our famous books, "How To Succeed In Electronics," and

"How To Get A Commercial FCC License." These books describe in detail the many electronics careers open to men with proper training. And they tell which CIE courses will best prepare you for the work you want.

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CM-43

WHAT DO THESE CHAMPIONS HAVE IN COMMON...WITH YOU?

MR. OLYMPIA

MR. UNIVERSE

MR. UNIVERSE



Larry Scott, "Mr. Olympia," was a 136-lb. skinny weakling. He wrote for my free information—just as you should—and now weighs 205 lbs. with 20-inch arms! One of the world's best-built men ever! How about you?



Dave Draper, "Mr. America," once was a fat slob—weighing 255 lbs. Then he wrote for my free information and now weighs 235 lbs. 20½-inch arms, a 55" chest, 32" waist. A real champ! Why wait? Rush!



Reg Lewis, "Mr. Universe," was kicked around because of being skinny, only 138-lbs., and weak. But he sent for free information, now weighs 205 lbs. and is a real champ! Why not you!

THEY ANSWERED A WEIDER AD—GAINED 3 INCHES TO THEIR ARMS—4 INCHES TO THEIR CHEST—IN 7 SHORT WEEKS! YOU TOO?

You, too—just like these champions—can now own a handsome, muscular body—fast! You, too, can now finally follow the exact same instructions these champs did, and in just 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own home, you can instantly slap on 4 inches to your chest and 3 inches to each arm, give yourself lifeguard shoulders, musculationize your waist, get speedy legs, and exercise your body. The techniques are simple, there's nothing complicated, just downright enjoyable!

I don't care if, today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest or funniest body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send, under no obligation, for my absolutely free 32-pages of muscle building information, I guarantee you that virtually over-night you will experience a muscle-building miracle; before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let me help you as I did these

champions—who were also weaklings—to put an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for my free information—you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength—make your first He-Man Decision N-O-W! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I will send you absolutely free—at my own expense—the exact same muscle building information I sent to these and numerous champions, and to over 5 million other successful students. I am known as the most successful trainer of champions. I have been turning weaklings into "Mr. America's" and "Mr. Universe's" successfully since 1936. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime proven successful offer to trade in your body for the one you always dreamed of having. Remember, you will be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Built Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now. Send for my sensational free offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, results-producing course of all time!

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JOE WEIDER, Dept. 16-61P,
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Dear Joe: Shoot the works! I agree, that just like the champions before me, I want to be a New Man! Rush me your free muscle-building information that I can use right now at home to build a handsome body. I have checked the gains I want to make. I'm enclosing 25¢ to cover handling and mailing charges. I am under no further obligation in any way.

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Personal trainer of
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2,000,000 successful
pupils the world
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MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE 32 PAGE COURSE!

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Here's the kind of
body I want (Check
as many as you
wish).

- Bigger arms
- Larger Chest
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- Athletic Legs
- More Weight
- Lose Weight
- Magnetic Personality



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FREE!

**AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT FOR EVERY MAN
ON CRIME...
JOB HUNTING...
NEW GADGETS...
CARS...
WOMEN**

inside for men

HITS AND MISC'S

SEX AND THE FEMALE NUDIST: IN SWEDEN AND GERMANY, WHERE THE NATURALIST MOVEMENT THRIVES, 62% OF THE WOMEN WHO REGULARLY VISIT NUDIST CAMPS FEEL THEIR SEX DRIVE IS "MUCH STRONGER" THAN THAT OF THE AVERAGE WOMAN....



Sex test

Grounds For Divorce: A woman living in a suburb of Detroit, Mich., kept a list of over 50 men she'd had sexual relations with. Next to each name was a rating--"great," "fantastic," and so on. When

her husband found the list, he also found she'd rated him "poor." Naturally, he sued for divorce....

THE WAY-OUT SCENE: IN LONDON, ENGLAND, THERE ARE NOW CALL GIRLS WHO CATER ONLY TO VERY RICH COUPLES SEEKING THREE-IN-A-BED ACTION. THE GOING PRICE: \$500 AND UP....

Our Changing Times: In a recent study of newlyweds by Dr. Carl Fred B. Broderick of Pennsylvania State U., 75% of the brides said they'd had sexual intercourse before marrying. Ten years ago, only 37% of American women queried would admit to being non-virgins before marrying....

LAST MONTH, THRILL-SEEKING GIRLS AT A FLORIDA COLLEGE WERE WARNED THEY'D BE EXPELLED FOR RIDING AROUND COMPLETELY NUDE ON MOTORCYCLES. SO THE NEXT TIME THE GIRLS WENT RIDING, THEY WORE PANTIES....

Men's Lib, Inc.--an organization formed to combat the woman's liberation movement in America--is growing rapidly. Organization headquarters is in Los Angeles, Calif. (Telephone: 776-6367)....

CRIME LINE

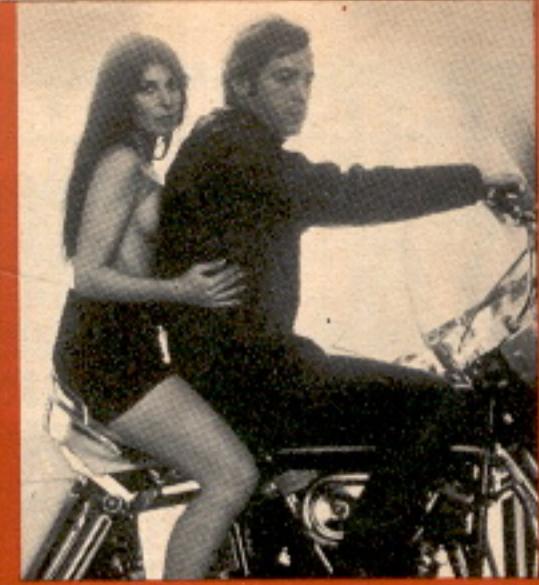
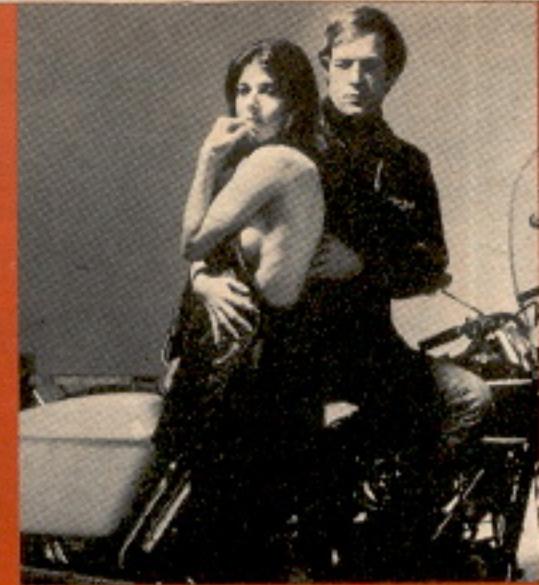
A SPECIAL, FEDERALLY APPOINTED COMMISSION TO STUDY CRIME HAS RECOMMENDED THAT VICTIMS OF CRIMINAL ATTACKS BE COMPENSATED FOR INJURIES. ONE COMPENSATION PLAN THAT'S WORKING WELL WAS STARTED IN GREAT BRITAIN IN 1964: VICTIMS HAVE ALREADY COLLECTED \$17 MILLION....



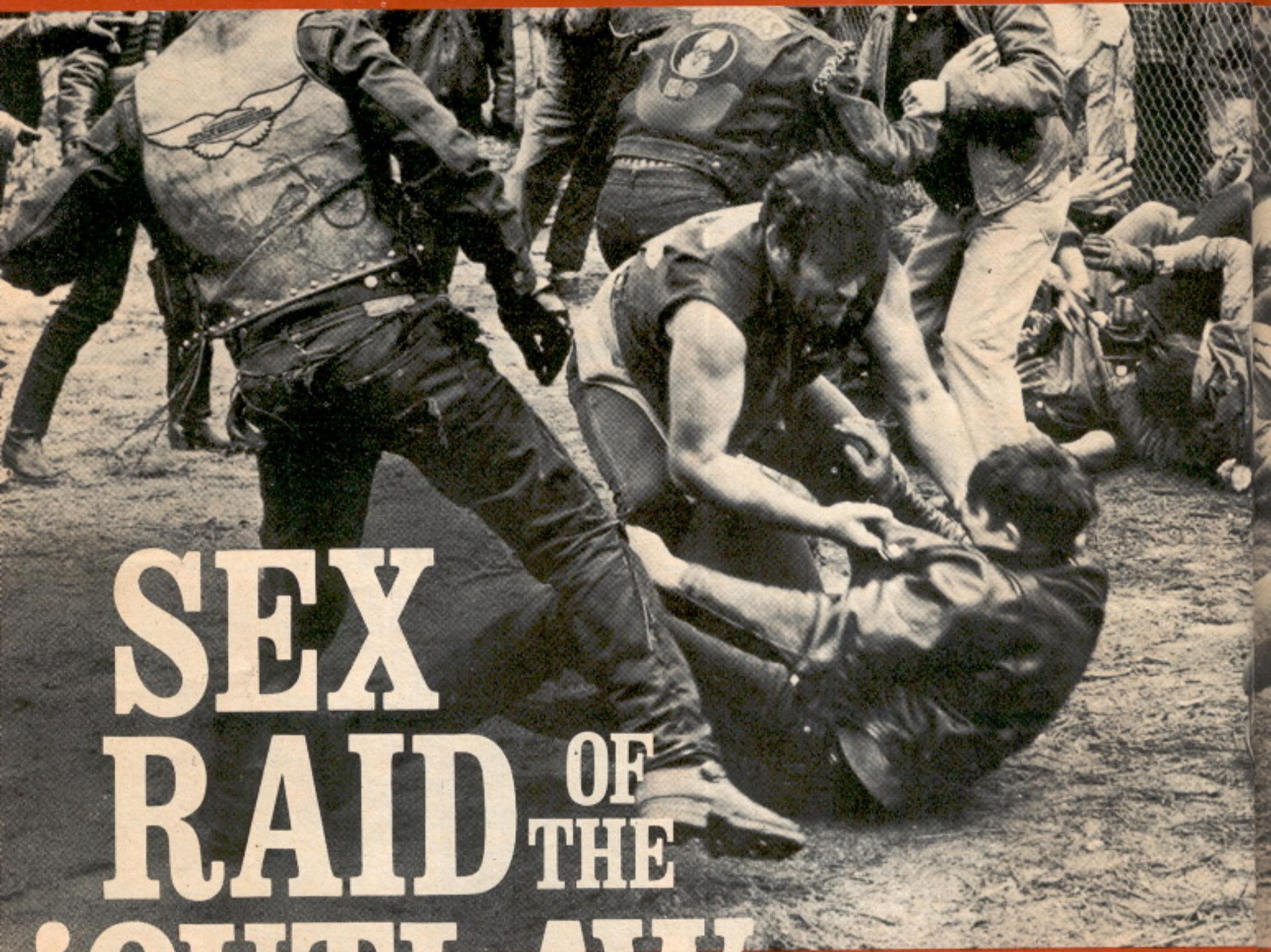
Give 'em company

Is it "cruel and unusual punishment" to prevent convicts from having sex? John Tarlton, who's locked up in an Atlanta, Ga., Federal pen says it is, and sued to be allowed to love his wife during visiting hours. But a U.S. district court ruled against him....

AN OKLAHOMA JURY RECENTLY SENTENCED A
(Continued on page 40)



TOM MOORE THOUGHT HE HAD "DREAM JOB" UNTIL CYCLISTS ATTACKED . . .



SEX RAID OF THE 'OUTLAW ANGELS'

By THOMPSON MOORE as told to JACK PHILLIPS

I STOOD outside my cycle repair shop in Phoenix, Arizona, and watched the two vans, six station wagons and ten big choppers roar impressively toward the main drag of the city.

"Sissy bikers," said Charlie

TRUE DOUBLELENGTH

When the cycle brutes roared into town, everybody knew there'd be trouble—but no one figured on the rape-and-beating rumble that came next...



KNOCK-DOWN, drag-out brawl (left) began when outlaw Tartars took on Thom Moore and movie company head-on, figuring easy victory—until Moore's cycle gang buddies (above) came barreling into fight

Berry, my head mechanic. "If I ever saw a bunch of sissy bikers . . ."

"Yeah," I said. "They oughta be riding side-saddle."

Charlie and a couple of my other boys who'd come outside to watch the event—a real movie

company in a parade through Phoenix—laughed.

"Lots of great-looking chicks, though," said one of them. Then we all went back to work repairing the Harleys, Triumphs, Hondas, BMW's and other cycles in the garage that was becoming

much too small for the volume of business I was doing. I needed more space, more up-to-date tools and equipment, and more mechanics. The motorcycle boom was booming along, but the guys who had the money—the bankers—wouldn't turn any



'OUTLAW ANGELS'

of it loose so I could expand. I ran the best repair shop in town, but if I didn't get hold of a few thousand dollars in a hurry, I'd be back working for someone else again.

That's why I got involved with the movie outfit, Walter Anthony Productions, Inc.—money. Nice, green, crisp money. And, of course, those girls, the starlets who were playing in the film.

Walter Anthony Productions was heading out about ten miles from town to begin filming a motorcycle movie about a gang of modern-day rustlers who steal cattle on cycles. This was only a gimmick and the movie played up the usual—fights, chases up and down the highways and plenty of half-naked broads running around and making it with the bikers.

But I didn't know that much about the movie then and didn't imagine that I'd become more involved with the deal than I wanted to be.

A week after we had stood laughing at the "sissy bikers," one of the film company's vans pulls up to my shop and Walter Anthony himself hops out and strides into the cubbyhole I call my office, where I make out bills, sign checks and do my worrying.

Walter Anthony didn't exactly stride, he sort of scuttled, actually, because he's only about five-three and weighs maybe 110 pounds. But when you've got a million dollars in your pocket to make a movie, you can stride if you're only a foot high.

"You are Mr. Thompson Moore," Walter Anthony said.

"That's me," I said, checking out Walter Anthony. He was dressed, believe it or not, outlaw biker style—denim jacket and jeans (brand new and *creased*, sharp creases in the jeans and jacket sleeves), shined engineer boots, denim work shirt and a white cowboy hat. The jacket was decorated with patches, buttons, Iron Crosses and the other junk



CYCLE hoods (as above) are able to live wherever they happen to stop on a "run." Tartars were no different, stayed in the desert so they could harass film-makers . . .

that the outlaws wear. He was the freakiest thing I'd seen in some time and I wondered what the hell he wanted with me, but I had a vague idea.

He looked up at me with his beady, black eyes and said, "Three of my motorbikes have broken down and you've been recommended to me as the best repairman in town . . ."

"We're damned busy right now. If you want to leave the bikes I'll have one of my men check them out and let you know when you can have them back."

"But we start shooting an important scene tomorrow and I need all the . . . *bikes* on location. I didn't think the horrid things needed to be *coddled*."

Well, I kept telling Walter that we were too busy to take on any instant-repair jobs, but he's an insistent little cuss, so me and a couple of the guys wheeled the three bikes off the van and took a fast look at them.



BIGGEST "kick" for outlaws is to find a beautiful "straight" chick who's excited by sex with cyclists . . .



ACTING as "bait," girls (as above) tried to lure bike bums into fight with Apaches, but "teasing" didn't fool them

Two Harleys and a Triumph 750, a brute of a cycle, British. All three were chopped and beautifully customized. Two had burned-out clutches, one had half of the rear wheel spokes either bent or missing altogether, and all three had enough fine dust and gritty sand in everything—a common problem in my part of the country—to grind all their guts down to nothing if it wasn't cleaned out. Walter told me they'd been "ridden rather hard" in a big cattle-rustling scene they'd shot with a herd in Texas and there'd been no time to have them looked over and serviced because he was behind in his shooting schedule. Now they weren't running at all.

"What do your other cycles look like? Are they running?" I asked.

"Well, they're running, and that's what I want to talk to you about," Walter answered.

"You need a man out there to keep them running, right?"

"Exactly!" said (Continued on page 76)



DESPERATELY he brought his weapon down on
the vicious beast death-gripped to his leg . . .

I Stalked Australia's

SAVAGE DINGOES

By TOM CHRISTOPHER
ART BY BRUCE MINNEY

Last Frontier For Bounty Hunters

Dingo hides earned this
Yank bounty hunter \$100 each,
but to make a real killing he had
to use himself as bait...



Bounty Hunter Tyler

JOE Tyler came awake instantly, all his senses alert. He raised his head from the saddle he had used as a pillow, threw off the blanket he'd been rolled up in on the ground, and reached for the rifle at his side all in one swift motion.

It was a clear night, the sky

was full of stars, and there was a quarter moon to the east. Tyler saw that his partner, Art Westlin, rolled up in a blanket a few feet away, was still asleep. But the two horses, hobbled just beyond Westlin, were pulling at their halters and whinnying. Then he heard a sound, several angry snarls *(Continued on page 70)*

From the New Runaway Bestseller

I HAVE always maintained—in fact it has always been one of my prime motivators in writing and talking about sex—that the really advanced lover has only acquired this enviable status because he has taken the trouble to find out not only how his or her own sexual apparatus works, but the functioning of the partner's sexual apparatus as well. It is a logical conclusion, as I think you will agree if you consider it for a moment or two.

Of course, it is possible for a couple to perform the sex act if all the knowledge they have is that the penis must be put into the vagina and moved backwards and forwards until the man comes, but such coupling cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called making love. Love can only be made if the lovers know that certain parts of the body have to be stimulated to provide a mutually satisfying climax, and not only do they have to know this, but they must know *which* parts of the body have to be stimulated. In addition, they must know how and when to stimulate each part.

(Continued on page 94)

By ROBERT CHARTHAM

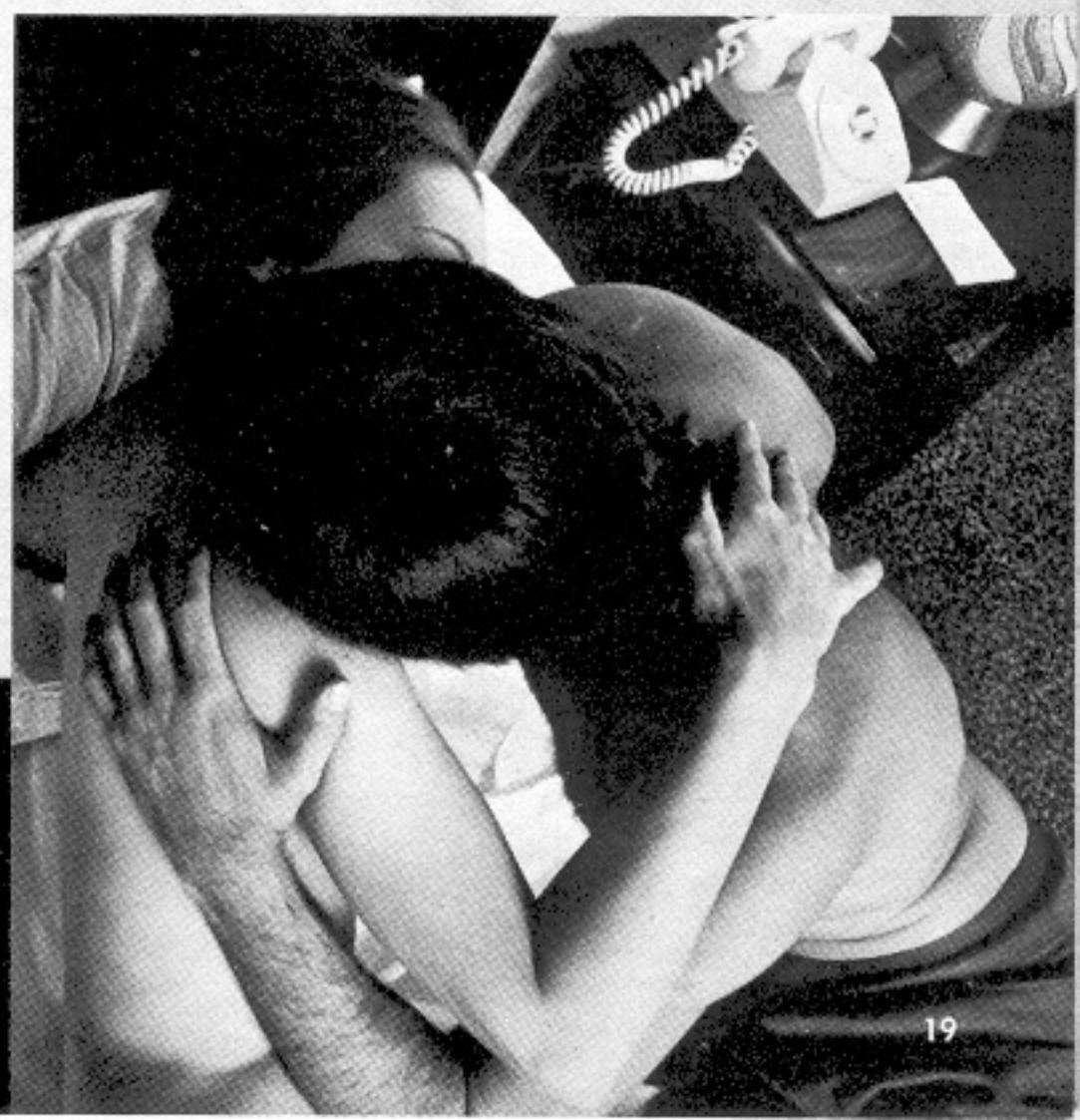


Everything You Always Wanted To Know About A Woman's 'SENSUOUS ZONES'

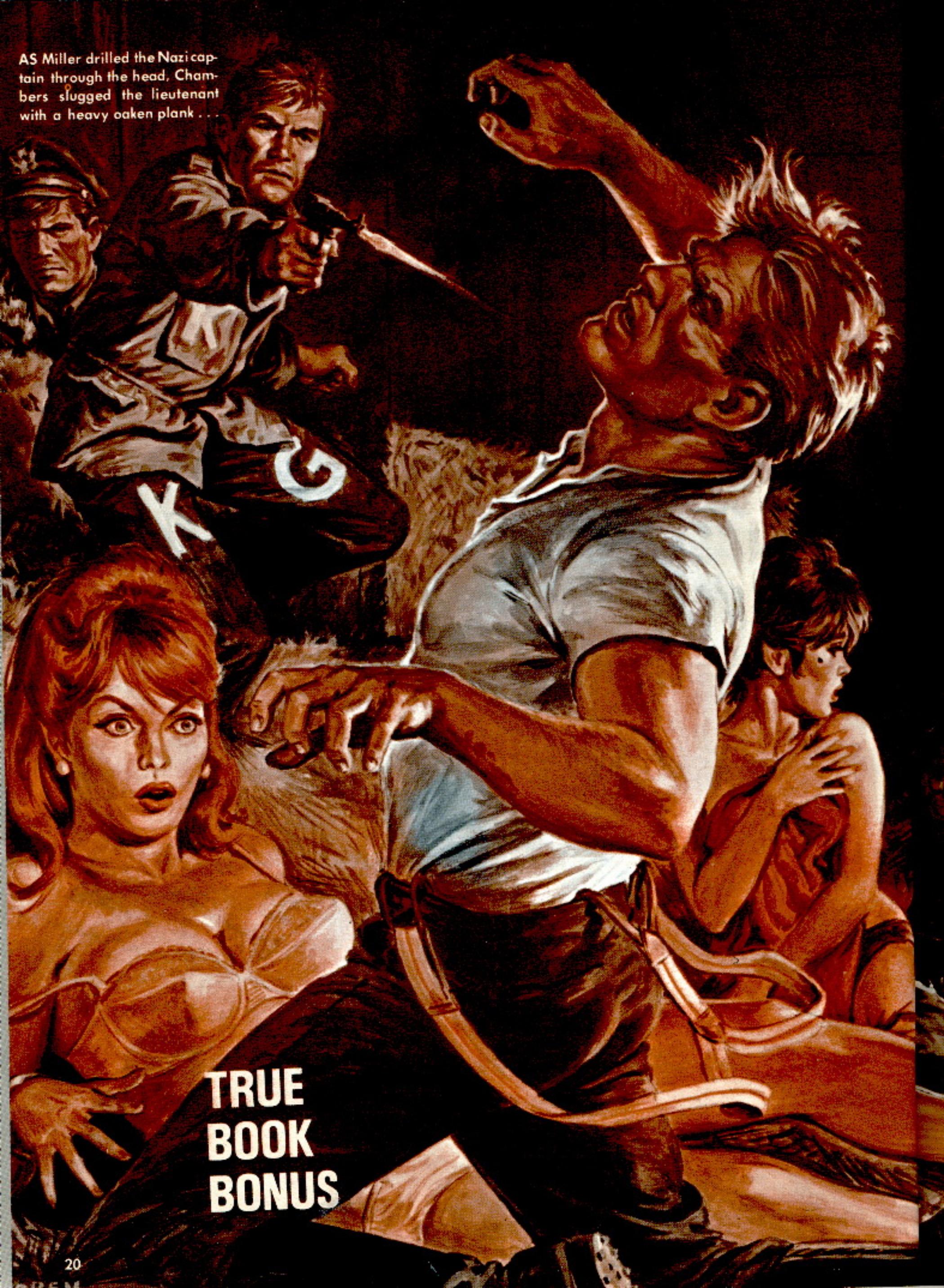


From **SEX FOR ADVANCED LOVERS** by Robert Chartham. © by Robert Chartham 1969. Reprinted by arrangement with The New American Library, Inc., New York.

Knowing the "special" parts of your woman's body and how to stimulate them can turn your mate into a "sex tigress" determined to please...



AS Miller drilled the Nazi captain through the head, Chambers slugged the lieutenant with a heavy oaken plank . . .



TRUE BOOK BONUS

**WW II P.O.W. Breakout
That Saved 100,000
Allied Lives**

THE



Sergeant Lew Miller

MAGNIFICENT ESCAPERS

A mountain climber, an Olympic track star, a coal miner, a circus contortionist and a daredevil hell-driver combine their talents in an incredible breakout...

By **GRANT FREELING**

ART BY **EARL NOREM**

THERE'S only one way we can get out of this dump fast enough," Sergeant Lew Miller said grimly. "We'll have to use Sam Billings' tunnel."

The other four men in the stone-walled room stared at him in total disbelief. It was August 3, 1944 and the five were POW's in Nazi Germany's notorious Stalag 27-A, a special compound for Allied soldiers recaptured after escapes from regular camps.

"You're out of your bloody mind, Lew!" exclaimed RAF Captain

(Continued on page 89)



World's Most Dangerous Car **THE**



VOLKSWAGEN

By SIMON KOCH

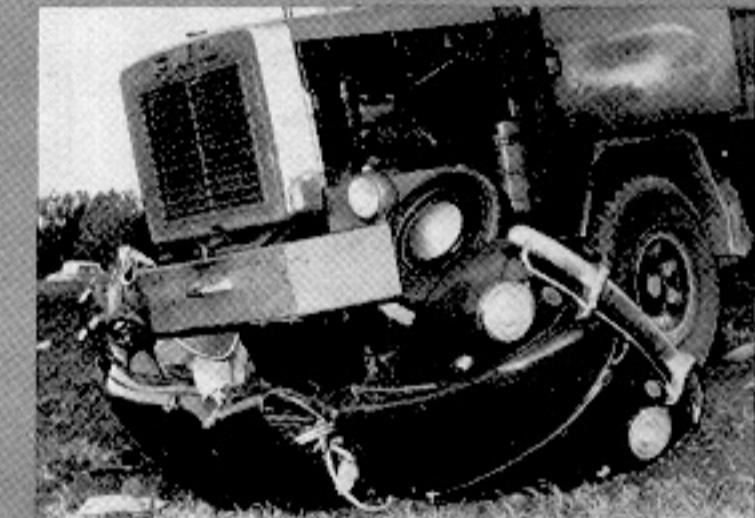
The famous "Beetle" is said to be the world's most practical car to own. Maybe. But those cute magazine ads and TV commercials never give us the VW's fatality statistics . . .



ON a windy day, VW was blown onto shoulder of road into trailer of disabled rig. Driver was killed instantly . . .



VOLKSWAGEN Bus (above) is underpowered, top-heavy, affords little protection because engine is in rear. Old models lack safety latches



CHANCES of survival—zero. Dump truck rolled over Volkswagen, crushing car and driver . . .

ON a windy but clear and sunny morning recently, George Harris of Kingston, New York, a 68-year-old retired postal worker, picked up his precious cargo of ten pre-kindergarten children to transport them to the Cradle-Safe Nursery School.

Harris, a careful man with deep roots in the community, had been thoroughly investigated and found eminently qualified for the job before being given the contract to take the children to and from school. To fulfill the contract, he invested part of his retirement savings into a new Volkswagen Microbus (Continued on page 42)

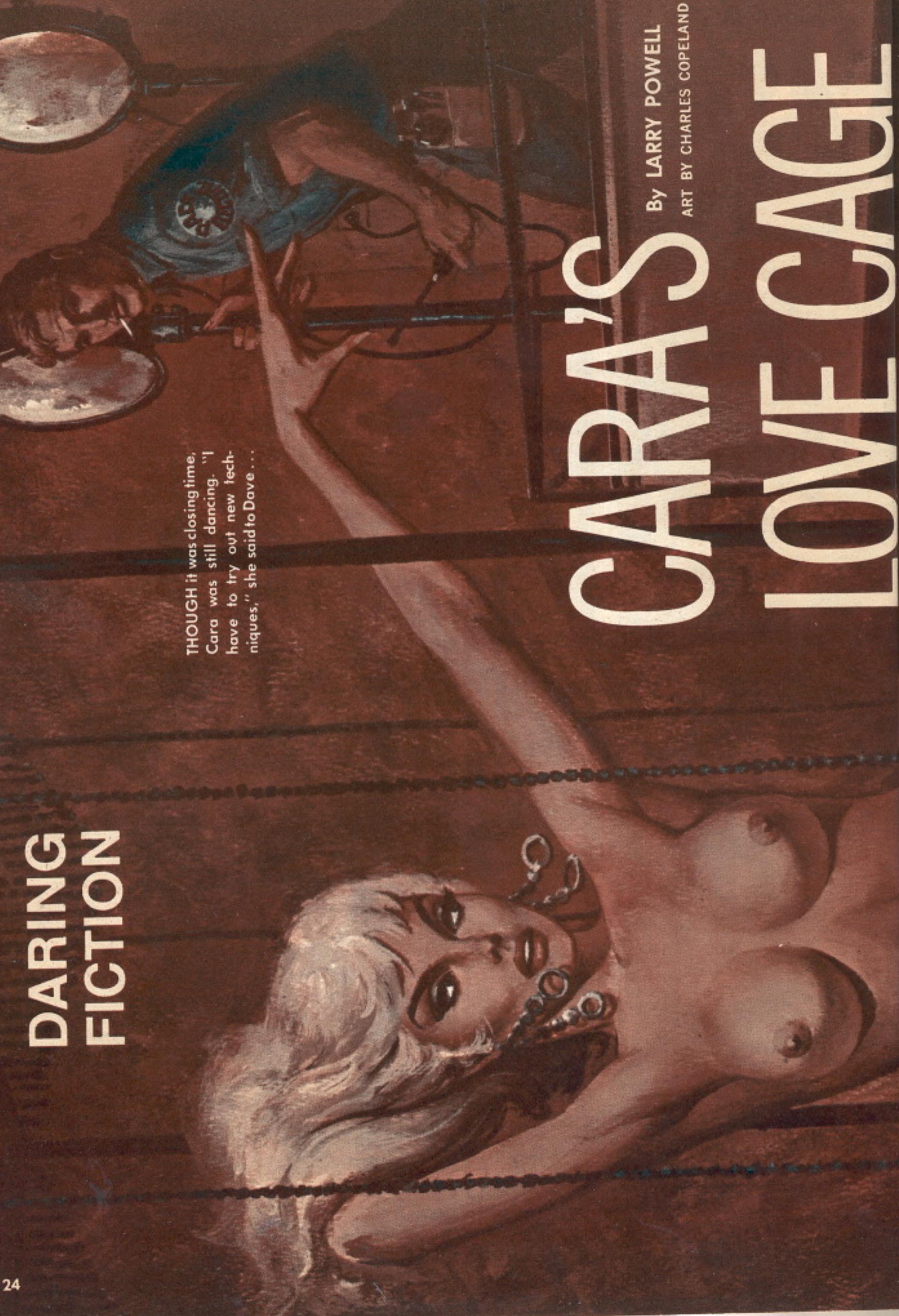
DARING FICTION

THOUGH it was closing time, Cara was still dancing. "I have to try out new techniques," she said to Dave . . .

CARA'S LOVE CAGE

By LARRY POWELL

ART BY CHARLES COPELAND



He'd never thought of himself as a big winner with women, then he met a go-go dancer who convinced him otherwise—and convinced him and convinced him and...

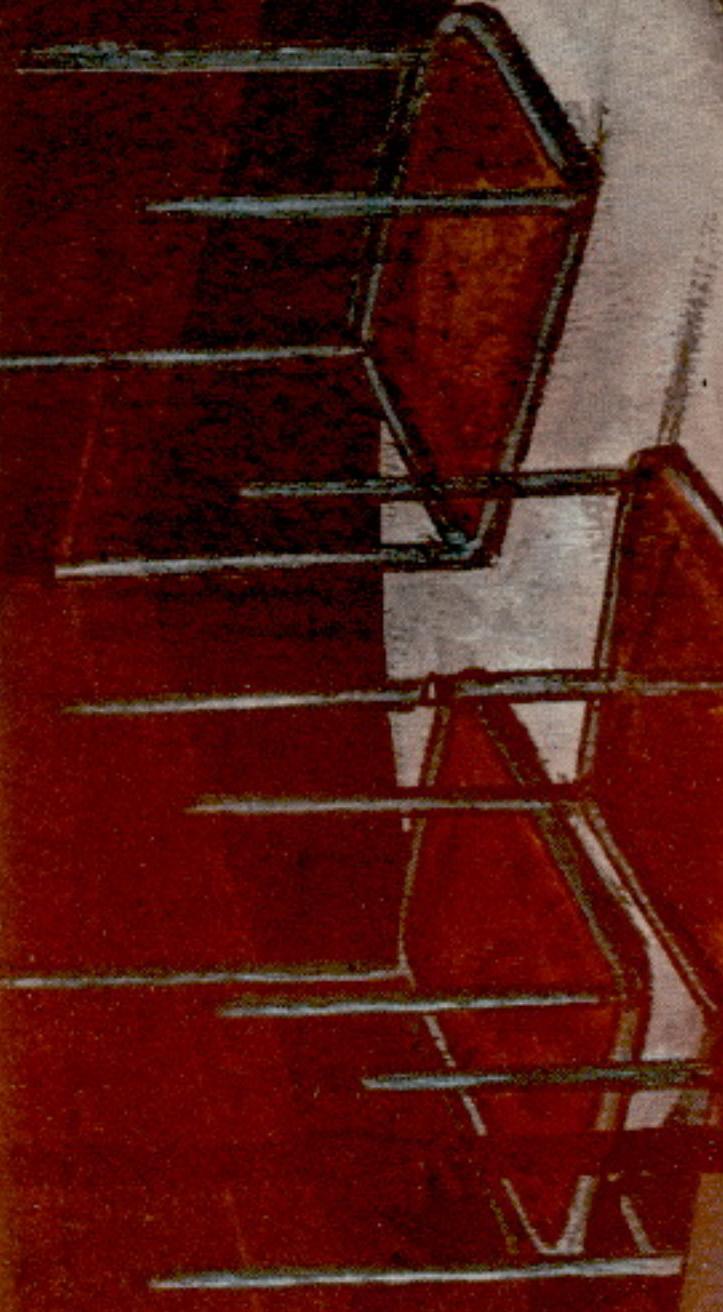
YOU'RE going to miss me," said Dave Causton's wife the day she left him.

"Yeah," said Dave. "I'll think of you every time a bill comes in."

"You've got your money's worth. I'm the one who was cheated," she told him with a laugh. Then she walked to the taxi with her sexy behind wriggling inside a tight skirt and the driver almost broke a leg springing out to assist her. She smiled at the cabbie warmly enough to melt his undershirt and then she turned and threw Dave a mocking kiss before she rode away.

Charming Norma, the girl with the razor-sharp tongue. She had cut Dave Causton up plenty.

By rights he should have been relieved at her departure. After three years, the two of them were erasing a glaring mistake. But Dave couldn't forget what Norma had told him the last time he was in bed with her. *(Continued on page 50)*



The hunt for willing women is everlasting, and the "game" is elusive.

But as any skilled hunter will tell you, even a near-miss can be fun...



"Thanks a lot for curing my fear of men."



"When I think of all the time I've wasted telling guys I'm not that kind of girl."

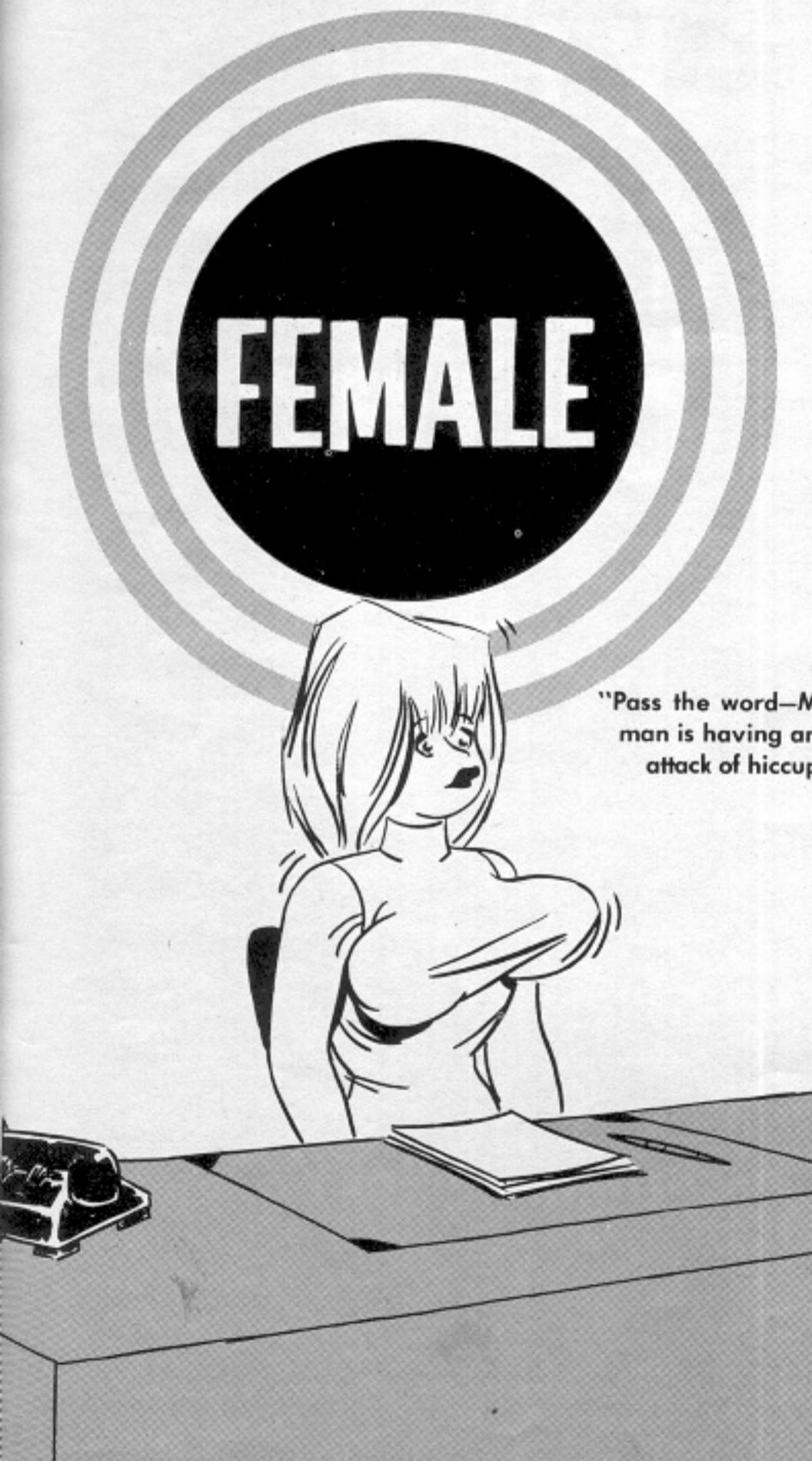
"I'm glad you asked that question."



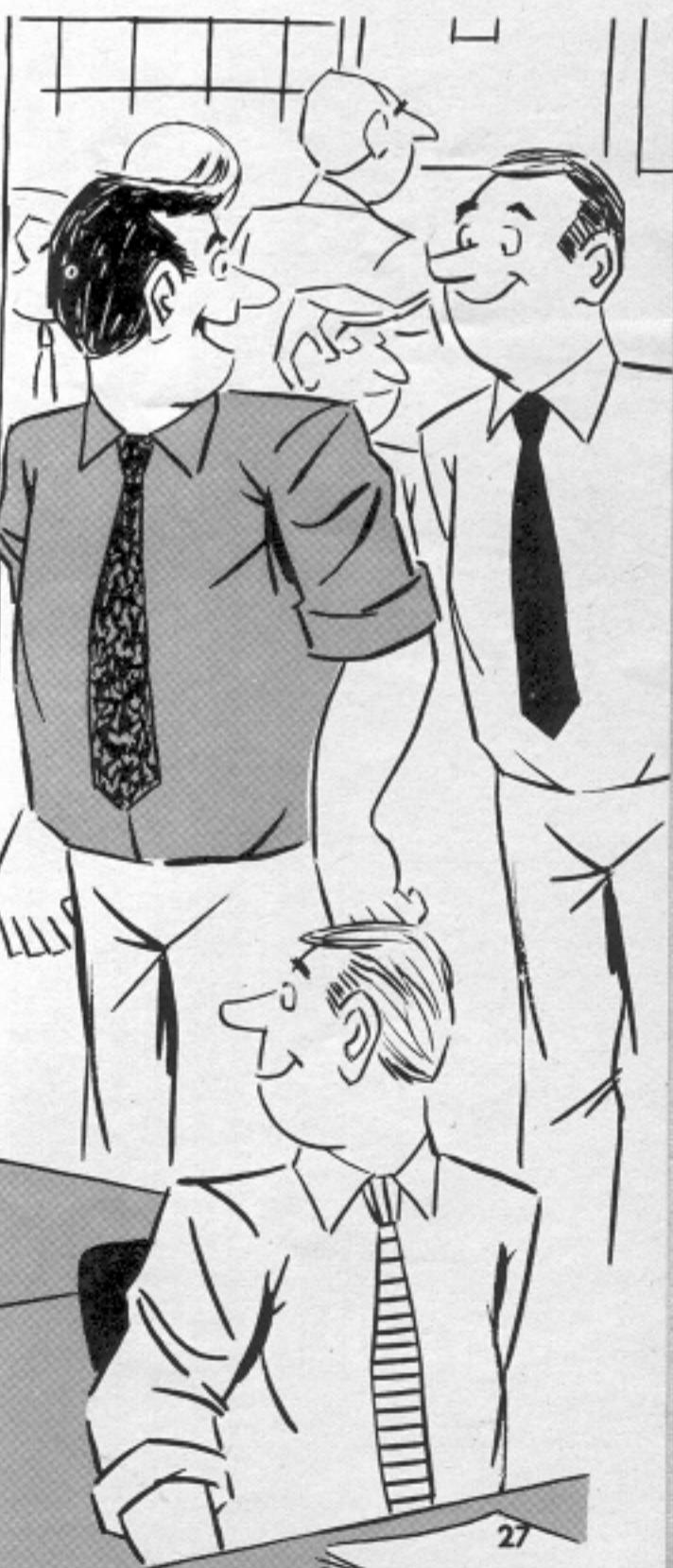
"Now there are a few questions on your sex life which may at first seem rather personal . . . Where's your bedroom?"

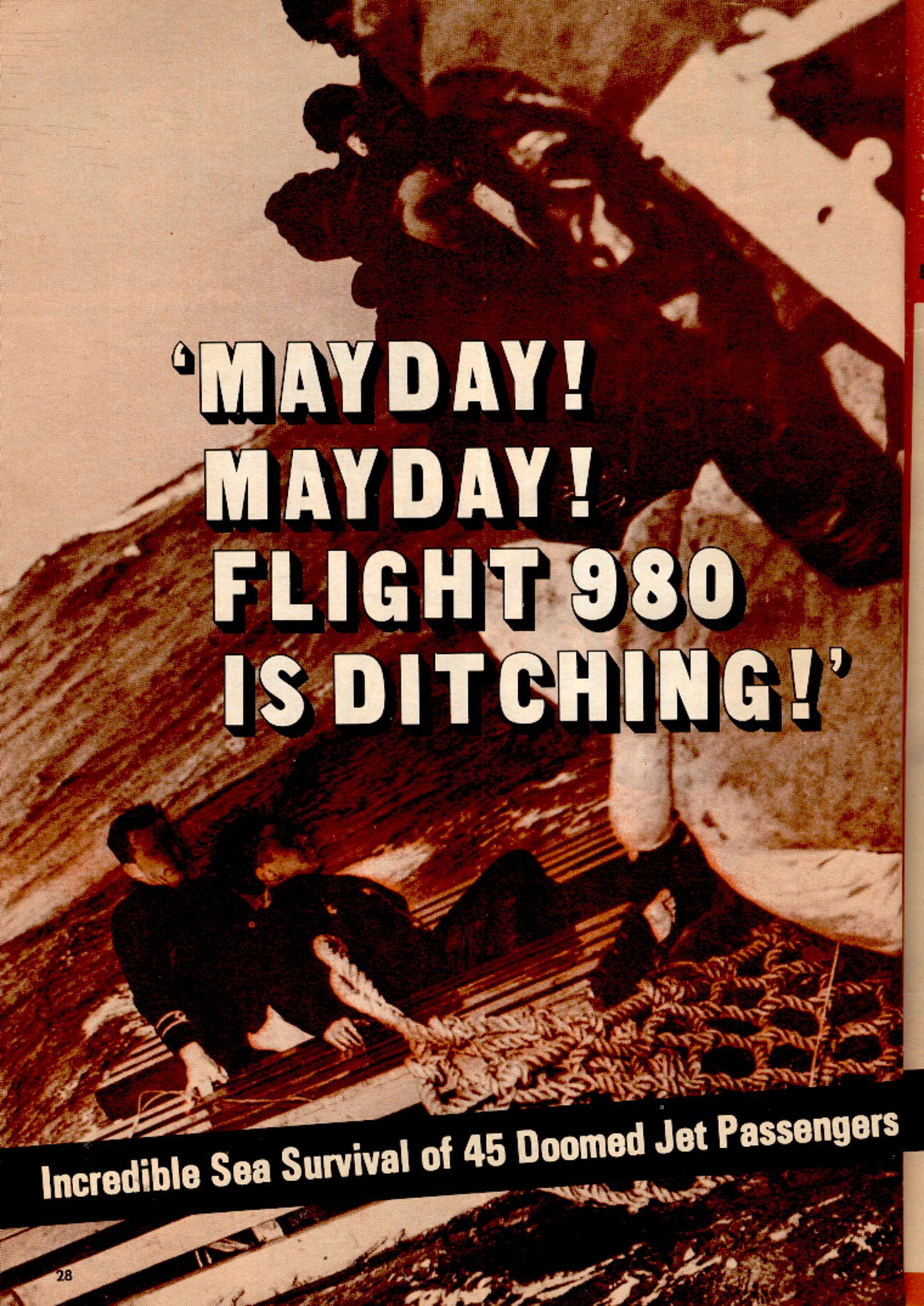


"It's safe, girls. The Chief isn't in uniform."



"Pass the word—Miss Dillman is having another attack of hiccups."





**'MAYDAY!
MAYDAY!
FLIGHT 980
IS DITCHING!'**

Incredible Sea Survival of 45 Doomed Jet Passengers

It was just a routine Caribbean flight for the DC-9—until the word came: “We have to ditch!” and all hell broke loose...

By ARCHER SCANLON

GUSTS of wind whipped the twin-engined jet, rocking it like a toy, and sheets of rain bathed the sleek ship so completely that the crew in the cockpit could almost believe they were deep below the sea in a diving bell. But they were in a DC-9 jet, 600 feet above the tiny island of St. Maarten in the Caribbean, 220 miles from Puerto Rico.

And they couldn't see a thing. Somewhere below them was the airfield that couldn't be approached unless there was good visibility.

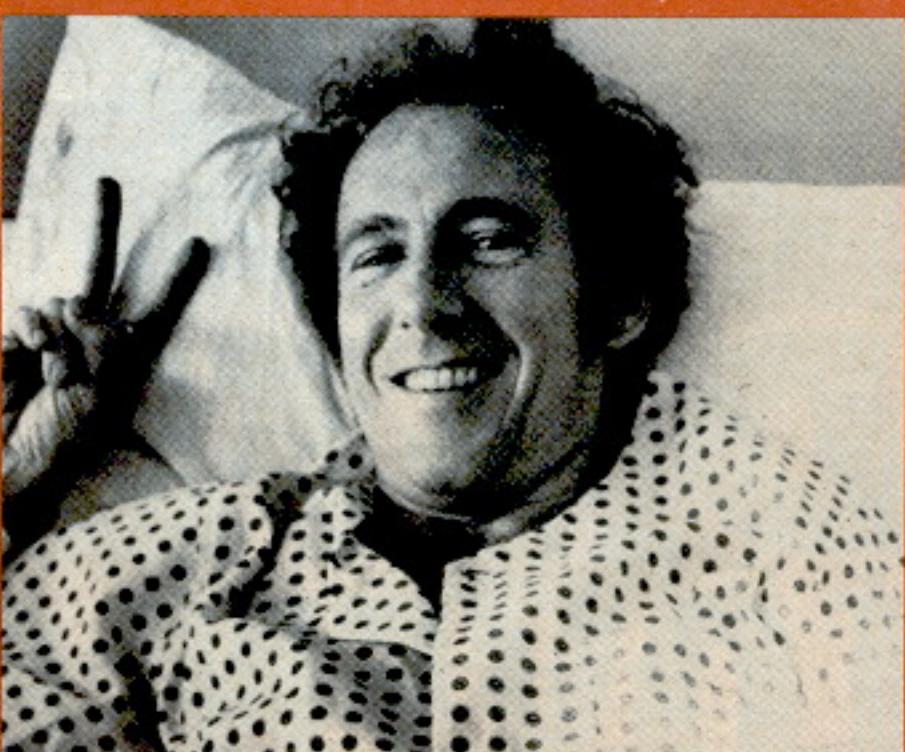
“Spot anything?” shouted the pilot, Captain Balsey DeWitt.

“Not a thing,” navigator Hugh Hart replied. “What happened to all the visibility the tower promised us?”

They continued peering down through the violent rainstorm. Finally, they (Continued on page 64)

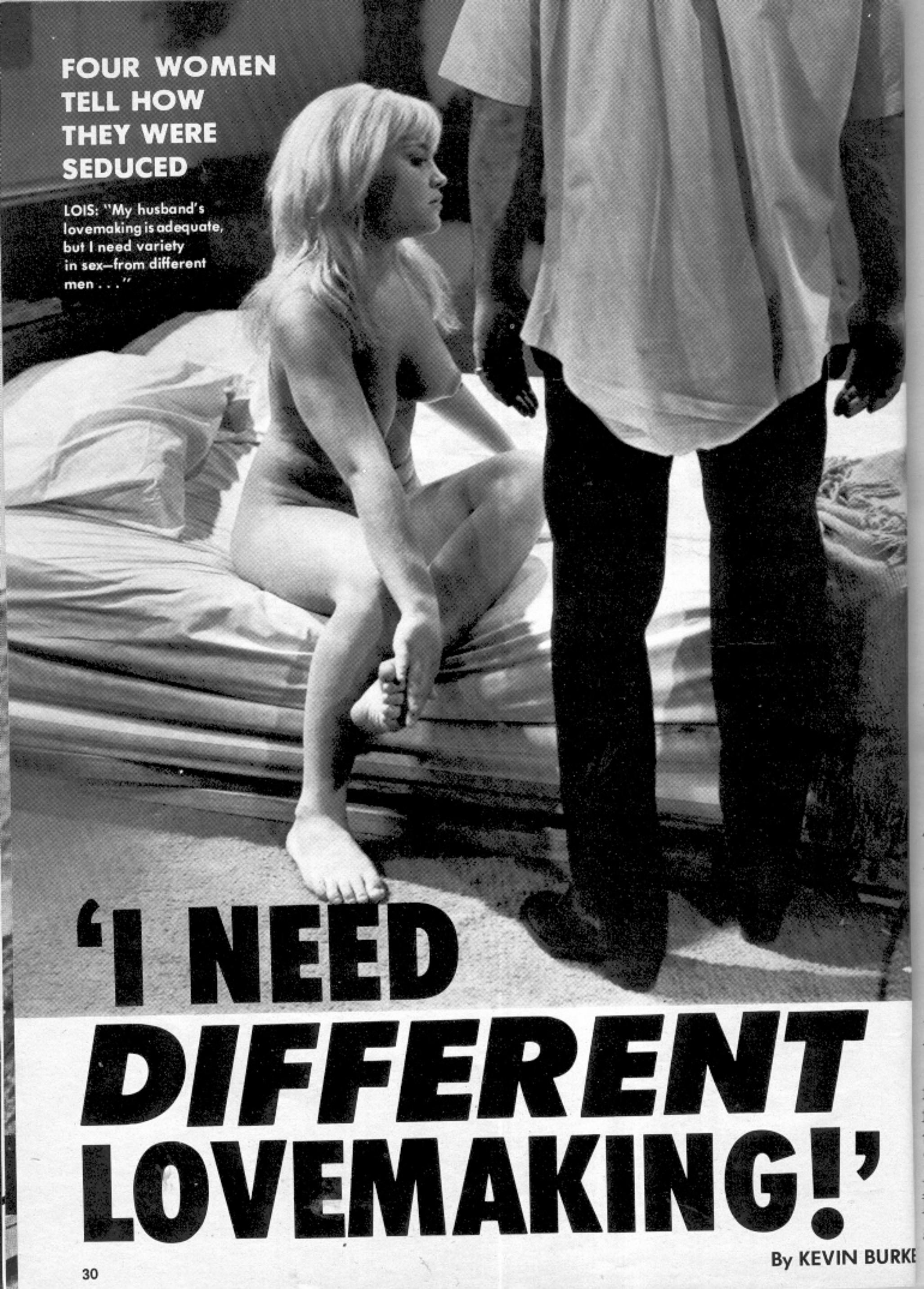


JET was caught between two airfields, without enough fuel to reach either...



**FOUR WOMEN
TELL HOW
THEY WERE
SEDUCED**

LOIS: "My husband's lovemaking is adequate, but I need variety in sex—from different men . . ."



**'I NEED
DIFFERENT
LOVEMAKING!'**

By KEVIN BURKE



SUZANNE: "I have lovers, one after the other—for a month, three months, a couple of weeks. It depends on how good they are in bed . . ."

Editor's Note: A recent scientific survey reported that over one-third of American married women between the ages of 22 and 38 have engaged in extramarital relations with at least one man. And over one-half of these wives have "affairs" on a regular basis. They were all fairly typical, "normal" married women who found satisfying sexual liaisons outside their marriages for various reasons. There were many aspects to the survey, but the editors of MALE, rather than bringing to their readers the cold facts and figures, assigned reporter Kevin Burke to interview several of these married women to learn their thoughts and feelings on their extramarital and marital sex lives. The four women we chose from among the 100-odd interviewed are most typical, told the most interesting stories and were most articulate during the interview.

THE first subject, Lois J., is a pretty 26-year-old blonde, has been married for four years and has one child. We held the interview in her home one afternoon while her husband was at work (he is a telephone repairman).

"Sex wasn't the reason I was unfaithful to Jim," Lois said after I'd asked a few unimportant preliminary questions to put her at ease with the tape recorder. "He's good in bed; I have no complaints there. But the two lovers I've had in the past couple of years were good in

(Continued on page 84)

They're there, in every neighborhood, housewives eager for that "casual" fling—with the right man, in the right place, at the right time



RUTH: "I've slept with about fifty men in the past two years, five men for every woman my husband has slept with . . ."



EMILY: "The men I sleep with are business execs my husband and I meet at parties and company functions. I enjoy their attention, and the sex and the gifts I get from them . . ."



NO ordinary man could lift such a tractor, but the farm hand lived because one "ordinary" man did...

ART BY SAMSON POLLEN

**Men Who Performed
Astounding Feats of
Strength and Endurance**

THEY TURNED

THE violent explosion from the catapult room of the U.S.S. *Lake Champlain* shook the massive aircraft carrier standing off the Rock of Gibraltar as if it were a rowboat struck by a hand grenade. The 3000 sailors stationed in other parts of the carrier felt the searing heat bellow forth from the catapult room and knew that they had just lost 16 of their buddies—the crewmen whose duty it was to send off a jet fighter every two and one-half minutes.

It was August 7, 1953; and at that time, the U.S.S.

Lake Champlain was the biggest carrier afloat. As Lt. Jim Brown rushed to the scene of the fiery accident, he tried not to allow his thoughts to dwell on the terrible deaths of the seamen in the catapult room. Perhaps they had not suffered too long before their bodies had been charred by the holocaust that roared through their station.

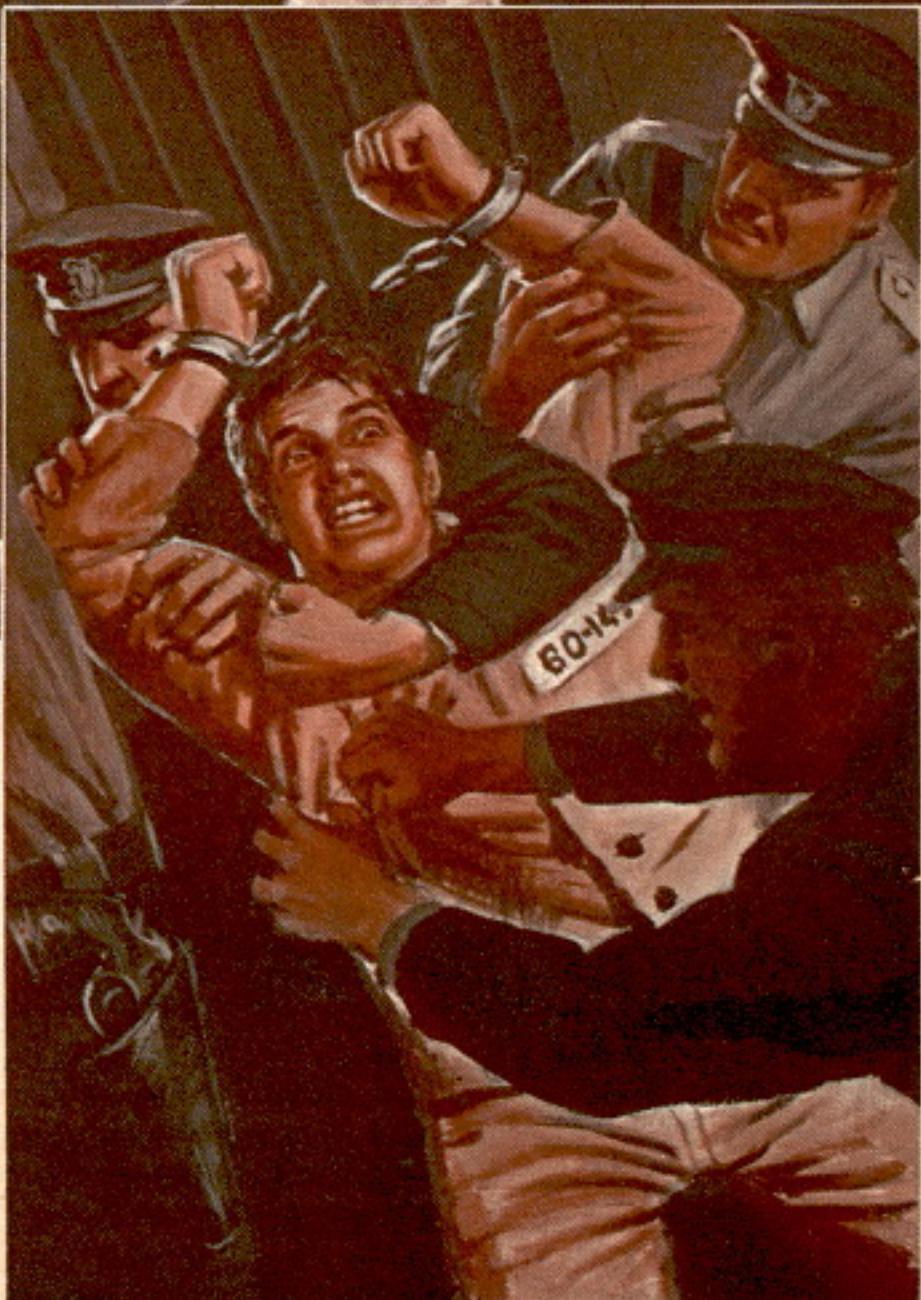
Lt. Brown asked a sailor what had happened and received an unintelligible mumble for an answer. The seaman stood as if in a state of shock, staring at the blazing inferno that had (Continued on page 73)



SUPERMEN

These men were able to lift incredible loads, catch persons plunging from 23-story windows, hold up brick walls—all impossible deeds. But their deeds are fully documented...

By BRAD STEIGER



UNDERSIZED Davenport, Iowa prisoner ripped locked handcuffs from wrists even as six beefy cops tried to restrain him

SHANNON
BATS 1000





No, Meg Shannon isn't a baseball player. But she has won all three contests she has entered—two banjo-playing competitions (yes, banjo) and one contest for photographers' models. The latter was judged on the basis of a model's beauty, modeling talent and "photogenic personality." We've never heard Meg play the banjo, but it's obvious why she won the other contest...



LET'S CLEAN UP THOSE FILTHY, BRUTAL NURSING HOMES

By ARCHER SCANLON



TEAM of female "Nader's Raiders" spent summer of 1970 investigating nursing homes, testified at Congressional hearings about "horrifying" conditions . . .



If P.O.W.'s were put in some of the hellholes our aged are kept,

THEY live in prisons, about a million of them, all over the country. Many have been entombed in tiny, cramped, stinking cells for years. They are lifers, most of them. They sit there, just waiting to die. Many of them are drugged, to keep them quiet—and sometimes to speed death.

But they have committed no crime. They are not killers or

robbers.

They are the nation's aged: our parents and grandparents. They're rotting away in asylums that are called nursing homes but that don't have enough nurses and don't even have doctors most of the time.

One million Americans, ignored, brutalized, fed garbage that passes for food, administered drugs at the whim of incompetents, victims of medical

experimentation. And all because nobody gives a damn. Politicians pass the buck. Federal agencies leave things up to the state, and the states are controlled by the nursing home industry—by the big businessmen and the fast-buck operators who have turned nursing homes into gold mines at the expense of the prisoners they are destroying.

"The administrators call it 'breaking their hearts,'" said

INDICT CARE OF AGED IN U.S.

Forum Hears Some Nursing Homes Call 'Scandal'

WASHINGTON (UPI) — Blonde Claire Townsend, 18, of Locust Valley, L.I., who worked last summer in a Washington, D.C., nursing home, said yesterday that she came away "just horrified" at how American society treats its old people.

"The way."

Other witnesses told of elderly patients being beaten, brutalized and suffering and neglect. They said some patients are regularly drugged to keep them quiet and some are forced to live on sedatives and tranquilizers from nursing homes at night.



it would be a violation of civilized warfare...

one nursing home attendant who quit in disgust. "They said the old guy had been a patient for six years. Then all his money ran out. State payments weren't enough to cover his expenses. So they punished him. They wouldn't let him out of his room to mingle with other people, they took away his TV privileges, they cut him off from almost all human contact. They destroyed his will to live, which is what

they mean by breaking their hearts. And he died and they filled his room with another old man who could afford to pay the top price."

This national disgrace is no longer something only the very wealthy or the very poor have to worry about. In the past only the rich could afford to put a parent into a nursing home, and only the destitute could qualify for one (*Continued on page 44*)



ELDERLY man in Indiana nursing home was shackled to his bed as punishment for breaking administration's petty rules

There are other swinging cities and they all have their attractions, but Paris is still the Original, the One-and-Only of whatever desire, pleasure or vice you can name . . .

PARIS has many low-key and high-key orgies. Some actually start as patriotic and dedicated festivals. There is Bastille Day, during the summer, when the dancing in the streets goes with the weather and the iconoclastic Gallic spirit. It is done with flags, bands, and the memory of Madame Guillotine, who made one lose one's head.

The orgies that I want to write about take place between strangers in special homes where men exchange the women they came with, sight unseen, for others. There is, also, the Bois de Boulogne sex festival with sports cars. There are the Place Pigalle sex

circuses. There is Middle Eastern Cus-Cus: a Parisian-Algerian delight. There are the avant-garde fantasies—the parties of the Op and the Pop artists. And there are the very private orgies, when three or five or ten prostitutes, most of them willing lesbians, do the daisy chain with some willing males.

You are in Pigalle. You take a walk. You stop. In fact, you'll be stopped. The girl, or girls, will soon propose something to you.

You will laugh at them. You will say, as if comforting your fading morals and your slipping values, "But I don't want four girls. Who needs so many?"

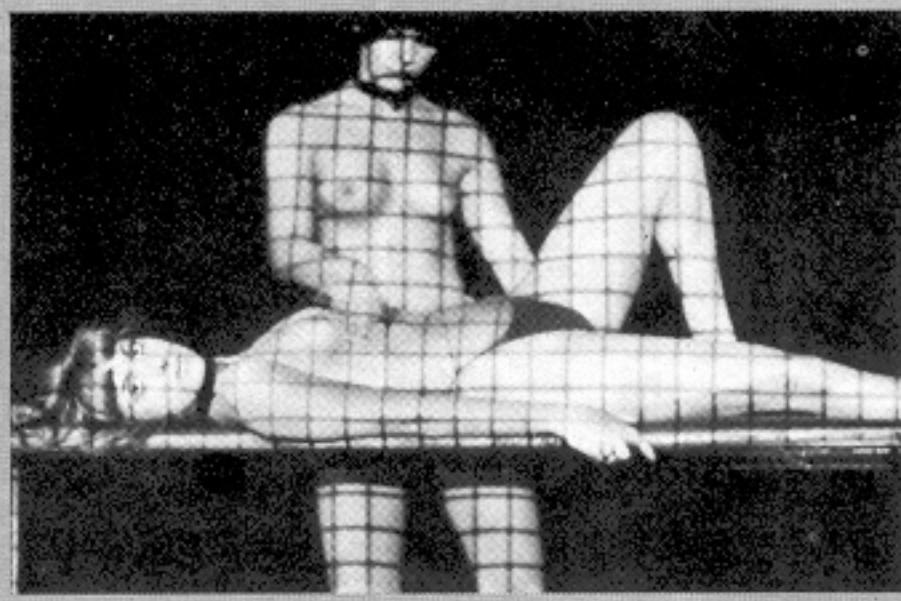
After that (*Continued on page 56*)

Where Your Erotic Fantasies Really Happen

PARIS AFTER DARK

CITY OF

THE Parisian strip and sex shows rival those of any other city, must be seen to be believed. The most unusual (as at right) are indescribable . . .



From *PARIS AFTER DARK* by Jean De Ballard.
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FAMED streetwalkers of Paris are pretty and skillful, but since the sexual revolution has come to Paris, too, it's almost as easy to bed a non-professional (above), as many satisfied Americans have discovered . . .

By JEAN DE BALLARD

SEX EXPERIMENTERS



inside for men

(Continued from page 11)

RAPIST TO 1,500 YEARS IN PRISON. IT'S THE LONGEST KNOWN PRISON TERM FOR A SINGLE OFFENSE EVER ORDERED IN THE U.S. THE BIG LOSER: 22-YEAR-OLD CHARLES CALLINS....

RED WORLD

RUSSIA, SECOND TO THE U.S.A. AS THE WORLD'S LARGEST OIL-PRODUCING NATION, SOON EXPECTS TO BECOME NO. 1. THE REASON: VAST NEW OIL RESERVES WERE RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN WESTERN SIBERIA....

Bad News From China: Both of Red China's new 5,000-mile-range nuclear carrying missiles passed their final tests. Experts say that the missiles will be fully operational within a few months....

TOURISM IS BECOMING A BIG BUSINESS IN RUSSIA, WITH OVER 2 MILLION SIGHTSEERS EXPECTED THIS YEAR. GET THIS: YOU CAN NOW TRAVEL ROUND-TRIP FROM N.Y. TO MOSCOW FOR \$357 ON GROUP TOURS....



"Capitalistic" Nudies

The new Red regime in Poland is cracking down heavily on "liberal" tendencies. For instance, girls caught sunbathing with their breasts bared this summer will face up to seven years at hard labor....

FROM THE CUBAN UNDERGROUND: CASTRO FORCED 75,000 CITY DWELLERS TO "VOLUNTEER" TO HARVEST SUGAR CANE IN THE FIRST THREE MONTHS OF 1971. IN THIS WAY, HE

DIDN'T HAVE TO BUY NEW HARVESTING MACHINES--BUT HE DID "INFURIATE MANY WORKERS WHO USED TO BE LOYAL TO HIM."...

SMART MONEY

SAVE THOSE 12-OUNCE ALL-ALUMINUM CANS. YOU CAN GET ABOUT $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ PER CAN BY RETURNING THEM TO A REYNOLDS METALS CO. CAN RECLAMATION CENTER. IN 1970, REYNOLDS PAID OUT \$400,000 FOR USED CANS....



Beating them at the clothes rack

Money-Saving Tip on Buying Clothes: Buy off-season. For instance, if you wait for fall to buy summer suits, you'll save from 25 to 60 percent of the list price....

GOOD NEWS FOR CREDIT CARD OWNERS: THANKS TO A NEW LAW, IF SOMEBODY RUNS HOG WILD WITH YOUR CREDIT CARD AFTER IT'S BEEN LOST OR STOLEN, YOU CAN'T BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR MORE THAN \$50 WORTH OF DEBTS....

The average family of four now needs a minimum of \$126 a week just to survive, according to a new study of families living in 300 different towns and cities. A year ago, the amount needed to survive was \$6 a week less....

HERE'S WHY INFLATION HAS TO BE FOUGHT: IF THE PRICES ON HOMES CONTINUE TO RISE AS THEY DID BETWEEN 1968 AND 1970, TODAY'S \$25,000 HOUSE WILL COST YOU \$83,000 IN 1980....

BOOTS AND BRASS

OUR ARMED FORCES IN EUROPE ARE TAKING NO CHANCES ON BEING OUTSMARTED BY THE IRON CURTAIN MILITARY MACHINE: OVER 50,000 MEN IN OUR 300,000-MAN FORCE ARE

INVOLVED IN INTELLIGENCE OPERATIONS....

Another powerful Canadian group has protested its nation's liberal policy on American draft dodgers and deserters. The Royal Canadian Air Force Assn. voted 105 to 1 to urge its government to slam the door on the renegade Yanks....

HAVE AN UNUSUAL STATISTIC: 15,000 PHILIPPINE CITIZENS ARE SERVING IN THE U.S. NAVY AS VOLUNTEERS....



Green Manpower

The Green Berets are going to be slashed to a 6,000-man force, according to persistent rumors from Washington. For the record, let it be noted that 8 Green Berets won The Medal of Honor in Southeast Asia since 1962....

NEW DEAL FOR VETS: IF YOU HAVE FORFEITED ANY GI BENEFITS, YOU NOW HAVE A CHANCE TO GET THOSE BENEFITS REINSTATED. INFORMATION ON APPEAL PROCEDURES CAN BE OBTAINED FROM ANY VA OFFICE....

Deep cuts in big-weapon spending has reduced our strategic-bomber force--which is our main nuclear-strike arm--to 450 planes. Not long ago the force had 1,200 planes....

HERE'S SOME SHOCKING NEWS FROM THE U.S. COMMAND IN SAIGON: LAST YEAR, MORE THAN 65,000 GIs IN VIETNAM WERE HABITUAL USERS OF DRUGS. IN ADDITION, DRUG ABUSE WAS DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF AT LEAST 93 GIs....

From now on, regular Army men will have to move up in rank or be barred from re-enlisting. Under the just-started program, a private has three years to make PFC, a PFC five years to make corporal, and so on....

THE "YANK GO HOME" CROWD IN VIETNAM IS HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS NOW THAT IT'S HAPPENING. FOR WE'VE ALREADY CLOSED UP OVER 100 U.S. BASES, AND IT'S GIVING YANK-HATERS (AS WELL AS ALL OTHERS) A PAIN IN THEIR POCKETBOOKS....

The total number of American service-

men who are missing or being held prisoner in Southeast Asia has just been revised. The new number: 1,559. Of this group, 230 were involved in action in Laos....

NINE TO FIVE

THE AVERAGE BOOST IN PAY FOR UNIONIZED CONSTRUCTION WORKERS WAS 15% LAST YEAR. SO WHAT? SO THIS: IF THE HARD HATS CONTINUE GETTING A 15% PAY BOOST ANNUALLY, THEY'LL BE MAKING AROUND \$1,000 FOR A 40-HOUR WEEK BY 1979....

Fringe benefits such as pensions and layoff pay now cost U.S. industry \$97 billion a year, which is \$1 out of every \$5 industry spends on labor....

QUOTE OF THE MONTH: TWO SECRETARIES IN HOUSTON, TEXAS, WERE DISCUSSING THE HUGE PROMOTION THEIR DEPARTMENTAL HEAD GOT WHEN ONE OF THE GIRLS SAID: "SUCCESS HASN'T CHANGED HIM A BIT. HE'S THE SAME BASTARD HE ALWAYS WAS."...

News To Make Your Blood Boil: If you're a typical working man, you're working 2 hours and 43 minutes every 8-hour workday just to pay taxes....

GOT A GIRL FRIEND OR WIFE WHO WORKS FOR A COMPANY DOING BUSINESS WITH THE FEDERAL GOVT.? TELL HER THAT HER FIRM NO LONGER CAN GIVE A MAN MORE PAY FOR DOING THE SAME WORK SHE'S DOING. IT'S AGAINST THE LAW....



Hazardous To Your Health?

Dept. of Interesting Jobs: Dynamite blasting. The pay's good but what about the danger? It's nothing to sweat about says Bob Gallegos, who does his blasting in the Rocky Mtn. states. In fact, he adds, "It ain't half as dangerous as driving a car" in today's traffic....

VOLKSWAGEN

(Continued from page 23)

which he reasoned would be economical to run, roomy enough for a dozen of the tots and mechanically reliable.

The job required two hours of his time in the morning for the two loads of children he transported and an equal amount of time in the afternoon. Each day he would log about 28 miles.

Harris, of course, was fully aware that the most important aspect of his job was the safety of the children. Consequently he drove carefully, never exceeding 40 m.p.h., and always stopping at railroad crossings and stop signs.

Yet on that morning Harris had a serious accident in which two children were killed, five were injured so seriously that they required extensive hospitalization, and he suffered internal injuries that will keep him an invalid for the rest of his life.

An intensive investigation into the cause of the accident by the New York State Motor Vehicle Bureau revealed that a sudden gust of wind had blown the Volkswagen off the road, where it hit a soft shoulder and then rolled down a hill. The children, with nothing to restrain them, were thrown toward the front of the vehicle at a velocity as great as the speed of the vehicle itself. Their flight stopped when they struck either the windshield or dashboard. Those who received relatively minor injuries were lucky enough to have the impact softened by the bodies of their companions.

The official report states:

"Because of its light weight and box-like shape, the Volkswagen Bus is a highly unstable vehicle which is especially susceptible to winds stronger than 30 mph. When subjected to these winds the steering becomes erratic, often causing the driver to lose control. In addition, the vehicle has a high center of gravity which makes it especially prone to rollovers once its equilibrium is disturbed."

The names of the driver of the VW Bus and the nursery school have been changed here because of court action pending as a result of the tragedy. But the findings of the New York State Motor Vehicle Bureau and that of state agencies throughout the nation are real. And in every case, the conclusion is the same: this German import is the most dangerous vehicle on the road today.

Ralph Nader, the consumer-protection specialist who first earned nationwide attention with his book "Unsafe at Any Speed," had this to say about the VW Bus:

"It is the most dangerous vehicle on the road today and in my opinion the federal government should force its manufacturer to comply with safety standards."

Nader's opinion is bolstered by a recent study of 270,697 accidents, involving cars of all makes, in North Carolina. The study revealed that the driver of a VW Bus is more likely to be killed, or severely injured, than the drivers of all other cars. In fact, only the British-made MG and the

American Corvair came close.

STILL another study of which cars are the most dangerous on our roads was launched by New York State, where 462,000 car accidents were analyzed. The results are eye-opening.

In 9.6 percent of the accidents involving small foreign cars, according to the findings, occupants of the small cars were severely or fatally injured.

This compared with rates for American-built cars ranging from 3.1 percent to 6.4 percent. The lower rate was for regular-sized luxury cars and the higher was for small so-called compact vehicles.

But when the figures on the large, 2800-pound VW Bus were extracted from this study it showed that you simply couldn't formulate a rule saying large cars are the safest. The VW Bus severe-injury-and-fatality rate was an astonishing 12.7, which means that in any category and standard you care to use, it stands out as the most dangerous vehicle on the road in America today.

The most criminal part of the situation is that the 50,000 VW Buses sold annually here are purchased by those who have large families. The vehicle holds seven to nine adults or eight to twelve children. As a result it is also used by many school districts and nursery schools looking for economical transportation.

John O. Moore, coordinator of the Motor Vehicle Safety Program of New York State, has pinpointed the reasons the VW Bus is a death trap. It should be read by everyone who owns one so they will know what they are subjecting their children to.

The main defects of the VW Bus as outlined by Moore are:

1. Unequal distribution of weight. Because the motor and trunk are in the rear this means there is very little up front to protect the driver and front-seat occupants. The importance of this is that a study of serious accidents reveals that the vast majority of them evolve from head-on collisions. When a VW Bus is hit in the front there is nothing to absorb the energy of the impact.

2. High center of gravity. The VW Bus is shaped like a box, thus making it highly susceptible to wind; it can be blown over quite easily. In addition, driving in windy weather makes the steering erratic, complicating the problems of control for the driver. This situation is so serious that the George Washington Bridge bans all Buses when the wind is 30 mph or more.

3. Older models of the VW Bus do not have safety latches on the doors. Considering how susceptible Buses are to stiff winds and how easily it will roll over, the absence of safety latches on the doors is one of its most dangerous features. This means that when a Bus turns over, the doors are likely to spring open and the occupants thrown out.

4. Insufficient power. The Bus is a relatively large vehicle, weighing 2,800 pounds. Yet, even in the newer models, it has only 60 horsepower. This seriously reduces the margin of safety in situations where it is necessary to accelerate to avoid an accident. The simple procedure of passing another vehicle is even dangerous

in a Bus because its under-powered motor greatly lengthens the time necessary for this maneuver.

5. Lack of restraining equipment for passengers in the rear. In the event of an accident, children sitting in back of the vehicle are pitched forward. What happens is that during a crash the front of the car approaches zero velocity but those sitting in the rear are propelled toward the front at the speed of the vehicle at its moment of impact. This law of physics results in more severe injuries in the Bus because of its size. Rear seat passengers have a greater distance to travel and consequently receive greater injuries.

T

HE labeling of the VW Bus as a "coffin on wheels" has not as yet produced any official response, even though the evidence is overwhelming. Indiana's Democratic Senator Vance Hartke has suggested that the VW Bus may violate federal safety standards but neither he nor any other lawmaker has done anything about it.

What can be done?

The federal government has the power to ban all Buses from national highways on the grounds it is "unsafe." Such action would force its German manufacturers to redesign the vehicle to meet American safety standards.

But what about the many Buses already on the road? How can we force the owners to do something about them? Obviously, by a massive educational campaign in which the hazards of the Bus are pointed out. Owners of these vehicles should be made to understand the dangers they face when they are on the road. All occupants of the Bus, for instance, should be forced to wear seat belts and shoulder harnesses and it should be against the law for anyone to drive it when wind velocity exceeds 30 m.p.h.

In the opinion of many safety experts the main culprit on our highways today is not the VW Bus, but the Volkswagen itself. They point out that it also has a miserable safety record and that there are relatively few Buses as compared to more than 3,000,000 Volkswagens now in operation in the U.S.

The most damning indictment of the VW was made by a Cornell University research laboratory. The report stated that VW sedans tended to roll over in accidents, thus increasing the danger of death or injury to its occupants.

Its study covering an analysis of accidents involving VW's in 30 states confirmed earlier findings that the ejection of occupants was the major cause of fatal and serious injuries in highway accidents and that ejections were usually caused by turnovers.

"Forty percent of all VW occupants killed and 82 percent of those injured to a dangerous degree were ejected from the car," the researchers found.

Corresponding figures for American-built cars ranged from 20 to 33 percent in fatalities and 9 to 21 percent in dangerous injuries.

The report stated that the greatest single safety improvement the VW can effect would be to improve the rollover stability of the vehicle. This could be achieved, the

report stated, by a change in the vehicle's shape.

Ralph Nader has also fired broadsides at the bug-like shape of the VW, which is known the world over as the "Beetle." Nader charges that the faults of the VW sedan are similar to the faults of the VW Bus.

"Its shape makes it vulnerable to wind gusts, and its weight distribution causes it to roll over easily," Nader has said. "I think it is hard to find a more dangerous car."

Nader also remarked that VW advertisements "somehow make a virtue of technological stagnation." He was referring to the advertised boast that hardly any changes in body styling are made from year to year.

He also pointed out other areas in which the VW is lacking in safety features, specifically referring to its door latches, its stability on the road and the design of its rear axle.

He said the latches did not adequately guard against the tendency of doors to fly open in traffic accidents.

He said the car's stability in high-speed highway travel and in turning corners was impaired by the design of its rear axle suspension which makes it difficult for the driver to maintain a steady course on the road.

The two-part axle, he said, is engineered in such a way that the rear wheels have a tendency to tuck under in turning corners. This is what causes the oversteering.

As a result of Nader's blast, late-model Volkswagens are now equipped with safety latches on the doors but its beetle-shape still remains the same and there has been no change in the design of the rear axle.

The lack of safety of the VW, and the manufacturer's disinclination to do anything about it, has resulted in a number of court actions throughout the U.S. Although none of the lawsuits have been decided as yet they present a real problem to Volkswagen because once one is successful it will obviously encourage anyone who has ever been injured in a VW to launch a suit. The cost of merely defending the company against a mass legal onslaught of this nature has given VW executives nightmares.

Typical of the suits launched against VW is the one filed on behalf of two women college professors in Pittsburgh. The ladies are asking for \$250,000 and charge VW with selling "defective and hazardous" sedans to the public.

The complaint said that VW ignored results of the Cornell University study which warned that the car's design made it unusually susceptible to rollover accidents.

The suit, brought by Chilton A. Richardson, 22, and Barbara Jean Clarke, 23, both biology instructors at Chatham College, alleges such an accident occurred in April of 1969, when Miss Richardson was driving Miss Clarke's Volkswagen.

The complaint said the car was traveling on a dry, straight road at 50 mph when the right rear wheel suddenly "tucked under."

Miss Richardson claims that when she

tried to correct the drag, the car swerved and rolled over twice, causing her to suffer severe head injuries. Miss Clarke alleges she received internal injuries in the same mishap.

But suing is hardly the answer to the annual toll of sickening injuries and fatalities of Americans riding in Volkswagens. The real answer can only come through Congressional action which would force the manufacturer to export a safe car to us.

Each year VW sells more than 500,000 vehicles in the U.S., making it by far the company's largest export market. By enforcing a ban on the VW, economic pressure would force Volkswagen to build safe cars and assembly lines would stop spewing out autos that are death traps.

The challenge of the 1970s, if traffic safety experts get their way, will be to reduce by half the number of Americans killed on the highways. This can be achieved only if we apply the same rigid standards to imports that the experts have proposed for our domestic products.

Three American companies are now constructing the world's first "safe" cars. They will be designed to protect occupants in head-on collisions up to 50 m.p.h. and in rollover accidents up to 70 m.p.h. Two of the safety cars will be unveiled in January, 1972.

The need for a safe car becomes apparent when you consider that 450,000 Americans died on our highways in the past decade. Experts at the National Highway Safety Bureau say most of these deaths need not have occurred because we have had the technology to do something about it for years.

Congress put the emphasis on safety in 1966 with the passage of the National Traffic and Motor Vehicle Safety Act. The result: 9,000 lives will be saved in 1971 because of design improvement.

When all the safety features now being researched are in use, experts believe

to complete testing by 1973. Then safety officials will spell out performance standards and Detroit will be given a reasonable amount of time to comply. Only then will attention be paid to the Volkswagen and other small, foreign imports.

While all this gives hope for the future, absolutely nothing is being done to correct the dangerous situation that exists now. And, if one is to hazard a guess based on the past performance of the government, nothing will be done.

Dr. Kurt Lotz, chairman of the board, announced recently that the prototype would be developed in cooperation with the appropriate American agency and would be designed so that its occupants would not suffer major injuries in head-on collisions at speeds up to 50 m.p.h. In addition, the planned vehicle will contain devices to substantially improve the VW's stability.

When would this safety car be put into production?

Dr. Lotz said he didn't know but promised it would influence the design of future autos manufactured by Volkswagen.

"I can assure you," he said at a press conference, "that our cars will meet every safety standard demanded by the riding public."

This promise of safer cars in the future does little to alleviate the sorrow of the parents of the children who died in the Kingston crash. Unfortunately nothing can be done about that but something can be done about the children who will be riding our highways tomorrow. Something can and must be done.

The situation is so serious that in the time it took you to read this article three Americans have died on the highways and another 280 were seriously injured. The victims and their families suffered more than \$750,000 in financial losses.

The same statistics that make the above

"It is the most dangerous vehicle on the road today... the federal government should force its manufacturer to comply with safety standards." —RALPH NADER

deaths, injuries and financial loss can be reduced by 70 percent.

What will the "safe" cars look like? Happily for chrome-loving Americans the physical appearance of the safety cars won't differ radically from the sleek styles they are accustomed to.

One model, being designed by Franklin Hiller, will feature front and rear bumpers built to absorb the shock of collisions; a new braking system with fail-safe features; reinforced paneling to withstand front, rear and side impacts; devices that will prevent the engine from coming into the passenger compartment when an accident occurs; and a periscope for rear vision.

ANOTHER safety car, being developed by AMF, Inc., will have the same essential features, although they may be engineered differently. A third safety car is on General Motors' drawing board.

At this writing the government's goal is

toll a certainty also show that a disproportionate number of the vehicles involved in the accidents were Volkswagens. Can we afford to wait until 1980, the proposed deadline for making all car manufacturers adhere to the proposed safety standards? The answer to this question can come only from the American public. If collectively they say we want something done now about VWs, then something will be done. If collectively they say let's ban VWs until they are at least as safe as contemporary American cars, then the VW will be banned.

Nothing can be done about the millions of Volkswagens already in this country. So far as that is concerned all we can do is make each VW owner aware of the danger. Some will trade or junk their Beetles, others will blindly continue to risk their lives.

Remember: The next accident you see may be your own.

NURSING HOMES

(Continued from page 37)

of the few city or county old-age homes. But today, with the federal government paying the country's 22,000 nursing homes close to \$2 billion in Medicare payments, more and more Americans must face the reality: that their parents or grandparents are being shoved into prisons that are halfway houses between society and the cemetery.

Claire Townsend knows what the trap is all about. An 18-year-old college freshman, Claire was part of a team of six young women who spent the summer of 1970 investigating nursing homes for consumer advocate Ralph Nader. Testifying at a Congressional hearing several months later, she said:

"What we found in our study was horrifying, disillusioning, heart-breaking and totally inexcusable. The conditions in the nursing homes are terrifying enough in themselves but, together with the total lack of Federal Government responsibility in setting high standards and enforcing high standards, the total picture presents an intolerable situation, one that is inhumane and a disgrace to our society."

Among the inhumane conditions the girls found was a rather common one, described by Catherine Morgan, also 18, who worked in a nursing home for two days before she was forced to quit because it was all such a stomach-wrencher. She testified that she found one inmate of the home with terrible bedsores on his heels. "They were black with this green ooze coming out, and I swear," she emotionally testified, "I could have stuck a fist into them. When I asked a nurse why the man had received no medication for his bedsores, she just smiled and shrugged her shoulders."

NEGLECT of that kind is bad enough, but the grim story of our nursing home scandal goes a lot deeper than that. Among the charges made against some nursing homes—but by no means all—is one that amounts to murder by neglect. There is just no other way to describe it.

A little bit of background first. Some nursing homes specialize in what is called a "life-care contract." Under that kind of contract a man or woman entering a nursing home turns over all his property and money to the nursing home in return for lifetime care in the place. The nursing home operators, by checking actuarial tables and figuring how long the person can be expected to live, based on past experience with people of the same age, stacks everything in his favor so that the law of averages will work to his advantage. Some patients may live past the expected age of average death, but others will die earlier than expected. In any case, the operator always makes certain he gets more money from the patient than the actuarial tables says he should get to break even.

The patient's money, his entire estate, is

now in the hands of a nursing home operator who stands to profit if the patient dies. And, the charge has been made by many investigators, some nursing homes find it financially necessary to rush along the expected natural death by just a little bit. Since more than half of all inmates of nursing homes are over 75, many of them senile or disassociated from reality, it is not difficult to hasten a patient's death and never make him suspicious.

In some cases, the lack of medical care is used to deliberately kill. Despite federal and state regulations, many nursing homes don't have a doctor available at all and medical visits are made every couple of weeks or a month apart. Colds, infections, minor ailments are ignored, and permitted to become major ailments—which bring rapid death in the elderly.

Even more deliberate is "breaking the heart." Clinical studies reported in medical and nursing home journals have gone into great detail with case histories on how the elderly lose the will to live if they're not treated like human beings. The studies suggest ways to reverse the process. But some of the fast buck operators don't want to reverse the death process, they just want to get the patient out of the way, to "put him out of his misery."

But the misery is instigated by the operator and his staff. The first step is to break a patient's spirit. He is treated like a child, or a caged chimpanzee. His self-respect is stripped away and his independence destroyed by hitting him with unreasonable rules, such as confining him to his room, refusing to give him his dessert, forbidding him to take part in activities with other inmates. Often, he is spanked like a child, teased, threatened with further punishment. And it wears him down. Then, when the spirit is broken—and it doesn't take too many days in an elderly person who already knew he didn't have much to live for—the staff takes it all a step further. Other patients are told there is something wrong with this poor guy, they are turned against him, and pretty soon he is totally ostracized. Attendants hold back mail from him, tell him his family has decided he no longer exists and won't see him any more. He is treated with contempt, despised by everyone. And, when a nursing home succeeds in "breaking his heart," deterioration and death is rapid.

Another widespread killer is the overuse of drugs. In the first place, a nursing home that may be charging anywhere from \$400 to \$800 a month (the going rates in 1970 for minimal services) will probably charge extra for medicines and drugs. And the drugs a patient may have to use are completely overpriced, usually four to six times higher than at the corner drugstore—a little swindle that adds millions to the nursing home operators' profits.

BUT the greater tragedy is that drugs are used to control inmates, to turn them into zombies so that they won't be any trouble, and that these drugs are administered by people who don't know anything about them. The fact is that

nursing homes have a great deal of trouble getting nurses to work in them, so that anywhere from 80 to 90 percent of nursing home employees are not nurses but nothing more than untrained attendants. One of the biggest complaints of people who have investigated nursing homes is that there is no control over the use of drugs. A patient who has died or who has left the home usually leaves behind at least a couple of types of drugs, and these are stocked in unsecured cabinets in many nursing homes. They lay around, often without labels, and whenever an attendant feels a patient needs something to quiet him down, a drug is shoved down his throat without a thought of its possible consequence.

Many patients die as a result of these unauthorized drug treatments. Doctors who have investigated nursing home conditions in Massachusetts and Illinois have documented scores of unpublicized deaths due to a misuse of drugs. But the family never finds out. Death is always listed as from a natural cause, covering up what once more amounts to homicide.

The nursing home industry—and with a \$2.5 billion a year income it is a big industry—has conned the American public with several myths. One of them is that all nursing homes or homes for the aged are licensed, operating in accord with very rigid federal and state regulations, and are periodically inspected. This is untrue. There's very little inspection going on, by either the federal government, which pays \$2 billion a year to nursing homes, or by the states, because nobody cares.

Another myth is that doctors, nurses, or some sort of "health team" is on duty at all times. That is also untrue. The vast majority of homes don't have a doctor in attendance and may be unable to reach one for hours—in some proven cases, for days. As for nurses, "there are hardly any around," one doctor said in disgust.

And, as a final myth, nursing home operators have tried to con the public into believing that if a home has been approved for Medicare or Medicaid then it is a home that provides outstanding service to its inmates. That's nonsense, because there is no control over the nursing home industry, even though two-thirds of patients in these homes are kept there with the help of federal funds.

There simply are no controls to speak of. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare issues standards for nursing homes that get federal money, but can't enforce those standards. Which means nursing homes do whatever they please. If a family or his patient complains about treatment in a nursing home that is getting federal funds, the HEW refers the complaint to the state, which refers it to the county agency in charge—the very agency that permits the deplorable conditions to exist in the first place. And the patient has nowhere to turn. Nobody gives a damn.

THE results, as we've seen, can be tragic. But what we have seen so far is just a small part of the tragedy. "Nursing homes are the deadliest places in the country because of the threat of fire," the

National Fire Protection Association says. For elderly people, many of whom cannot move without assistance, fire is an especial danger. And nursing homes are worse firetraps than any slum tenement in Harlem or squatter's shack anywhere in the world.

There are about 20,000 nursing and old age homes in the country. And each day there is more than one *reported* fire—a fire needing the help of the fire department—in one of those homes. That is well above the national average for fires in all homes and businesses. In the past decade nursing home fires have increased sharply, killing many hundreds of inmates who were trapped in their prisons. And yet most states refuse to pass laws requiring nursing homes to install automatic sprinkler systems, even though the NFPA says this is the only realistic way of saving the lives of elderly bed-ridden inmates of these homes. The nursing home operators, banding together in a number of associations, have fought all attempts to upgrade fire safety standards and have usually won. "You'll put us out of business," they cry, and government once more demonstrates it has more concern for profit margins than for the lives of its citizens.

The result is just what you'd expect. Back in 1961 consumer groups in Ohio demanded that a state law be passed requiring nursing homes to install automatic sprinklers. The Ohio State Federation of Licensed Nursing Homes sparked the fight against such a law, easily defeating it every time it came up. In 1963, on a cold pre-dawn morning a few days before Thanksgiving, one of three attendants on duty plugged in an electrically heated steam table so that the inmates' breakfast would be ready at 5 a.m. The steam table had shorted out a couple of times in the past, but nothing unusual was noted this morning.

A few minutes before five, one of the attendants noticed, from the lobby, a flash of light outside the main entrance door. She went to investigate and saw a strange flickering light under the eaves, right where the electrical and telephone wires entered the building. She raced to a phone to call the fire department but the phone was dead, the wires burned out by the fast-spreading fire. Several people driving past noticed the fire and ran in, telling the attendants to get the patients out. Instead, the attendants and the men grabbed fire extinguishers and tried to put the fire out. They succeeded in extinguishing the fire on the outside of the building, not knowing that it was blazing furiously in the attic, unseen. Someone finally reached the fire department from a phone down the road and reported that the fire seemed to be out.

Before the firemen could arrive, not aware how serious the fire was, the nursing home began to fill with smoke from the blazing attic fire. The attendants and the passersby began leading patients out, every single one of the more than 100 patients needing help in escaping because they were either too infirm to get out of bed or too confused by it all. When the fire trucks did arrive, only moments later, the nursing home was a blazing inferno, lighting the sky brighter than the rising

sun. Only 10 minutes after the fire had been discovered, the nursing home was totally enveloped in flames. The firemen could hear old men and women screaming inside but they were helpless against that raging hell.

Many hours later, when the fire was extinguished, all that remained were parts of the concrete block walls. Everything inside the building that could burn had gone up in flames, and the concrete block walls had collapsed inward. Charred bodies were totally beyond identification but the attendants knew who they were—they just had to walk down row after row of collapsed bedsteads and see a body and knew whose it had been from the location of the bed. Sixty-three were dead.

"Impossible," the president of the company that owned the nursing home said. "That building was fireproof."

The building was of the latest construction, modern cinder block design, but it was far from fireproof—as so many nursing home owners have discovered, cinder block shells don't stop fires from raging inside. A sprinkler system could have prevented the tragedy, of course, but nursing home operators were against sprinkler systems because they'd cut into profits. And 63 persons died.

THAT was Fitchville, Ohio, 1963. Did anyone learn a lesson out of that fire?

Marietta, Ohio, 1970, a nursing home in a building that failed to meet some safety standards, staffed by people who had never received training in emergency procedures. A flash fire, in the middle of the night, and 32 elderly persons are dead.

The fire situation is a disgrace, a social and political disgrace. It may be impossible to believe, but 20 states don't even require nursing homes to keep *fire extinguishers on the premises*. Only 22 states require any sort of fire alarm system, and a fire alarm is useless anyway in understaffed nursing homes where nobody is trained in helping patients escape; and even if they were trained there wouldn't be enough of them to evacuate every patient.

State laws on nursing homes are so incredibly lax that they would be laughable, if they didn't result in such

tragedy. Nine states set very tough qualifications on who can run and operate nursing homes: the guy has to have a high school diploma! Can you believe that? You better believe it, because nursing homes in those states, and a lot of other states with equally absurd requirements, are run by men who used to be garbage collectors, a few garage mechanics, a couple of building contractors. These jobs hardly qualify them. They're in it for the money, and the money is fantastically good.

The nursing home operators continue to kill all attempts to pass laws that would give the inmate a better break, despite years of exposés by writers and reporters all across the country. In February, 1970, for example, the Associated Press printed a series of articles that disclosed:

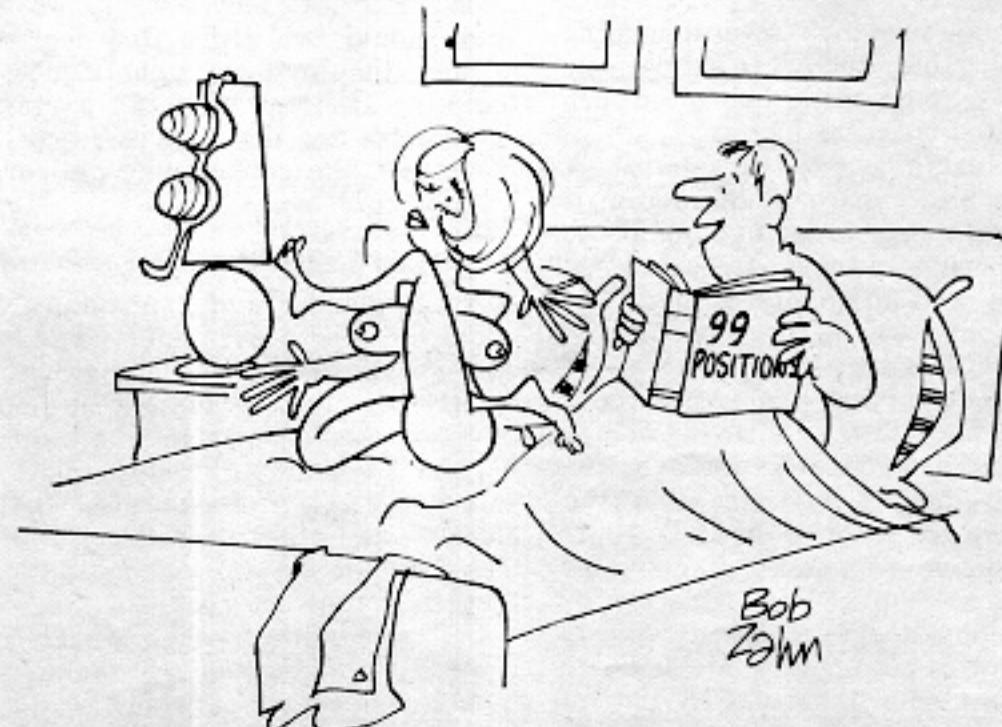
Doctors seldom examine nursing home patients. In a Topeka, Kansas home about 75 percent of the patients had not been examined by a doctor in the previous six months. In Minnesota, a survey of 100 homes disclosed that the average amount of physician care for each patient was 2½ minutes a week, barely enough to say hello and look at a man's records.

One writer made a three-week inspection tour of nursing homes in several big cities and in one of them found an elderly man tied to his bed by his wrists—"doctor's orders," she was told—even though state law forbade such restraint. She reported other homes using such restraints, and many of them keeping patients drugged during waking hours so the staff wouldn't have to bother giving them any attention.

A national publication conducted a survey of nursing homes and came up with reports like this:

"In every room, I saw people sitting, most of them simply staring blankly. One old man was lying in a bed, facing a wall. Though it was sunny outdoors, all the rooms were dim. One room smelled of feces; other rooms of disinfectant. As I passed elderly patients, they merely stared, if they looked up at all."

These are nursing homes, yet they sound the way investigations of snake pits—mental asylums—used to sound. That's because the nursing homes are the nation's newest form of snake pit,



"... Now stick the big toe of your left foot into your right ear."

dungeons for the elderly.

The mistreatment includes what can only be called medical malpractice. Six doctors from a Maine hospital reviewed conditions in several nursing homes for six months. Their professional report indicated how shook up they were at what they uncovered. Two brief case histories will show why:

"One patient developed chest pains and vomited. The nursing home administrator did not call the doctor but treated her with laxatives. The patient died in two days of a coronary occlusion.

"A patient with mental confusion was receiving nine different drugs. When all drugs were cancelled except digitalis, the confusion cleared."

AND Ralph Nader's investigators reported that many doctors used nursing home patients as guinea pigs, administering experimental drugs on them. Under federal law and the medical code of ethics, doctors are not permitted to experiment on humans unless the patient has been informed of what the experiment entails and signs a statement that he fully understands and agrees to being a guinea pig. One doctor was asked whether he had his patients' consent, and he produced a release signed with an "x"—the patient had been senile for a least three years, was unable even to write his name and could not possibly have known what was going on.

Nursing homes are big business. The huge sums of money paid out by the government under Medicare and Medicaid, new tricky methods of financing the construction of nursing homes, new formulas adopted by Social Security and welfare agencies to pay owners of nursing homes for caring for the elderly, and a complete lack of government interest in adopting strong controls over nursing homes—all add up to huge profits. On Wall Street, nursing homes are among the "hottest" of stocks, mutual funds owning many shares of companies that have jumped into the business and floated public stock issues.

Business Week ran an article on nursing homes last year, titled: "Nursing Homes Offer an Investment Lure." And the magazine raves about a marvelous financing plan in which several nursing home chains induce doctors to get patients for them by selling a major interest in each home to a group of local doctors.

That's a blatant conflict of interest. A doctor who has a piece of the action is going to want to see his nursing home filled to capacity, and you can be damned sure, even if he is an honorable man, that there is going to be a subconscious temptation to decide in favor of recommending nursing home care for a patient in a borderline case. If the doctor is really greedy—and evidence over the years about doctors indicates that too many of them are greedy—then he's going to send patients to nursing homes who don't belong in them.

One obvious dodge pulled by greedy doctors involves getting around Medicare regulations. Under the rules, a patient cannot get Medicare for nursing home care unless he first spends three days in a



hospital with an illness that requires extensive nursing care. It is well documented that physicians have sent patients into hospitals under phony diagnoses simply to qualify them for nursing homes—and usually the doctor has a piece of the nursing home involved.

More scandalous than the pot of gold the doctors and nursing home operators are reaping through the conflict of interest is the basic concept of what to do with our elderly people. The fact is that the most thoughtful experts in geriatrics insist that unless a man or woman cannot function without professional supervision—which they seldom get in nursing homes in any case—then they would be better off in their own homes. That is mostly because nursing homes, as they've developed, are just a way station on the road to the cemetery. The inmates go into most nursing homes knowing they're going to die in them, and they lose the will to live, losing it a lot faster if the nursing home operator knocks it out of them.

As the senior medical officer in the British Ministry of Health puts it, in condemning America's rush to shunt its elderly off into these death traps:

"Our philosophy is that old people want to remain at home, in their own house, surrounded by their own possessions, their own memories. That's where we believe they should be, where they feel secure, where they've got confidence. It's tempting to think that it's a matter of institutions and that sort of thing. I think it's rather like condemning old cars to a scrap heap."

IN England, and so many other countries, the government pays for the care of the elderly at home, when the elderly are able to remain at home. It sends nurses around to check on their health, pays their support, gets them interested in programs for the elderly—and all of it costs a hell of a lot less than the cost of keeping patients in these dungeons.

In the meantime, though, what is needed is some fast laws that will make nursing homes come up to the professional level of hospitals. Ralph Nader, in his report to Congress, recommends that nursing

homes receiving federal funds should be immediately forced to come up to established federal standards, which the federal government itself has ignored, that there should be stricter medical review and licensing procedures to get the incompetent and unqualified out of the business, and calls for an immediate federal investigation of all nursing homes.

Nader also urged Congress to look into the development of alternatives to nursing homes, so that the elderly who don't really require specialized care can live a normal life. Alternatives such as subsidized private housing and in-home nursing care. Instead of funnelling \$2 billion a year into nursing homes—a figure that is certain to grow enormously as the number of elderly people in this country increases—we should spend most of that on other ways of caring for our old people, ways that would give them a reason to live instead of relegating them to a junk heap.

In the meantime, though, it is obvious that some people require nursing homes in their later years. If you have a relative who must go into a nursing home, this is what the experts say you should look for:

Take a trusted doctor or nurse with you when looking for a home. Make certain they think the patients are receiving proper care.

As for level of care, don't sign up for services that will not be needed immediately, but make certain services that are needed or might be needed later are available in the home. Keep a walking patient out of those homes where there are a great many bed-ridden patients.

Make certain your doctor will be able to visit the inmate at any time, without advance notice.

Talk to the other patients in the place. If they're just sitting around, not doing anything, dozing or in a daze, the chances are they're drugged to keep them quiet. Run, don't walk, to the nearest exit.

Have your doctor check on the nursing and medical setup. If there aren't enough nurses, or if doctors aren't immediately available—better nursing homes have arrangements with nearby hospitals for immediate doctor services—look for another nursing home.

Make certain that visiting hours are liberal, and that the patient will be allowed to make outside trips if he's capable of getting around. A nursing home should be a home, not a prison.

Get a list of fees in writing, in advance. Find out what you're getting for the basic fee and how much all the extras—including drugs—will cost. Try to get the home to agree to let the family provide the extras. Such as drugs, because buying things outside is cheaper.

Before you or the patient sign over any sort of property or make a will in favor of the nursing home, check with a lawyer. Too many life-care contracts are stacked against you, and many of them are invitations to murder.

Those million prisoners in the nation's nursing homes have been crying for help for years. It's about time somebody listened to them. For they are our parents and our grandparents. And some day they may be one of us—you, me, your wife or friend. Let's destroy the trap before too many others get snapped up in it. * * *

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IT'S A STRANGE WORLD



"ME TARZAN, YOU JANE, WE BURN"—It was a "standard" torture scene in a "Tarzan" movie. They were filming the action at Rainbow Springs, Florida, for a Spanish movie company making an epic called, "Tarzan and the Rainbow." Tarzan was spread-eagled on the ground, bound to stakes at his hands and feet. Jane was tied to a tree not far away. Prop men had just set the "ring of fire" that would slowly burn its way toward the two of them, when suddenly something went wrong. "An unknown fluid was used to ignite the leaves," explained the deputy sheriff who investigated. "Whatever the substance was, it exploded." Before the rest of the cast and camera crew could rush to their rescue, both Tarzan and Jane were seriously burned in a make-believe torture scene that turned into an unexpectedly horrible reality.

NOBODY BUSTS THIS BANK—If you think our nuclear systems are top secret, there's probably nothing in the world more closely guarded than the defense plans for securing Fort Knox, storehouse for America's gold supply. Hundreds of 27½-pound gold bricks are stacked in a 2-story-high steel vault that is embedded in concrete. Each gold brick is worth about \$14,000, and to get one of them out of the vault, a 20-ton door has to be cracked. No matter what the movies have led you to believe, nobody has

ever gotten into the vault to photograph it, ever since the 1937 "No Visitors" policy was put into effect.

CALL GIRLS VS. PROSTITUTES

—Worst insult to a call girl is to be referred to as a "prostitute." When she reaches the top of the ladder, it seems she hates to be reminded of the days she pounded pavements to pull in a customer, or worked in a house where the object was to separate the customer from his money as fast as possible with as little effort as she could get away with. In contrast to those "quickie" love artists, a call girl takes on johns only by appointment, usually for the entire

evening and night. In many cases, she's treated like a date—taken to dinner, night club or theater before returning to her apartment for the main event. Then it's an all-night sex session paced to her client's needs and demands, as wild and erotic or as gentle and passive as he requires, with never a "hustle" for additional payment for "extras."

THE LONG, COLD CRAWL

—When an ex-fighter pilot whose small plane crashed in a snowstorm in California around Christmas time said, "I really didn't think I'd make it," here's what he meant. Slammed against Angel's Peak, between San Diego and Palm Springs, at about the 3500-foot level, the pilot crawled from his plane and took stock. He was bleeding from multiple wounds all over his body, had a brain concussion and discovered that his ankle was broken. Remembering seeing a road just before the crash, he forced himself to crawl in that direction through the raging snowstorm. His idea was to reach the road and flag down a car, since chances of his being spotted by search planes were doubtful, considering the weather. For 33½ hours the battered pilot dragged his bruised body down the mountain until he finally made the road. Just as he thumbed down a passing motorist, his wrecked plane was spotted against the mountain by rescue aircraft. The former Navy Commander, who had served two hitches in Vietnam, reached the hospital in remarkable condition despite his incredible ordeal.



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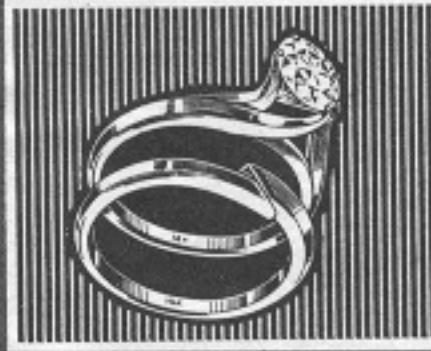
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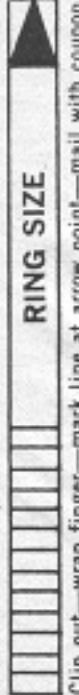
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LOVE CAGE

(Continued from page 25)

"Big man," she had said, "you've never satisfied me."

Divorce proceedings rolled smoothly and soon Dave was a free man, except that he had to pay a monthly alimony check for the privilege. He began dating Gladys Byron, a switchboard operator in the office of the neon sign company that employed him. Gladys, a petite blonde from down South, had soft, dark eyes and a cute drawl. Best of all, she was nothing like Norma.

After a time, it was understood that Dave would begin spending the night in her apartment. The first time, it was satisfactory until the very end. Their bodies writhed together in the darkness and Dave felt himself go with a thundering force. It had been too long, he thought.

Then Gladys grew motionless underneath him and doubt pounced at him in the shadows like a malicious cat.

"What's the matter?" he asked, hands clamped on the girl's damp and slippery thighs. He had reached his climax, but Gladys hadn't achieved hers. Almost desperately, he tried to rouse her for a new try.

"Not tonight." She stroked his cheek as though he were a child. "It isn't your fault, darling. It's mine," she whispered reassuringly.

She doesn't want to hurt my feelings, Dave thought.

He got up and stalked to the bathroom and splashed water on his sweaty face. "Strikeout number two," he snarled aloud, in disgust.

Two days later, Dave and Chuck Wills went to The Pink Kitten to install the night club's new sign. Some sign. Six feet long, with a figure of a topless dancer at each end of it. At night when the neon began to flash, the two make-believe dancers would shake and twist as though they were cavorting to the frenzied beat of rock music.

"Have you ever been inside this place?" Chuck asked as they unloaded the truck. "All the girls go topless," he said after Dave shook his head. "Not only the dancers, but the hat check and cigarette girls, too."

Dave's grin was tight and restrained. He and Chuck put up their ladders and soon they were walking around on the club's roof. The Pink Kitten's manager wanted the sign installed in the center of the roof so that it could be seen from all directions. He stood down below and shouted instructions at Dave and Chuck as they worked, waving to show them where he wanted the sign placed.

"It'll take two days to get this installed the way he wants it," said Chuck cheerfully, "and I don't object a bit. The scenery here is better than at the beach."

"Yeah," said Dave, gazing over his companion's shoulder at the girls who had started to arrive for their evening's work.

Young and bosomy and attractive the girls drove into the employees' parking lot laughing and talking. They showed off

their shapely limbs as they squirmed out of cars and drifted into the club in pairs and threes.

GARRULOUS Chuck looked over the girls and analyzed their assets. He guessed at their measurements and told Dave which of them he'd like to be stranded with on a desert island. Or just in a double bed. "Don't you like any of them?" he asked.

"The blonde," Dave said.

She was one of the late arrivals: Tall and self-assured, she climbed out of a small sports car driven by a redhead with large breasts. Her cheekbones were wide in a striking face, her eyes sultry and sardonic as she glanced up at Chuck, who had slid to the edge of the roof to get a better look at the beauty parade.

"Don't fall, cowboy," she called with an amused grin.

"I'll dive off," responded Chuck, "if you'll promise to visit me at the hospital."

"Men in traction don't interest me," she countered as she moved out of sight.

Listening to the repartee, the silent Dave wiped sweat from his cheek with the back of his rawboned hand. He wished he had Chuck's ease with strangers, especially women.

He remembered the difficulty he'd had talking to Norma before they married. At the time, he had never been involved with a girl like her, not only sexy but bright and witty, with two years of college behind her. He had been unable to understand what she saw in him.

When they made love for the first time, when Norma moaned and bit his shoulder and wrapped her legs around him, he had thought he had it figured out. Sexual attraction. In bed, they were made for each other.

What a sucker he had been.

Dave was 26 years of age, tall and muscular, with broad shoulders and hands and a square-cut face. He pulled down a good salary, but his pay had never been quite enough for Norma, who spent money as though a fresh batch arrived in the mail each morning.

For two years Dave had worked overtime at every opportunity and occasionally moonlighted in order to keep Norma in the manner to which she wanted to grow accustomed. He had known that Norma's extravagance should be curbed, but he forgave her every fault when he came home and she rubbed that sensual body against him.

In the third year of their marriage Dave finally came to his senses and laid down the law. Norma had to stop emptying their bank account and using charge cards as though they were free spending licenses. Fewer expensive clothes and no new car until they caught up on their debts, he told her. Less eating in restaurants and fewer nights out. Maybe she could even learn to cook something besides spaghetti and Welsh rarebit.

First Norma tried to slyly evade his ultimatum and then she started fighting it. When she wanted something they couldn't afford, she poutingly refused to go to bed with him until he gave in.

"I don't like this new policy you've got," Dave told her. "Sex on the pay-as-you-go plan."

She smiled at him with her eyes mockingly innocent. "I just like sex better when you've done something to please me."

What bullfighters call the moment of truth came one night when Norma initiated their lovemaking. She entered the bathroom while Dave was in the tub. She offered to scrub his back and the next thing he knew, she was naked and in the water with him. Then they were on the rug, still wet, their bodies welded together in a heated coupling. Finally they reached the bed and finished up there.

IT was a stunning performance on Norma's part. Dave knew that she wanted something. He knew it as well as he knew that a year had 12 months. He told himself that was evidence of what their marriage had become.

Norma coiled against him. Her fingers caressed his thigh and she began to talk of an apartment she had seen that day in a better section of town, near some old friends of hers. She'd like to move there, she said.

"So that's your price for a night's entertainment."

She laughed softly. "Don't get stern with me again."

"We can't afford a more expensive place. I'm afraid you wasted your energy."

She moved her hand. Then she shifted to the other side of the bed, putting distance and a cold silence between them.

"I don't enjoy bargaining for sex with my own wife. This has got to come to a screeching halt," Dave said.

"Or else?" she asked him sarcastically.

"Yeah. Or else."

"I'm going to tell you something, big man." There had been a time when she'd called him that playfully. Now her tone of voice made the words sound like an insult. "I've got a right to put a price on it. You don't happen to be the world's greatest lover, you know."

Dave was growing angrier every second. "Is that your sophisticated way of telling me I don't satisfy you in bed?"

"If you think otherwise, it's because I'm a brilliant actress." She bounced to a sitting position and thrust her face close to Dave's and gritted, "Big man, you've never satisfied me."

From that point, there was only one direction their marriage could take. The same direction the stock market took in 1929. . . .

Morning came and he sat up before the alarm clock demanded it. He found that the blonde was still on his mind, the memory of her arrogant beauty vivid and insistent. Because he and Chuck had to attend to a couple of emergency calls first, they didn't get back to The Pink Kitten until afternoon. The club's manager was chewing his nails, but he started to beam when they hooked up the sign and clicked it on and the girls began their electric wriggle.

"You boys did a fine job," he said. "Come inside and have a beer on the boss."

Dave realized that he was looking for the blonde. She came through the doorway and their eyes met and she smiled faintly, as though she knew she had prowled his thoughts since yesterday.

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ALBUM NUMBER	TITLE	ARTIST	LABEL	SERIES	LP	TAPE
310	WE MADE IT HAPPEN—Engelbert Humperdinck—PARROT			E	F	
321	STAGE FRIGHT—The Band—CAPITOL			E	F	
322	IN CONCERT—Mantovani—LONDON			D	F	
323	ONE WORLD—Rare Earth—MOTOWN			D	F	
324	NATURALLY—3 Dog Night—DUNHILL			E	F	
325	JUST FOR LOVE—Quicksilver Messenger—CAPITOL			E	F	
326	EVERYTHING IS EVERYTHING—Diana Ross—MOTOWN			D	F	
348	SHILO Neil Diamond BANG			D	F	
328	I WOULDN'T LIVE IN NEW YORK CITY—Buck Owens—CAPITOL			D	F	
329	LOOKING IN—Savoy Brown—PARROT			D	F	
330	TEMPTATIONS GREATEST HITS V—Temptations—MOTOWN			D	F	
331	INDIANOLA MISSISSIPPI SEEDS—B. B. King—ABC			D	F	
332	1—Sonny James—CAPITOL			D	F	
333	SIGNED, SEALED, DELIVERED—Stevie Wonder—MOTOWN			D	F	
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Norma had possessed that same sexual instinct. It was as good as the ability to read minds.

"I see you didn't fall off the roof, cowboy," she said to Chuck in a husky voice. Her gaze drifted to Dave. "Don't you talk?"

"Yeah," Dave replied, dazzling her with his wit.

She looked amused. "But not much."

"No," he said, adding to his list of famous quotes.

The blonde smiled. "I didn't know there were any strong, silent men still around. My name is Cara Keene. I'm in the telephone book, if you're interested."

There was his invitation. But one more strikeout, he thought, and the side would be retired.

He didn't call her the next day. He put it off. Maybe he was too afraid of another failure.

HE was driving home after work when he took an abrupt U-turn and headed for the other side of town and The Pink Kitten. This was something he had to settle, if only for his own peace of mind.

The red sports car pulled into the parking lot just ahead of him. Cara got out and when she saw Dave, the sardonic smile curled her lips. "I knew you'd be back."

"What time do you get off?"

"This is a working night, cowboy. When I leave the club, I'll be too tired for a date. You call me up sometime, like I suggested."

"I want you tonight," Dave said.

She looked startled and then she laughed. "That's about as direct as you can get. What makes you think I'd go for it?"

"A gamble," Dave told her.

"You can take me home if you want to wait around, but I won't be in the mood for anything except sleep." Cara patted Dave's hand. "You'll just have to be patient and try another time."

He had supper in a diner, went to a double-feature movie, then waited for her in the parking lot, smoking cigarettes and listening to the torrid music grinding inside. He didn't want to go in. Dave felt caged even in the open.

It was a long wait. Cara emerged from

the club at a quarter past one, amid a stream of hurrying girls, and she saw him and divided from the rest. "I thought you'd give up and leave."

"No chance," said Dave and opened the door of his car for her.

He drove though the night with the warmth of the girl's body close to him. She put her head on his shoulder. "I'm bushed. This business takes a lot out of a girl."

Dave was silent. He was as tight as a knot inside and his palms sweated on the wheel.

The blonde yawned. "I'm half-asleep. Look, you call me on my night off, Thursday."

"I can't wait that long," Dave told her.

Her hand grazed his thigh and groped between his legs. She laughed. "I guess you can't. Well, we'll see what happens."

When he stopped the car in front of her apartment, Cara leaned back and stretched, yawning again. Dave turned and put his hand on one of her breasts while her arms were in the air. She pinned his hand and squeezed his fingers into the full soft, mound inside her sweater.

"Okay. If it's urgent, okay," she said.

She lived on the second floor. She put her key in Dave's palm and while he unlocked the door she stood with her breasts nudging his arm. "I put down the makeout artists who hang around the club. They bore me. But you're not their type. There's something about you that turns me on."

Dave kissed her and her mouth was warm and moist. Her tongue sought his. Their bodies moved together and her fingers closed tightly on his arms and she wrenched her lips away. "I'll take a shower. I want to be sure I'm awake."

Dave couldn't remember ever having been this nervous before. He could hear the shower pounding beyond the bathroom door as he sank uneasily onto the couch. He asked himself what he was doing here. If he needed a woman, why had he chosen one so much like Norma?

Cara came back into the room. The robe she wore was so thin Dave could make out the shape of her body inside it. The curve of her hips was an enticing shadow, her breasts voluptuous and swaying. "Now, tell me what she's like. Your wife, I mean."

"It isn't important."

"Not to me. But to you it is." She tapped her index finger playfully against his square chin. "That's just a guess, but I'll bet I'm right."

"I don't have a wife. Only an ex-wife."

"Well, I didn't miss it by much, did I?"

THE gown was slit provocatively to her upper thigh. White flesh gleamed as she moved closer and leaned down to fasten her mouth to Dave's.

Extending the kiss, Dave put one hand on Cara's bared thigh, the other on her hip.

"Did she leave you, or was it the other way around?" She asked. Her eyes had narrowed and her breathing was faster than before he touched her.

"I didn't come here to talk about her."

"Or to talk at all," she said, her smile teasing him. She stepped away and pulled the belt of the robe and spilled it open. The beauty of her naked body blazed at him and he bent forward and clutched her legs at the calves and guided her toward him. She came willingly and he ran his hands up her thighs and she leaned against him so that he could reach her breasts.

She was as ready, Dave thought, as a woman could get. If he failed to satisfy her, it certainly would be his fault, not hers.

His mouth grazed her breasts and raced downward. He thrust his tongue into her navel and she writhed in delight.

He knew that it was time for the test, another moment of truth, and as he unbuckled his belt, he realized that he was here for that as much as to appease the need prodding him.

Cara eyed him, a wisp of a smile at the curving corners of her full lips. "I can see one thing that wasn't wrong with your marriage."

How little she knew, thought Dave, and he was suddenly eager, driven by urgency. He entered her quickly but she seemed to have sensed his move before he made it and was prepared. She widened her thighs and fell back, lifting her knees, and they were moving in a smooth, exciting unison.

But this was only the beginning. Dave told himself. Norma had always responded passionately, or had appeared to do so, but somewhere along the way he had failed to measure up as a lover. Where had that failure come?

"Don't stop," said the girl, although he didn't realize he had, and he gazed into her eyes and saw that the stab of self-doubt within him had somehow communicated itself to her.

He smiled and thrust deeper and she smiled back and slid lower on the couch and locked her legs about him. He was all right again; everything was fine.

Dave understood now the reason he had been drawn to Cara. It was precisely because she was so much like his ex-wife, so self-assured and so knowing about men.

She was moaning in passion, lifting her body to meet his thrust and he felt the hot flush of triumph as she shuddered and murmured huskily, almost in apology, "I can't wait any longer, darling." Then he was in complete unison with her again, reaching his own climax as she grabbed a handful of his hair and held on while she gasped hotly against his cheek.



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YOU AND WOMEN

(Continued from page 8)

well try oral sex for the first time in her life. Others find they are experiencing their first orgasm. In many cases—although of course there are a large number of exceptions—this wild sex drive can stop abruptly on a young widow's remarriage. She is very likely to revert to her usual 'married' pattern of lovemaking."

HOPPED UP?

Q. *Ellen is a very straight girl who won't touch drugs in any form, while Fran is big on trying almost anything. Does this interest in drugs indicate that Fran would also be more interested in sex and probably better at it?*

A. Hardly. Ellen, by all odds, would probably be more adept at sex. Fran may well be a "sexual incompetent." Many young people are taking drugs as "sex substitutes," according to Dr. Thaddeus Mann of Cambridge Univ. in England. Writing on "Sex, Drugs and Ethics," in a United Nations publication, he links drug-taking with "sexual incompetence." "As with opiates, cannabis (marijuana) and LSD," he writes, "there is some evidence of a link between the abuse of amphetamines and certain types of sexual incompetence or deviation . . . Young people frequently seem to indulge in drugs for their presumed pleasure-giving properties and in the hope, however ill-founded, of prolonging sexual gratification. To them the drugs serve as sex substitutes. Up to a point this also applies to older men, particularly those suffering from impotence, imaginary or real, due to aging."

OVERDUE

Q. *Sally has been sleeping with Vic for about six months while Tina has had the same arrangement with Walt for about a year and a half. Both girls suddenly put marriage pressure on their men. They both say they will break off the relationship unless a marriage date is set. Does Vic or Walt have more to worry about?*

A. Vic does. Walt's relationship with Tina has passed what sexologists call the "critical marriage deadline" for couples sleeping together regularly. Tina has probably been sleeping with Walt too long to break off with him, otherwise she would have done so a long time earlier. "Generally speaking," says sexologist Virginia Peters, "such a girl will demand marriage after about six or eight months. If she does not for another year, or does

and is talked out of it by the man, she probably can continually be talked out of it." According to the Peters thesis, Vic is facing the critical deadline. Sally has issued a warning, and she may well stick to her terms—unless at heart she is just another Tina.

MAKE-UP TIME

Q. *Is it smart for a husband to try sex with his wife after an argument?*

A. Most wives don't think so. Eleanor Hamilton, Ph.D., tells one wife's comment: "He starts criticizing me the moment he gets in the house, and then he expects me to feel loving and sexy ten min-



Ecstasy excuse

utes later. You just don't feel very sexy when you've been told what an idiot you are." Other sexologists warn that since the sex act is more emotional for women and more physical for men, wives can resent the intrusion of sex right after an argument. The husband who puts off sex until the following night generally has allowed for the proper cooling-off period.

TAINTED CLUE

Q. *Does the fact that a girl bleeds during intercourse prove that she has been a virgin?*

A. Not necessarily. It could be either "blind luck" or sharp cunning on her part. Dr. LeMond Clark observes: ". . . at least 30 percent of all young women have no pain or bleeding at first intercourse and . . . the man could not know whether the hymen was intact or not. The hymen is so rudimentary and elastic that it causes no trouble. Some women, too, have a hymen reconstructed if they can find a surgeon to do this simple procedure."

I WAS right about you," she told him. "I just knew you'd be great. I'm glad we skipped the preliminaries and got right to the point." She wound her fingers in his hair again and pulled his mouth back to hers. "But maybe you made a mistake. You've got me so awake that I'm going to want some more."

Dave laughed. For the first time since the trouble with Norma had reached its crux, he felt unburdened and confident. He picked up the girl and carried her to the bedroom, where they made love again. Not once did Norma cross his mind.

"Are you going to spend the night?" Cara asked, her voice drowsy again. "If you are, wake me before you leave in the morning."

When he spoke to her hours later and said it was time for him to get up, she rolled over on top of him and squirmed her naked body against his. "This is my treat," she told him. Her mouth was bold and searching as it prowled over him, deliberately arousing his desire.

Dave understood that this was a reciprocal thing, a return of favors for his skilled lovemaking the night before. When Cara had excited him in every other way, she told him she was ready for the main event. His climax came like something being ripped from inside him and he didn't have to ask if she'd reached hers.

He was putting on his clothes when she said it. "Look, Gabby, I admit to a normal amount of curiosity. Are you going to leave here without telling me what happened with your wife?"

"We split over money, chiefly. But before she left, she told me I couldn't cut it in bed."

"And Joe Namath can't throw a football, either."

"Maybe you just bring out the best in me," he joked, but then he found himself telling her how it had been with Norma.

She shook her head. "She put you on, Dave Causton. Not in bed, when you were making it. When she realized it was over, and she might as well start walking, she reached into her bitch's bag of tricks for the insult every woman knows will bring down any man. She lied because she wanted to leave you hurting."

Yes, Cara was right, thought Dave, remembering the twist of Norma's mouth and the fury in her eyes when she lowered the boom on him. Norma always had to win, and when he'd told her to shape up or ship out, she'd dealt him the deadliest blow she could think of. As for that night with Gladys Byron, the outcome really hadn't been his fault. It had been one of those things that happen now and then to every man, and maybe he wouldn't have worried about it at all if Norma hadn't already planted doubt in his mind.

"You know I'm not lying to you," said Cara. "After all, we're practically strangers."

Dave grinned and finished buttoning his shirt. "That may be true. But I still think you're the best friend I've ever made."

"Yeah," Cara said in a bad imitation of his voice. She yawned and pulled the sheet up to her chin. "And made. And made. Man, I'm sleepy. Next time, will you please wait until Thursday night?"

"Yeah," Dave agreed, "but I can hardly wait." ***

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PARIS

(Continued from page 38)

sort of ridiculous banter, you'll be trooping off with *so many*. You'll need them if the room in the hotel is cold. You'll want them when they start warming up the male ingredients. You'll rediscover how natural a man is in the presence of firm-minded, inventive French prostitutes who have more than the weight of tradition behind them. Satan, get thee in front, please!

They will banter in risque French. If you understand it, it will excite you. If you don't understand, it will still do something. They will talk about sex and its many intellectual and physical pleasures. Obviously, you will know most of the physical pleasures if you've been in Paris for more than a week. In any event, the four girls will tutor you—from their bottoms up.

If you've time, and the money, one of the girls, if she's Algerian, will specialize in Cus-Cus. Actually, it's a nice Algerian dish for eating; and what the girl will do will relate to eating. She will:

Anoint your nude body with a finely flavored olive oil. It will be applied from your toes to your most private privacies. If you're embarrassed, shut your eyes—and dream of four girls alone with you in Paris.

When you are completely anointed, the Algerian girl will give you a lesson in another way of love. She will, with the most able tongue in the French cosmos of love and liberty, reach every part of you. She will linger here and there with special succulence. She will make you reach the most senses—and liberate your hidden selves. She will idealize your body. She will make you proud that you are a male. She will give and take—and her tongue, with enormous agility, will make you surrender to the most total erotic experience you are ever likely to know... providing, of course, that you like olive oil.

The daisy chain that follows will make you think of more than Daisy. Who was Daisy? She was a girl who liked sex in a circle... and now the four girls in the room in Pigalle will do just that. It will be an assault, a genteel one, if you please.

YOU will merely test your honorable abilities, your strength, and your virility. They will come at you like buzzing bees—but such bees! You will be attacked, cheek to jowl, by eight breasts, eight thighs, four derrieres—and four other feminine properties. If you can last through that four-ringed circus, they will pay you. I was about to add,

It's like an old Parisian postcard that you can't send through the mails. If you are prurient and not Puritanical, you'll take some measure of odd pleasure from being the watcher. How many women? Pick your number. Any number can play at this game.

Pigalle is a sex circus. Hotel after hotel

offers rooms that do not rent out for more than an hour—and the proprietors must make a million francs a year from these short-time rooms. Often, they are rented to a serious couple who just want to go to bed for an hour. They are, naturally, not married to each other. They are just good bed friends.

If a man had a hidden camera in one of those rooms, he would see the following during a 24-hour film of the proceedings in a Pigalle hotel.

Our first couple. The girl, 18, is still a virgin. The man, 40, is the man of experience who comes on with his father image. The girl is at the stage where she wants love, especially sexual love. When she leaves, an hour later, the film will show that she's had a very painful breaking of her hymen; that she did not quite enjoy the proceedings; that she bled too much but was stoical when the man offered to quit and begin again later.

Another couple arrives. This time there's an older woman and a young man who is about to learn what it's all about. This meeting has been arranged by the young man's mother, who found a woman who was more than willing to teach a young fellow what to do at the right time.

Our boy is overly anxious. He is emerging. The woman has to restrain him after they've both undressed. He is all over himself instead of all over her. But, with due prompting, she manages to make the boy a man, and within a most taxing hour.

At four P.M. there is a lull. But at five P.M. in come two Algerian men and one woman. She is very large. She is vastly experienced. She knows that she can expect to be used differently.

It is six P.M. Two whores and one man enter. It will be an orgy that lesbians go in for—for the voyeur. The man is old and he's content to just look on.

Seven P.M. It's a married couple now, but they are not married to each other. They merely work in the same office.

After a year, the man has finally convinced the girl that he's the best lover she'll ever meet in bed. But in bed, she's nervous. It's the first time she's cuckolded her husband. But, then, her husband has been indifferent to her body. Now she's about to commit adultery.

AND so on through the 24-hour bit of comedy, perversity and tragedy in the busy bed in the busy little room.

Now, on to other Parisian orgies.

One Sunday I went driving in the Bois de Boulogne with a girl. We were out to see the chestnuts. We had been to Robinson, a suburb, and had lunched at a four-star restaurant. I felt happy and relaxed as Maggie drove her red sports car through the Bois.

Suddenly Maggie slowed up. Ahead of us was another sports car. The couple in it were looking at the autumn foliage, the burst of reds, browns and greens burgeoning like a mad pointillist painting. Obviously, it was a day to drive in the Bois. The colors were most awe-inspiring.

Maggie drove past the green sports car and looked at the man driving the car. He was handsome. Maggie smiled. The girl with the man had long blonde hair that trailed in the light wind. She looked

ravishing in an autumnal way, I thought.

Maggie, my friend, smiled peculiarly to me. Then she asked, "Are you game?"

"Game for what, Maggie?"

"Game to swap. It's a game, or haven't you heard?"

"Heard what, Maggie?"

"If I blow my horn and if the man in the green car blows his horn, it means that we swap. You can take his girl and my car. I'll join him. Okay?"

"And then what happens? We camp out like boy scouts or girl scouts?"

"It's up to you. Sex in the Bois is not new, you know. You must, in your long love affair with nature, have been on the grass with a girl—yes?"

"Yes. Okay, I agree."

Maggie sounded her horn. The green car sounded back and pulled up.

Nothing was said. Maggie merely got out and walked to the other car. The girl with the long tresses got out and joined me. We started away. We drove quietly for a few minutes and stopped when we thought we were in a quiet, unseen place.

I kissed her, French fashion, for a few minutes. We thought of other things and began to find out each other's physical accoutrements.

She was, she said, very happy to know me, but could we go to her apartment? We did. It was in the heart of Montparnasse. We spent the night in a bed surrounded with mirrors. There was a mirror on the ceiling and mirrors on all sides of the bed. And she loved watching everything that happened.

After that night I met her regularly. Eventually she took me to several orgies. The one that proved to be most interesting—and most mysterious—was also totally anonymous.

She had gotten the address of a house in Neuilly, which is a most fashionable area. I never learned who really lived there, but that hardly mattered. What mattered was the methods employed to keep everything secret.

We arrived together. We were ushered into a large reception hall by a maid dressed in very little. The maid then separated us.

I was undressed by the maid in another room and my clothes were taken away. Soon I was wearing a black mask and a blue Japanese kimono. A few minutes later I began a stranger-than-life experience.

I WAS, without being seen, taken to another room and left. The room was dark except for a small red light. There was a large bed. There were bottles and glasses. I lay down on the bed and waited.

The door opened.

A girl in a red mask and a yellow kimono came in. She had no place to go but the bed. As she approached the bed, she took off her kimono. We had a drink and we talked to ease ourselves into a more mellow feeling.

We mellowed all too quickly. After that, for more than an hour, we were locked in the most sexual rollicking and frolicking that I have, as a born Parisian, ever experienced. The Kama Sutra, as a text on the ways of love, became our loyal bed

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companion.

Two hours later when the maid came for her, she left. A few minutes later the maid came for me—and I was taken for a short walk to another room. This room had a kingly bed covered with gold leaf and many regal adornments. Crowns topped the canopy. And I was about to become the emperor of a king-size bed.

But there had to be a queen as well as a maid-in-waiting for the queen, or for the king. Both came soon enough. The queen, or for the king. Both came soon enough. The queen was a redhead wearing a tiara. She wore a silvery garment that you could see through. The maid-in-waiting wore nothing.

I was crowned and made regal. I was given plentitude—and the most royal fornicating in the history of orgies.

They left two hours later.

It was done—and I slept the most unsound sleep of my life. I kept having visions of the erotic experiences I was missing. And I promised my medical student, who left with me in the morning, to be in better shape for this sort of thing when next I called on her talents as a student of erotic enterprise. She'd had, she said, ten men through the long night.

The cost was \$200—\$100 for each of us. Naturally, I did the treating, but what a treat it had been!

Maggie knew the avant-garde artists; those who were celebrated, and those who merely celebrated. She preferred the latter because they made bizarre parties to which she was always invited for a

bohemian fling.

We went to the Montparnasse Ball, a yearly affair that was conducted as a revealing riot.

The Montparnasse Ball was held at a hall on Rue de la Gaite which usually catered to normal Parisians who liked to dance. On this night, the dancers were hardly normal in their dress or in their lack of dress.

Models arrived in normal street clothes—but soon they were peeling away dresses, skirts, sweaters, bras and panties. They danced about like nymphs, with the artists coming at them like satyrs. It was a mass riot in ancient Greek costumes, since the theme for the Ball was Greek history.

On the crowded sidelines, with some of the nonparticipating spectators who remained in their street clothes, were some very active girls. A few of the girls, completely nude and drunk, were going through an ancient urge. They were ecstatic and exhibitionistic. They bounced about with their pliable, lovable breasts.

One girl was writhing on the floor, her thighs open wide enough for her to have a baby. Instead, she got herself a satyr, who joined her in writhing through an exhibition of uninhibited fornication.

There were prizes for everything: for men who looked like goats and acted like them; for girls who were girls.

Maggie came dressed as the great Greek doctor—Hippocrates. I came dressed like the poet Catullus. And I recited, to all who would listen, about the joys of the whore on whom Catullus had died. Catullus, who

had the sex urge of a bull in permanent heat, had gone with this girl through 15 consecutive sexual acts—and he had died, as they say, in the harness. What a way to go!

A model, who knew of Catullus, was tempting me. She was exhibiting her special appeals, and I thought of Catullus, so happy, but yet so dead. I said:

"Mademoiselle, it will be a most unhistorical event to die in your bed and within your limbs. Instead, Mademoiselle, let's dance. We can always play the heroes of the bedchamber at my apartment. Now, however, let's make with the Greek dances."

The end of the Montparnasse Ball came just before the police came, during a writhing frenzy. The prizes were given out when the bohemians, of all sexes and habits, were more naked than dressed. The satyrs had even done away with their horns and their loincloths; the nymphs were normally naked and even more succulent. And as the police rushed in, it became a stampede for bits and pieces of clothes, with everybody trying to hide what Adam did not hide from Eve in another time and in another country.

There were 20 arrests, 10 models and 10 satyrs—as if the number had been agreed upon in advance in event that the Ball, celebrating an earlier sexual freedom, got out of hand.

THE yearly Beaux Arts Ball is another fleshy affair which you attend whether you



YOU and the LAW

POWER PLUS. While you are standing at a bar a drunk next to you gets very abusive and says he's going to make "undertaker bait" out of you. He strikes you hard on the jaw. Defending yourself, you pick up a beer bottle and strike him over the head. The blow kills him. Are you guilty of manslaughter?

Answer: Yes, a Pennsylvania court ruled. When someone is attacked by a person using a deadly weapon he may assume the intention is to kill and he may kill to defend himself. However, if the assailant is unarmed, the victim may simply return blow for blow. The use of the beer bottle was excessive.

PERSUADER. The girl's old man does it Western style with a gun in your ribs, forcing you to go before a justice and get hitched. He then drives you and your bride to a motel and tells you to see him the next day about getting a job. Instead, after staying the night with the girl, you flee. Can you get the marriage annulled?

Answer: No, a Texas court declared. An unwilling groom, the court noted, "may not consummate a marriage and not have it, too. If he didn't want to marry he should have gone right out the other door at the motel."

● ● ●

HANG UP. You get very ill after eating and phone your doctor who says he'll come soon. He doesn't show up for four hours during which time complications develop and you need more medical aid than if he'd come earlier. Can the doctor be held liable?

Answer: Yes, an Ohio court said. A patient has a right to rely on a doctor's promise. The doctor was negligent in not coming as he indicated or at least notifying the patient he would be late so that other medical help could be sought.

FINDERS WEEPERS. You find a diamond ring and after a year passes, you assume it is now yours. Then the rightful owner turns up. Can he reclaim it and, since you carelessly put some nicks in the stone, make you pay damages?

Answer: Yes, a Florida court decided. Only New York State has a law that really vests title to a lost item in the finder. Elsewhere, a finder often may not legally use, sell or abuse a lost item.

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ALBUM. Your wife is going through some things you have stored in the attic and finds some very pornographic Polaroid photos of you with a naked young lady. Can she sue you for divorce despite your claim that the shots were made before your marriage?

Answer: No, said a New York court, not without additional independent evidence to show that you have had a liaison with this particular girl since your marriage. Courts are generally leery of photographic proof without independent evidence since the pictures could be specially posed for divorce "evidence."

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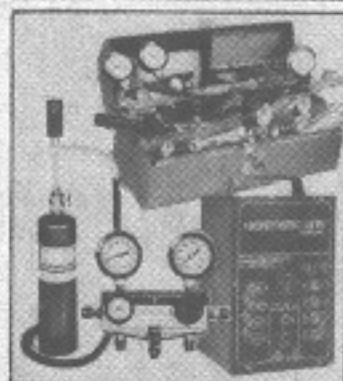
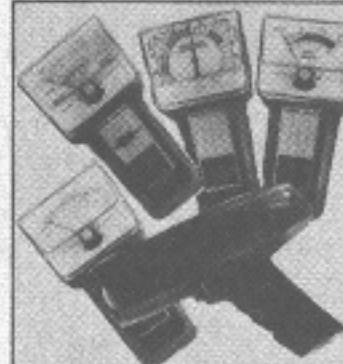
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are an artist or not. It is a *must* for pleasure.

"Orgies are things of the mind," said Maggie. "You can get the most Puritanical person in on one if the appeal is right. You see, part of my psychiatric study is to see how much real abnormality there is in being unrestrained. I was, in the event that you don't know, brought up by very strict parents. You don't believe?"

"I don't believe—not with your cute little habits."

"All right, then let's go to just one more orgy in order to prove my theory. Most of the people will hardly be aware of the intention of the host; and then, my dear lover, you will see some orgiastic revelations. Are you tired of it?"

"I'm tired, yes. I'm tired of late nights and little sleep. Further, I'm not doing too much work on my book. All right, we'll go to just one more orgy and then I must finish my book on impressionist painting. When is this surprise orgy taking place?"

"Tonight, my dear author," said Maggie with a lewd laugh.

"Mon Dieu! Doesn't one need a little bit of preparation?" I said, as if I was trying to beg off.

"In Paris, a man is always prepared for another glass of wine, and another mistress. That's part of our *egalite*—no?"

The party was in Neuilly, so rich with things past and current. It looked like an average relaxed soiree with a few female singers, some lawyers, and some artists who had made their money by painting all the expected things over and over again. It was a mixed grill of proper people, with lady schoolteachers bringing up some latter-day moral affirmations. The teachers looked prim, hardly capable of Maggie's orgiastic revelations.

A girl was at the piano playing a rondo. Soon she was joined by a singer who took her through an aria of Mozart's from *Don Giovanni*. It was one of the lustier arias, and I wondered if that had any symbolical significance.

Somebody, no doubt, must be in on the proceedings coming up—but who was it besides the host? There was no hostess. And the host, a thin man with a thin beard that is now popular in Paris, hardly looked like a man who went in for orgies. If he went in for anything, it was for clipping coupons.

The aria ended. A small girl, obviously Indochinese, now went forward. She did a few lovely Indian dances, using the most genteel head movements; much as if her head was not anchored to her slender shoulders. She was heavily applauded.

Another pianist came up to the piano and played a Russian Cossack dance from a sailor's ballet. And soon a man was whirling and leaping with fabulous grace and energy.

"Some orgy," I managed to say to Maggie. "It's either the wrong house or the wrong night. Shall we go?"

But it was the right house and the right night.

A girl, who hardly knew the difference between a rondo and an aria, now came forward. She talked quickly. She said, with some quaint indifference, "I am a naturalist. I hate clothes inside of a house, and this is such a pretty house. I usually take all of my clothes off at the first

beckoning opportunity. If it displeases anyone, please forgive me. I do, as a matter of fact, have the permission of our host—" and she nodded to the thin man. He smiled back, adding just a slight mystique to his smile.

"So, voila, here I am, nude . . ." and with that everything fell from her. She had stripped faster than a stripper who'd had a few drinks. She was down to her shoes. She was a redhead, rather large of body, with zestful breasts and a full derriere.

SHE took a glass of champagne that someone offered her, and, without saying another word, she sat down at the piano and played *Valse Triste*, to illustrate her romantic mood.

No one had said a word. Three of the women glared. The men, mostly, were quite amused by a sudden display of gracious nudity. She was much too attractive to offend any but the three glaring women.

Now another girl, the Indochinese, came forward. She said nothing. She merely took off her langoutis and her silk pantaloons. Her red bra came away and



"Could you equip a honeymoon suite with oxygen?"

then her red panties. She was so small that her breasts were more nipples than real breasts—but she was as lovely as a beautiful child. And she, too, sat down at the piano.

Now the singer who had sung the aria from *Don Giovanni* came forward. She said: "There is a scene from an opera wherein the woman stabs herself. May I, ladies and gentlemen, do the scene as I have always imagined it?"

I did not remember the aria, but it was in the great tradition of the Italian school. The singer was quite buxom, full-hipped and large-breasted; but all of her was in majestic proportions.

She undressed slowly. She had majesty in her movements and calculated, hidden energy in her body. It was a lavish body, completely Brunhildian. She made some of the men gasp with the sheer femininity of her comeliness. Her nipples stuck up like half dollars. Her belly, soft and round, had an ample belly button that turned inward with erotic insouciance. Her derriere was gaspingly handsome. She had, I was thinking, certainly been sculpted by nature. She was a great animal

of a female about to do an aria.

She sang and was accompanied by the girl who had first undressed. The Indochinese girl attempted to visualize the tragic nuances with a dance; but it was not her style. And the operatic singer, in full voice, was lamenting for the loss of love.

It was a concert of high and low notes, with the singer's body and face going serene for a moment and then quickly changing to heart-draining facial expressions. It was Love and Life. And it was Death, at the end.

It came within five minutes and with a final burst. The aria ended as the singer fell, stabbed by the papier-mache knife she was holding.

She lay lewdly exposed . . . an invitation to all of her . . . and Maggie went for her.

It was a lesbian act. But, then, Maggie was capable of anything, she later said. And it was the first time for the singer, said Maggie, who was like Mother Earth. Maggie had given in to temptation and wanted the singer's passions, her voice and her body. And so she turned temporary lesbian, before 20 gasping but titillated men and women.

After that, those who were still too prim, departed while the rest undressed. The men went for the women and the women went for the men. It was a bacchanal of the senses, without restraints and in total abandon. And it proved what Maggie had said regarding the revelations of the innocent at heart suddenly abandoning their inhibitions.

The heart of the orgy is Parisian, for Paris is a natural teacher of lechery. It can come in various ways, even with the Friday bath at the public baths. It takes place in the double compartment at the public baths. Schoolgirls, who can't get into a hotel, go to the public baths with their boyfriends. You soap my back, and I'll do something for you in the cabine double.

It has become a game, and some of the male and female attendants play at it, too. Two boys and two girls will take separate cabine doubles. When the attendant is not looking, they mass together in one tight cabine which may have a tub with the shower. There, to the sound of running water, they disport. They bathe each other. They fornicate in varied ways. They expand, making a Japanese party in one large tub. They learn liquid techniques in tubs and under the showers; and after an hour, they are certainly familiar with each other's natural state.

One man, an artist, has been meeting another man's wife for ten years in a cabine double. Since it saves money and is much cheaper than a hotel, it's nice to know that even if you don't need a bath, you can have one with a lovely lady and have her at the same time.

"You wash my back and I'll find something else to do. Can you pick up the soap, darling?"

And so this is Paris in its orgiastic settings. It is give and take, funny and witty, sad and decadent, and as fleshy as the Romans were a few thousand years ago. If it proves anything, it shows that men and women, obviously circumspect, are hardly the moral creatures they appear to be, especially in Paris After Dark. * * *

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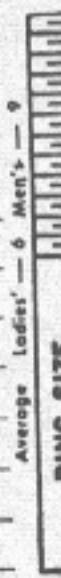
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WHEELS & DEALS

By HAP BURNS

HOW GOOD ARE those new "scientific" auto diagnostic clinics that are mushrooming around the country? By visiting one, does a car owner have the right to feel reasonably sure that he'll then be able to get his car properly repaired? If a test made by the American Auto Testing Association is any indication, the answer has to be, "No." For after visiting three of these clinics, the AATA reported: "Parts found defective in one clinic were declared in perfect order in another. What's more, all those parts which we were told needed to be repaired or replaced were later checked out. And to our astonishment, we found that each and every one of these parts was in good working order."

BIKINI-CLAD BEAUTIES who pump gas at service stations, long a popular gimmick in Europe, may show up in the U.S. shortly. One of the major American oil companies is considering introducing the idea here this summer.

AVIS RENT-A-CAR plans to have nine all-electric cars available for rental by the end of this year, with the first one making its appearance in New York City any day now. Called the Transit III, the all-electric car is a four-passenger vehicle built on a Ford Bronco chassis. It has a 100-mile range, can cruise at 40 mph, and has conventional lead-acid batteries. **CAR THEFT NOTES:** Nearly one million cars were stolen in the U.S.A. in 1970, up from 872,000 in 1969, and 778,000 in 1968. . . . Almost 80% of all cars stolen were swiped by kids who wanted to go joy riding, the remainder by professionals. The car that is the first choice of professional thieves, according to statistics compiled by the Federal government, is the Chevrolet Impala. The reason: It's the easiest one to peddle.

BEWARE OF CARS that have passed their fifth birthday. In the U.S.A., 10,000 five-year-old cars were checked out in a recent study, and it was found that 90% of them had dangerous defects. In Germany, in another study, it was discovered that cars made over five years ago were responsible for 60% of all accidents that were due to technical failures.

DETROIT THINKS 10 million cars will be sold in

America this year for the first time in our history. There are two major reasons given for the expected sales boom: The pent-up demand caused by the General Motors strike late in 1970, and the pickup in business that is still going on.

CRUSADER RALPH NADER, the man who gives Detroit big-wigs nightmares, has authored a book that should be of great interest to anyone who plans to buy a new car now or in the future. For it deals in large part with what the owner of a new car can legally do if he gets stuck with a lemon. The book is scheduled for publication some time this year, and will sell for less than three bucks as a paperback manual. Nader plans to continually update the manual (which had not been given a title as of this writing) in order to keep it abreast of the changing times.

THAT UNEXPECTED problem Vega owners were having at car washes has now been remedied. The problem was that the Vega wouldn't fit through car washes because it was too low. But Chevrolet engineers fixed things by clipping the ends off bolts holding the rear shock absorbers, and by modifying the exhaust system.

WHAT'S NEW: An "Auto Emergency Kit" for highway emergencies. Among other things, it contains a first aid kit; a flat tire inflator and sealer; fire extinguisher; two-way flashlight, and red warning blinker. Comes in a saddle-stitched carrying case. Price: \$8.99. From: Speedee-Mail-A-Mart, 206 Centre St., Nutley, N.J. . . . The "Mini-Max Auto Mirror," a wide-angle mirror which you can add to either your inside or outside rear-view mirror in order to eliminate blind

spots. Easy to install. Price: \$3. From: Helotie & Co., Box 18196, Indianapolis, Ind. 46218.

TIRE BUYERS ATTENTION: Don't be fooled by ads offering "holiday prices" on new tires for often the "holiday prices" are just so much hot air. This is the same gimmick that got the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. into trouble with the Federal government last year. The government charged that Firestone's "holiday prices" were no different than the prices normally charged. It accused Firestone of using the phrase, "holiday prices," to fool the public.



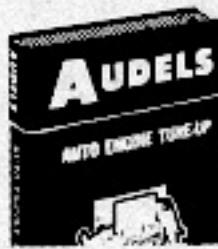
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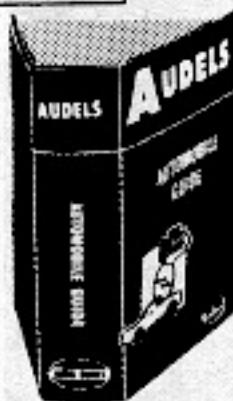
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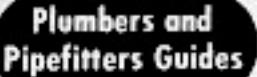
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FLIGHT 980

(Continued from page 29)

saw it—the angry Caribbean, churned up by a storm that had dogged Flight 980 since about an hour out of New York's Kennedy Airport. It was a vicious sea, scarred by 10-foot-high waves.

It was 3:15 on the afternoon of May 2, 1970. The plane, the Carib Queen, was 35 minutes late because the storm had held it back, forcing the pilot to divert to San Juan for a while. But now they were above St. Maarten because the tower had said the weather had lifted enough for a landing and there was no need to divert to San Juan. They had been flying for four hours and one minute and they had only enough fuel for another 33 minutes at most, and they couldn't even spot the airfield.

"I think I see something," Hart shouted. "Off to the north." The rain had slackened a bit and the crew could see lights off the starboard wing.

"There's the runway," Hart said.

"Too far north," DeWitt said. "Have to make another approach." He began to circle the field, to come in again and try to line up with the center marker and the runway lights. As he was banking the small jet the radio suddenly crackled. "We have you in sight," the man in the control tower said. "You're clear to make any turns you wish."

Co-pilot Harry Evan acknowledged. "A reading on the weather, please," he requested. The reply barely made it over the storm's interference: "Two- to three-mile visibility and one thousand feet ceiling." Evan smiled. That reading was clearly nonsense. The crew didn't have that kind of visibility where they were, at 600 feet.

And on the ground, witnesses would later say, it was obvious that the men in the control tower were seeing things no one else could see because visibility was practically zero. The lives of 63 people aboard the plane depended on good visibility, and the crew couldn't see more than a few hundred feet. But there was no anxiety among the crew, as yet. They did not know that the Carib Queen's time was running out.

DeWitt made another pass at the runway, trying to line up with the visual approach lights. The jet came in at 150 knots, sinking slowly toward the concrete ribbon below. "Looks like we're going to be all right," DeWitt said. Slowly, the ship settled toward earth—and then suddenly it gained speed. Caught by the wind, the plane overshot the field.

THE captain cursed softly. A tailwind, something else the tower didn't seem to be aware of. "Let's try it again," DeWitt said. "We'll drop about 20 knots from our airspeed to neutralize that tailwind."

He circled for the third time now, watching that angry sea, worrying over the outmoded Juliana Airport that isn't equipped to handle an instrument landing.

"I'd rather touch down in their bay than on their airfield," DeWitt snapped. He couldn't know how prophetic those words would prove.

Once more the small jet came in toward the runway, its speed down at 128 knots, its flaps full down to give it as much sink as possible. "Looks good," Evan said. "Nice and steady now." Gently, down toward the sliver of concrete, closer and closer to safety—and then a strong gust of wind roared up, got in under the flaps, lifting the plane, holding down the sink rate. Two hundred feet from the runway, 150 feet, and the wind wouldn't let go, and now a hundred feet—and DeWitt pulled back on the controls, lifting the nose up toward the sky again, forced to abort his landing once more.

"How the hell can we land if we can't see the runway?" Evan asked.

"We can't," DeWitt said. "I'm going for an alternate." Evan and Hart nodded agreement. It was clearly impossible to make a safe landing at St. Maarten. The only thing to do was head for another airfield, one that wasn't so dangerous.

DeWitt snapped on his radio transmitter. "Will attempt landing at St. Thomas," he growled. "Unable to land on your field." The tower acknowledged, and DeWitt put his plane into a gentle climb to higher altitudes, where fuel doesn't burn as fast as at sea level.

St. Thomas, in the Virgin Islands, is 130 miles west of St. Maarten. DeWitt was calculating quickly: 3800 pounds of fuel left. Figuring the engines gulped roughly 100 pounds a minute, that meant the plane had about 38 minutes of life, enough to reach St. Thomas with about 10 minutes to spare. Cutting it close, but nothing to get really worried about.

"Oh, my God!" Hart shouted. DeWitt turned to see what the trouble was. "We only have 850 pounds of fuel!" Hart cried. DeWitt and Evan looked quickly at the gauge, knowing that 850 pounds meant the plane didn't have enough fuel to make it to any airport, anywhere, that it had gone beyond the point of no return and was doomed.

As they stared at the fuel gauge, the needle began to spin, out of control. Horrified, the crewmen watched the insane needle as the jet continued to climb for altitude. Every time it hit 850 it started bouncing and jiggling back up again, and when it hit 1800 it danced back down.

Captain DeWitt tore his eyes from the needle. "We're okay," he reassured his crew members. "Probably just the angle of climb and the rough weather has knocked it out of kilter. She'll stabilize when we reach altitude and level off. There can't be less than 2000 pounds in the tanks. No way at all to have less."

But DeWitt wasn't so sure. He had read 3800 pounds of fuel in the tanks over St. Maarten, and by now he shouldn't have burned up more than 1500 pounds. That would leave about 2300 pounds. The gauges could be wrong. They've been wrong before. But if they were right, then the Carib Queen and the 63 people aboard were in extreme danger.

"Let's play it safe," Hart said. "Take the middle reading, 1350 pounds."

"Right," DeWitt said. "That means we have enough to make it to St. Croix as an

alternate." St. Croix, 30 miles closer than St. Thomas, was the only possible landing field they could make if the fuel was as low as 1350 pounds.

But only if there was indeed 1350 pounds of fuel in the tanks.

It was now 3:36 p.m., as they continued to climb, four hours and 22 minutes after lifting off from Kennedy. The Carib Queen had held enough fuel for four hours and 34 minutes of flying. Twelve minutes left. Cutting it awfully close.

"Request clearance for St. Croix," Captain DeWitt said, advising the tower of his change in plans. The ground controller gave him an okay and, just as he clicked off, the insane fuel gauge suddenly stabilized. The crew gasped—850 pounds! If the gauge was right, the DC-9 had burned a lot more fuel than it should have, and the Carib Queen would never make it anywhere, except into that brutal sea.

Slowly, the clock was ticking out.

DeWitt spoke into the transmitter again, calmly, not panicking, unable to really believe his fuel was almost exhausted. "Appeal low on fuel," he told the tower at San Juan, the area's major air traffic control center. "Request clearance to 12,000 feet." It was immediately granted and DeWitt nursed the plane slowly upward, trying to gain altitude and conserve fuel.

And now the gauge began to fall. At 7000 feet it read between 400 and 500 pounds of fuel—four to five minutes life remaining. As the plane approached 8000 feet a red light blinked on, a terrifying signal—the fuel pressure light, warning that the fuel tanks were running dry.

"That's it," DeWitt said. There could no longer be any doubt. The Carib Queen was going to end up in the sea.

It was 3:40 p.m., only eight minutes away from the time the crew had estimated, back at Kennedy Airport, that its plane would run out of fuel. It looked as if that estimate would be right on the button.

"San Juan," DeWitt called. "Flight 980. There is a possibility that I might have to ditch this aircraft. I am now descending to the water."

Only a few minutes left, five or eight at the very most, before the Carib Queen would become the first passenger jet airliner in history to ever make a deliberate controlled ditching at sea.

THE death flight of the Carib Queen had started off routinely in New York earlier that morning. Captain DeWitt and his crew had arrived shortly before 9 a.m. at the operations desk of Overseas National Airways, a nonscheduled airline that was leasing its plane and crew to a subsidiary of KLM, the giant Dutch airlines, for a twice-weekly, over-the-ocean flight to St. Maarten. DeWitt calculated the fuel needed for the stretch DC-9, the jet with the twin engines mounted on the rear tail assembly. The crew knew that the 1850 miles from Kennedy to Juliana Airport was close to the absolute limit of the small plane's cruising speed, but it wasn't anything to worry about because they could routinely stop at Bermuda to refuel if wind and weather conditions turned out to be

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unfavorable. But all reports indicated the weather would be perfect and winds at the Carib Queen's tail.

By 11 a.m. the last of the 57 passengers had put out their cigarettes and snapped on their seat belts after being ushered aboard by the three cabin crew members—Stewardess Margaret Abraham, a pretty brunette who was planning to be married the next month, Purser Wilfred Spencer, and Steward Tobias Cordeiro.

The Carib Queen lifted off Runway 13 at exactly 11:14. As the jet climbed into the skies above Long Island, heading into the Atlantic, DeWitt noted that he had 28,450 pounds of fuel after takeoff, more than the safety margin required by the Federal Aviation Agency and his airline. Rapidly, the Carib Queen climbed to its assigned altitude of 29,000 feet.

As the plane bore south, Hart checked in with Air Traffic Control at each mandatory checkpoint on the route—Checkpoint Tuna at 11:37, Checkpoint Roy at 12:03 and Checkpoint Landry at 12:43.

At Landry, conditions began to change rapidly. The turbulence grew worse as they flew and now they were being buffeted by head winds instead of hoped-for tailwinds.

"Don't want to go above the weather," DeWitt said. "It's possible the turbulence is worse higher up, and besides we'll burn too much fuel climbing above it all."

Hart radioed in from their next checkpoint, Grant, at 2:02 p.m. The plane was behind schedule, but everything had been normal so far; there was still nothing to worry about. They reached Guava Checkpoint at 2:24, with about 8600 pounds of fuel left. DeWitt began to calculate quickly: "We'll make St. Maarten with about 6000 pounds of fuel left," he said. "That's safe enough."

In the passenger cabin, the purser announced they would be landing at St. Maarten at about 3:00 p.m., some 20 minutes late because of weather. The seat belt signs went on at about 2:30 as DeWitt got clearance from traffic control at San Juan to proceed for St. Maarten and descend to 10,000 feet on his approach.

As DeWitt started his descent from 25,000 to 10,000 feet, about 15 minutes away from St. Maarten, San Juan radioed an urgent message stating that he could not land at St. Maarten because of heavy rain, and to try San Juan instead. But as he turned for San Juan, he received a second message from St. Maarten that it was now all right to land there. He decided on St. Maarten, reasoning that even if the weather proved deceptive, he had sufficient fuel to "hold" over St. Maarten until it cleared enough to land.

It was now 2:57. DeWitt went down to 10,000, swung his ship to its right for a while to avoid any other inbound traffic to St. Maarten, and descended to 6000 feet. He flew through the heavy rain and located Juliana Airport—only to discover after making four attempts that he couldn't possibly land because the weather had almost completely socked in the field.

AND now the clock read 3:40 and the red fuel gauge warning light remained on,

growing more ominous with every passing second. Out in the passenger cabin the 60 men, women and children were blissfully unaware of the danger they were in. Only a couple of them even realized the pilot had been forced to abort his landing at St. Maarten, and were beginning to feel uneasy about it all. One of them was Arthur Johnson, sitting with his wife amidships. A former pilot himself, Johnson had recognized St. Maarten when the Carib Queen was trying to land, and he knew from where he sat that weather conditions were atrocious and that the tower should never have advised the crew to try to make it. Another passenger, Jacinth Bryan, who owns a hotel on the island, knew the plane was climbing away from the tiny speck in the Caribbean and she sensed there was trouble in store. But most of the other passengers were in total darkness.

So were the cabin crew members. The public address system from the cockpit to the cabin was broken, and no public announcement was made that they were going to ditch. Captain DeWitt rang the bell to summon the steward. Wilfred Spencer, the purser, hurried into the cockpit.

"What's up?" he asked.

"We may have to ditch," DeWitt told him. "We're low on fuel."

"Shall I inform the passengers?"

"Go ahead," DeWitt said.

Spencer hurried down the aisle to the rear of the cabin, signalling Cordeiro and Miss Abraham to follow him. "We have an emergency situation," he said. "The captain says we may have to ditch. I'm informing the passengers to get ready."

Picking up the mike, Spencer told the passengers that the plane may be forced to make an emergency landing. "Please don your life vests," he said. "As a precaution, it would be best if everyone put on his life vest. There is a vest under each seat."

DeWitt blinked the seat belt and "No Smoking" lights several times to emphasize the warning to the passengers. But because his intercom was not working he could not himself get it across that they were in trouble, and many of the passengers never got a feeling of urgency about the situation. Many of them were standing in the aisle, casually helping each

other find life belts and put them on.

Hart, the navigator, hurried into the cabin as the plane came down through 2000 feet, ordered by DeWitt to check that the ditching preparations were moving quickly enough.

"Are they ready for the water?" Hart asked the steward. "They are," the steward replied. Hart then rushed back to the cockpit to help DeWitt and Evan with the last minute ditch procedures. As the plane came down to 1200 feet, they spotted the ocean: white water with waves at least eight feet high and swells coming from every direction.

At 500 feet Evan was finishing up emergency ditching procedures, depressurizing the cabin to prevent an outward explosion when the plane hit, shutting off the air conditioning, turning on emergency power for last minute use of the plane's controls. DeWitt had already connected all the fuel tanks together and turned on special booster pumps to suck up every last ounce of fuel.

Everything was ready as the plane came to about 25 feet above the surface of the violent sea. The red emergency fuel lights came on, then kicked out—not an ounce of fuel left, meaning the engines would flame out and die in a moment. DeWitt instantly went to full flaps down and seconds later flameout occurred.

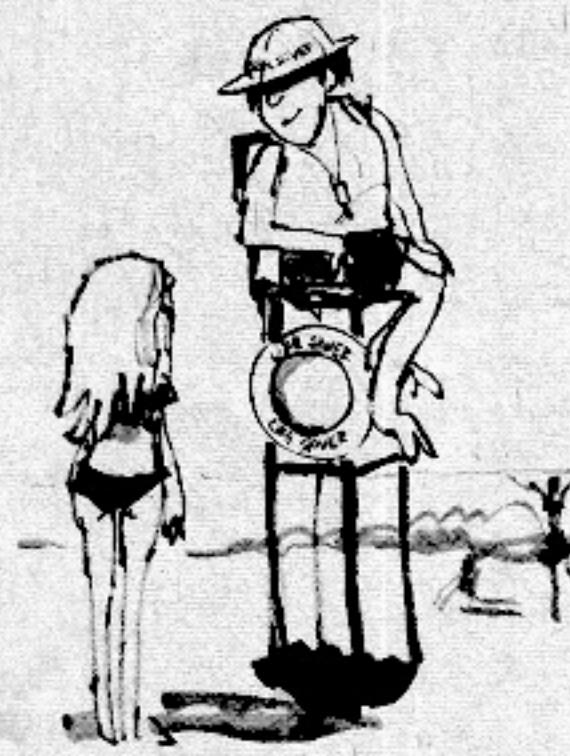
It was 3:49, a small spot in the sea about 30 miles east of St. Croix, and the Carib Queen was gliding along without power at a speed of about 90 knots.

There was no time to warn the passengers that a crash was imminent, no intercom to convey the warning. The jet hit the waves with tremendous force, skipped once above a huge wave, came down again and skipped up once more, and then finally smashed down for good.

In the passenger cabin, some people were still standing, and others were sitting in their seats without having strapped their belts. Only a few air-wise passengers braced themselves for the crash, head down on knees. Hart had returned to the galley at the last moments, helping Spencer and Cordeiro with last minute details, and were on their feet as the sea rushed up to the plane. In the last instant Hart spotted the crash coming and shouted: "Sit down! Sit down!" Hart and Spencer leaped into the crew seats in the galley and Cordeiro braced himself against the life raft that he had just pulled out of a galley cabinet.

But Margaret Abraham and more than a dozen of her passengers were not so fortunate. She was standing, helping an elderly couple get into life vests, when the plane smashed into the waves. She and the couple were thrown to the floor and bodies immediately piled up on them—bodies of other passengers who had been standing.

At impact the jet began to fill with water that came in through cracks which opened in the fuselage. The crew and passengers began scrambling to get out. Up forward, where Miss Abraham had been standing, a huge pileup of bodies blocked the aisle, bodies that had been thrown forward on impact. Passengers quickly shoved aside those who were dead or who were unconscious and simply appeared dead—trying to reach some underneath who were calling for help.



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The jet began to rapidly sink into the sea. Only a few moments more and they would all be trapped.

Cordeiro got up from the position he had braced himself into against the life raft and tried to open the galley door, through which he hoped to shove the 25-man life raft and through which the passengers could escape. But the door was jammed. He kicked it, furiously, several times, and finally it flew open. One passenger, Vivian Rosato, managed to get through it.

NOW Hart and Spencer tried to push the raft through that door. But the opening was too small because galley bins that had fallen out of place on impact filled much of the area. Evan, the navigator, came out of the cockpit to help. They got the bins aside and began to shove the raft through, as water washed in and out of the slowly sinking plane.

There was a loud hiss, a sudden, chilling hiss. The raft was beginning to inflate, there in the cabin, filling the galley area. "Puncture it!" Hart shouted. "It'll trap us in here, puncture it." Evan and Emerson Ussery, a passenger who was thrown into the galley on impact, were trapped by the rapidly expanding raft, wedged against the galley wall. Hart pulled out a pocket knife. He stabbed at the raft, again and again. Spencer rushed over and picked up the first thing he could find—a plastic fork. He tried to rip the raft with it, but the fork broke. Hart's knife wouldn't go through it, either.

The raft sealed off part of the plane, turning it almost into a tomb. Only the wing doors were available for escape now, as the water began to rise to Evan's chest, up to his neck. Hart ran down the cabin to one of the wing doors and got it open, and helped passengers get through. Evan struggled, frantically, only partially conscious, and miraculously broke free of the raft's grip. Somehow, Ussery also got free, and both got out of the jet.

Up in the cockpit, meanwhile, Captain DeWitt discovered he was trapped by the bodies piled against the door on the passenger side. He shoved open a window and slipped out, then swam back to the left wing exit. With the waves battering against him, he struggled for a while and then finally opened the exit door. Passengers came pouring out, into the raging sea. They were on their own, because the crew had been cut off from them. One man shoved his wife and four other people through the right wing exit, then climbed out himself, until 27 people were hunched on the right wing.

On the left wing, DeWitt began to pull passengers through after getting the emergency exit open, and about 10 or 12 others climbed onto the wing.

About eight minutes had gone by, and the nose of the plane began to sink down, and soon only the tail was showing. There were 43 people in the sea, lucky to have escaped. Nineteen others were trapped in the cabin, most of them probably still alive—unconscious, stunned, or so enmeshed in fear that they couldn't move. And there was no time to go back and look for them, to look for Margaret Abraham and two little girls who were

accompanying their parents on a vacation, and the elderly couples. The plane started to go down, slipped beneath the waves and settled toward the bottom, 5000 feet below, carrying with it those 19 people.

In the water, Evan swam over to Hart. "Where's your vest?" Hart asked him. "Never had time to get it on," Evan replied. "It all happened so fast." Hart told him he would try to find something for him to float on, and swam toward the right rear of the plane. And now they began to get lucky. Hart came across a large package, wrapped in plastic. He was about to shove it away when he realized what it was: the emergency slide.

HART ripped open the package and pulled on the bar to inflate the slide. But he didn't have any footing to brace against. A woman was swimming nearby. "Grab this thing and swim away," he said. "We can use it as a raft." The woman swam as far as she could go, holding firmly on one end, and Hart tugged quickly on the bar. He was rewarded with the hiss of carbon dioxide cartridges, and the slide began to rapidly inflate. Passengers began to gather around it now, hanging on to its side. DeWitt and Hart swam around the plane, pulling together stragglers and leading them to the improvised raft.

"Do they know where we are, back on land?" a passenger asked Hart. "Will they come to save us?" Other passengers quickly shot the same questions at him. "We'll be picked up any minute," Hart reassured them. Meanwhile, he was thinking: *How can they find us in this weather? Maybe the sharks will get us.*

This was "shark gulch" that they were swimming around in, an area that people who lived on the islands came to for sport shark hunting. Trying not to panic the passengers, Hart and the other crew members asked everyone to check on whether they were bleeding, intending to get any person with blood on him to climb onto the raft and cut down the chance of attracting sharks.

Two planes flew over now, as an early twilight began to fall over the area. The first was a Pan Am jet, which circled to get a fix and radio it back to the rescue center at San Juan. It flew off after a while, without dropping a raft. Some of the passengers cursed, but then a small coast guard plane appeared overhead and dropped two rafts. DeWitt and Hart started off for them, swimming in that forbidding sea toward the rafts because it was getting dark and they might have to spend the night out there.

As he swam, Hart thought: *I've got to get them or be eaten by the sharks.*

It was now 6:27, and just at the moment Hart and DeWitt got to the rafts, rescue helicopters began to appear overhead. A Coast Guard copter, first on the scene, lowered a winch and began to hoist passengers up. After just a few were lifted safely aboard, the winch broke and the helicopter had to cut short its operation. Three other copters, from the Coast Guard, the Navy and the Marines—from the aircraft carrier Guadalcanal—now arrived and the passengers and crew were hauled aboard and flown to San Juan. All

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told, 43 people had gotten safely out of the plane, but only 40 survived. Two apparently died of heart attacks in the water and the third died of head injuries.

Out of 63 people aboard the Carib Queen, 23 were dead. It was the first time in history that a jet airliner had been forced to ditch at sea, and the experts in government and in the industry were anxious to learn every detail of what had happened to see whether the textbook on ditching and survival had worked in practice.

C.O. Miller, director of the Bureau of Aviation Safety of the National Transportation Safety Board, put it this way at hearings on the crash held two months later in San Juan:

"As the first ditching in jet aviation history, it was the testing ground for lots of theories and ideas, and I think the lessons from this real test of the theories is going to give us all a lot to think about."

What the experts had to think about was the fact that the crash of the Carib Queen demonstrated confusion, chaos and tragic mistakes all along the line.

For one thing, the biggest question that was raised is whether a medium-range aircraft with only two engines should be used on long overwater flights. When Overseas National put the DC-9 stretch into service on the route to St. Maarten, it was the first time a small jet of this type had been used on this sort of over-ocean run. The airline itself seems to have realized the danger involved, for a bulletin issued to pilots in January said that

auxiliary tanks were being installed to give the plane greater range, and until the tanks did get installed the jets should make refueling stops at Nassau. At the time of the crash the tanks had not been installed and the refueling stops were not being made.

Another major question that has not been resolved is whether small airports such as the one at St. Maarten should be permitted to handle jetliners. The airstrip has no facilities for instrument landings, which is hard to believe in this jet age. Not only that, but at the time the Carib Queen made its last flight the tower was being manned by one air controller and two kids just out of school. Actually that airport was, and still is, at least 20 years behind the times.

The possibility that the fuel gauges on the DC-9 are inaccurate is another aspect that is being explored. Other pilots have reported spinning of the needle just like that on the Carib Queen, and inaccurate indications have been spotted before. How can a jet with a limited range be permitted to operate at the far end of that range if the fuel gauges may be out of whack?

The government hearings into the crash also showed the need for improvements in the design of aircraft seats, seat belts, life jackets and life rafts. It demonstrated that the emergency slide could be designed specifically for use as a life raft when a crash at sea is necessary. It showed there was a breakdown in communications between the cockpit—which had no intercom—and the passengers and cabin

crew. And it demonstrated that Coast Guard rescue techniques were not all they have been cracked up to be: The rafts that were dropped were so far away they could not be immediately used, and the winch on one helicopter broke down.

AS of this writing, the three cockpit crew members have been fired by the airline for "poor judgment." Certainly, mistakes were made under the extreme pressures of the emergency. But to blame the pilot for misjudging the amount of fuel remaining when the tower at St. Maarten assured him the weather was fine for a landing is pure vengeance. "Pilot error" is the tag that government bureaucrats use to close an investigation when they don't want the public to know that the bureaucrats themselves share much of the blame for what went wrong. If there was pilot error, the error was brought about because the federal agency in charge of aviation permitted the airline industry to do just about what it pleased. For example, using a small jet on that run to the Caribbean.

One federal investigator, upset at the injustice to the crew, said:

"Sure, twenty-three people died when the Carib Queen went down. But you've got to remember that 40 people are alive because the crew did a superb job of ditching that plane and getting their passengers out. You've got to remember that the plane would have never gone down in the first place if the government had done its job."

DINGOES

(Continued from page 17)

from over on the other side of the horses, that made the short hairs on the back of his neck bristle. He came up in a half-crouch, his finger on the rifle trigger.

"Art?" he whispered and booted Westlin in the ribs. "Dingo?"

Dingoes were the savage wolf dogs of Queensland, Australia. The beasts were about the size of a full-grown wolf and had grey hides. Inside their powerful jaws were razor-sharp fangs and once they had sunk their teeth into a victim, they couldn't be shaken loose.

Westlin moved as swiftly from sleep to full consciousness as Tyler had earlier, and was up on his knees, his rifle in his hands. In the dim light the two men could see that a dozen dingoes, their eyes gleaming in the darkness, had crept in on their bellies close to the horses and were ready to pounce. One of the dingoes leaped for the horses, growling deep in its throat. Tyler fired his rifle. The shot caught the huge canine in mid-air and sent it rolling.

The rifle shot worked on some of the dingoes like a stimulant, sending them scurrying back across the plains, but five of the wolf dogs streaked straight across the ground toward Tyler and Westlin. Both men were firing rapidly now, swinging their rifles from side to side. Three of the dingoes went down. Tyler dropped the fourth one when it was only a foot away from him. The last remaining dingo had gotten in under Westlin's rifle and now lunged for the man's throat.

Westlin, yelling, backed away and swung the rifle barrel at the animal's head. He managed to partially block the charge and protect his throat but the snarling dingo sank its sharp fangs into his left shoulder. Westlin stumbled and fell backwards, dragging the dingo down on top of him, its teeth still embedded in his shoulder.

"Joe! Oh, God, help me, Joe!" Westlin screamed.

TYLER couldn't risk shooting the animal without accidentally killing Westlin, too. He dropped his rifle, pulled a knife from his belt and grabbed for the wolf dog's head. The dingo squirmed and writhed under Tyler's grip but wouldn't release its hold on Westlin. Under his hand, Tyler could feel the slimy wetness of the dog's body, which was covered with Westlin's blood. Tyler stepped in close and, with his other hand, drove the knife blade in between the dingo's ribs, leaning into the thrust with all his weight.

The dingo's body jerked spasmodically. Tyler yanked the blade free, ready to stab again until he saw that the wolf dog was dead, although its teeth were still locked on Westlin's shoulder like the sprung jaws of a steel trap. Westlin, moaning with pain, was rolling back and forth on the ground. Tyler, on one knee, jammed the knife blade into the mouth of the dead

dingo and twisted the blade up and down until he managed to pry the teeth loose from Westlin's shoulder. He grabbed the carcass by the neck with both hands and flung it across the ground.

Westlin was rocking back and forth, holding his shoulder. "Damn, damn, damn, Joe," he moaned softly. "He got me good."

Tyler quickly tore the ragged shirt away from Westlin's shoulder and saw the imprint of the dingo's teeth where they had ripped the flesh away.

"You aren't going to be able to do much with your left arm for a while," Tyler said. "But I think I can patch you up enough until we get you to a hospital."

Tyler bathed the wound with water from his canteen and then got one of Westlin's shirts from the saddle bag, tore it into strips, and bound up the shoulder.

"Listen, Joe," Westlin said, "I'll be okay now. We've got to get moving before the rest of the pack gangs up on the cattle herd out on the plains. I can ride with you all right."

"Not a hope of it," Tyler said, shaking his head. "You'd only get yourself killed, and maybe me."

"But I'm all right," Westlin insisted. "And this is the chance we've been waiting for. You know damn well those few dingoes weren't prowling by themselves. The rest of the pack is out there somewhere on the plains. They've smelled those cows. They'll be closing in soon. We can get ourselves a fortune in hides."

Tyler knew Westlin was right. The dingoes always hunted in a pack of close to a hundred whenever they went after a big herd.

JUST as Westlin had said, this was the opportunity they had both been waiting for. If they didn't get the dingoes now, they might not have another chance for months since the pack always holed up after a big kill. But he knew Westlin was in no shape to continue the hunt. Still, he thought, he could go after the dogs by himself. He wouldn't be able to get as many of them as the two of them together would, but it was still worth a try.

"You think you'll be all right here by yourself if I leave you for a while?" he asked Westlin.

"Why?" Westlin asked. "What are you planning to do?"

"I'm going to try to get us a few of those dingoes," Tyler said, picking up his saddle and crossing to his horse.

"You can't take on that pack by yourself," Westlin said. "Hell, they'll chew you to bits."

"I'll be careful," he said. "I'll ride outside the pack, try to pick off as many of them as I can on the fringe, then come back for you." He loaded his rifle, and checked the pistol he always wore in his belt. Then he mounted his horse. "Look Art," he said, leaning down from his saddle, "you ought to be all right here by yourself till I get back. But don't go moving around too much and open that shoulder up."

Westlin knew it was useless to try to argue with Tyler. The two of them had been riding the plains for four years together and each knew the workings of

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tall tropical grass that dotted the plains, he could feel a tightness in his guts. Lately, he had felt that way more and more after an encounter with the dingoes. He figured that one day soon he would put away his guns and get his own place started. The trouble was, hunting dingoes had become a habit with him. He liked the life. There was freedom, danger, and the money was good. Still, he knew he didn't want to go on with the work forever.

As it would soon be daylight, Tyler rode more warily. He knew the herd was grazing about a mile to the south and as he topped a rise in the plains, he could see the cows, about 500 head of them, clustered together below. Some of the cattle were still lying down but with the coming of dawn most of them were up and feeding.

There was no sign of the dingoes but Tyler rode slowly, searching the surrounding ground. The wind was blowing from the north which meant that if the wolf dog pack was anywhere around, it must be to the south of the herd or the cattle would have picked up the scent by now. Tyler rode in closer to the herd, still watching for the dogs. It wasn't until he was about twenty yards from the herd that he finally spotted the dingoes slinking through the tall grass well up above the grazing cattle. Tyler judged, from a quick scan of the crouching dingoes, that there must be close to a hundred of them.

HE could feel the sweat break out on his body as he reined his horse in and sat for a moment in the saddle, calculating his plan. He decided that he would ride to the side of the herd, well out of the way, and wait until the dingoes attacked. Then, while the dogs were occupied with running down the cows, he could ride outside of them and pick off as many as possible. He was just getting ready to pull his horse over to the side when he heard many of the cows back in the herd snorting and lowing. He wondered if any of the dingoes had shown themselves.

He raised up in the stirrups for a better look and, just as he did, his horse reared up, throwing him from the saddle. Tyler knew as he fell sideways that he was in trouble. He had managed to kick one foot free but the other, his right foot, was stuck in the stirrup. He held onto the reins as he fell, yanking hard on them to keep the horse from bolting. He landed hard on his back and felt the sudden grinding pain in the ankle of his right leg just above where his foot was caught in the stirrup. He guessed the ankle was broken.

The horse tried to shy away but Tyler tugged hard on the reins and brought it up sudden. Still gripping the reins, Tyler pulled himself far enough up to reach his imprisoned foot and free it. There was momentary blinding pain from the ankle and Tyler grabbed his rifle from the saddle holster and used it as a crutch under his right arm. The cows were bellowing loudly now and the horse was still jittery. Tyler knew the dingoes would be breaking from the tall grass soon and, once they did, the herd would stampede straight over him and the horse. With his broken ankle, he'd never be able to get out of the way in time.

He knew then, suddenly, what he had to do—and do fast. Holding himself against

the side of his horse, he fumbled in the saddlebag until he found a stick of dynamite and a fuse. After riding the range for so long, he had learned that dynamite was a good thing to have on hand in case he had to head off a stampede—something he'd done on several occasions. He often wondered why American cowboys of the Old West hadn't thought of it. Probably, he figured, because dynamite in those days was a lot harder to handle.

Dynamite and fuse in hand, Tyler hit the horse on the rump and sent it racing for the far side of the plains. He attached the fuse to the dynamite, knelt, lit the fuse, and tossed the stick halfway between where he was and the herd was grazing. The fuse was sputtering when he heard the dingoes howling as the first of the pack closed in on the cows. The herd had just begun to panic and turn to run from the dingoes when the dynamite exploded. The whole herd wheeled swiftly away from the blast and, moving as one single unit, went stampeding directly into and over the pack of on-charging dingoes.

Tyler pulled himself up on his rifle and watched as the wildly careening cows trampled over the dingoes, their combined weight an unstoppable force that swept over the wolf dogs and ground them underfoot. It was a frightening and bloody scene, with the dingoes—backs and necks broken, skulls split open, ribs caved in—trying to drag their dying bodies out from under the pounding hooves.

ONLY a handful of the dingoes survived the onslaught, scattering across the plains with tails between their legs. The herd ran off into the distance, the sound of their hooves drumming on the earth receding like thunder rolling across the plains. Behind them, as the dust settled, Tyler could see the dead and dying bodies of scores of dingoes littering the ground. He was shaking violently as he hobbled away on his rifle stock and whistled, with his fingers between his teeth, until his horse came back.

He pulled himself up into the saddle and rode north without looking back until he reached the spot where Westlin was waiting. "What happened?" Westlin asked.

"Can you ride?" he asked Westlin.

"Yeah, sure," Westlin said. He'd already saddled his horse and after climbing up he asked again, "What happened, Joe?"

Tyler wouldn't talk and Westlin followed him curiously until they reached the spot where the cows had stampeded.

"Man, I've never seen such a sight," Westlin whispered. "Everywhere you look, there's dead dingoes."

"After we pack them in and get our dough," Tyler said, "it's quits for me. I've had enough. The partnership is dissolved. I'm out of the bounty-hunting business." He pulled his horse around and rode away.

Since that time Tyler and Westlin both have bought their own spreads, not far from each other, both have married, and have remained friends. Dingoes are still around to prey on cattle, but the only time Tyler and Westlin hunt them is when the wolf dogs threaten their own herds. ***

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SUPERMEN

(Continued from page 32)

become a funeral pyre for sixteen men.

"High-test gasoline got dumped down into the catapult room and exploded before those poor devils had a chance to turn around and try to escape," said a seaman to the right of Lt. Brown.

Fire-fighting teams arrived on the scene, swathed in asbestos suits, armed with chemical extinguishers. They had a long fight ahead of them. The flames were raging way out of control.

Then, incredibly, Lt. Brown saw someone moving in the very midst of the fire. Sailors began to gasp and shout as they, too, saw a man walking out unscathed.

In his arms, the sailor carried the charred remains of one of his buddies. Without a word, he set the nearly cremated corpse down, then turned and walked back into the flames. The fireproof sailor repeated this grisly maneuver fourteen times, until he had removed the remains of each of his buddies.

During one of the indestructible seaman's trips from the catapult room, Lt. Brown rushed forward and tried to restrain him from returning into the blazing compartment. The heat from the blazing compartment burned the officer and

forced him to seek medical attention, but the young seaman simply walked back into the flames to retrieve another corpse.

With his impossible task at last completed, the seaman, 21-year-old Ken Cantrell, surrendered himself to the corps of concerned doctors who had gathered at the scene of the accident. Incredibly, the examining physicians found no evidence of any burns whatsoever on the body of Cantrell. They could not discover a single singed hair. One doctor remarked that there wasn't even the smell of smoke on his clothing.

LATER, Lt. Brown testified that he had seen Cantrell walk repeatedly back and forth into the inferno of the catapult room.

Today, the fireproof sailor is an evangelist in Huntsville, Alabama. Recently, he recalled his fantastic service experience for writer George Butler.

Cantrell remembers being stunned and amazed, but not afraid. Then he began to smell human flesh burning, and he knew that he must try to help his friends. He picked up his friend's body and began to start for the hatch, which now glowed red-hot. He shifted the corpse in his left arm, knelt to pick up a red-hot wrench in his bare right hand, and used it to open the hatch.

"I walked out in front of the amazed and bewildered officers, the chaplain, and sailors and laid Joe's remains on the deck," Cantrell told Butler. "By this time

the flesh had come off some of his bones."

"I walked back into the compartment against the orders of some nearby officers and picked up another one of my buddies."

Cantrell returned to the flame-engulfed catapult room time after time, until he had brought out each of the fifteen charred corpses. When the doctors examined the young seaman and found absolutely no trace of any exposure to fire or smoke, he was told that he would have to appear before a Navy board of inquiry to explain why he had been able to survive the flames when all the other crewmen had been burned to death.

The next day, Ken Cantrell stood before the board of inquiry and calmly opened his Bible to *Isaiah 43:2*: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

TODAY, evangelist Cantrell is convinced that his faith clothed him with a supernatural power which protected him from what would have been, under all physical logic, total bodily consumption by the flames. Whatever source one might wish to credit for the superhuman strength which flowed through the young seaman's frame and protected him from harm, Ken Cantrell's story is a matter of record; and he is undeniably unscathed, unmarked, and physically and mentally healthy

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eighteen years later.

The need to save the life of another human being gave New York City fireman John Cerato the guts to catch a 235-pound man in a mid-air leap 23 floors above Times Square in March, 1970.

Mike Jacobs, a buyer for a San Antonio, Texas, department store stepped out of a morning shower at the Hotel Edison to be met by billowing clouds of smoke. He opened the door and found the hallway blocked with smoke and fire. Near panic, he had to crawl out through the window to totter 23 floors above the ground.

As soon as fireman Cerato's fire company arrived, he spotted the man high above the street, perched precariously on the ledge near the air conditioner. Cerato had a feeling the man might panic and jump, so he and Lt. Barry McKee went up to the roof with a rope harness. Then, like some high-stakes trapeze act 230 feet above the crowded streets of Times Square, fireman Cerato, a 155-pounder, dangled before the 235-pound Jacobs and called to the man to jump into his arms. Jacobs leaped into space and the lightweight New Yorker clamped a life-saving bearhug around the heavyweight Texan.

It was the same kind of unselfish desire to save another's life that gave a slender Grimsby, England, teenager, Barry Shirtcliffe, the strength to support a collapsing brick wall long enough for two small children to be removed from danger.

Barry noticed Mark and Tiny Glenney playing in the shadow of a seven-foot brick wall, then went about his own play. Suddenly his attention was redirected to the wall, and he shouted his alarm as he saw the wall begin to topple over. According to witnesses, the 14-year-old boy was there in an instant, pushing his hands against the tumbling mass of heavy bricks. Somehow he was able to hold the wall long enough for the children to be led away by their older sister, Debbie — then the wall collapsed.

Debbie Glenney, her mother, and some men who had been passing by attempted to remove the heavy bricks from the teenager, but they were unable to bring the same kind of superhuman strength to the task. Eventually police and the fire brigade uncovered the body of the brave teenager, who had been granted enough superhuman strength to save the lives of others at the sacrifice of his own.

Cissie Archibell, a frail, 80-year-old spinster, happened to glance out the window of her London apartment in November, 1970, to see the house next door billowing with flames. Knowing that three young children had been left alone in the house, Miss Archibell rushed out of her room, ran down two flights of stairs, pounded up another, battered down a door with her shoulder, grabbed a baby under each arm, and led the older child to safety. Miss Archibell collapsed on the curb when she surrendered the children to their returning mother's arms, but she was soon released from the hospital.

LATE in 1969, Staff Sgt. Carl E. Miller of St. Albans, West Virginia, found himself unable to open either his main

chute or his reserve chute during a practice jump from an H-34 helicopter hovering at 3000 feet over Hoppstadt, West Germany. Sgt. Miller assumed the fetal position and survived the impossible plunge, suffering only broken ankles, cuts, and bruises.

James Brown, an operations inspector on the Saskatchewan River Dam in Canada, fell and was pulled feet-first into an 18-inch irrigation pipe on April 16, 1970. Brown was sucked 600 feet through the steel tube. Miraculously still alive when he reached the pipe's outlet, he walked to a nearby farmhouse. He was treated at a hospital for minor bruises.

Raymond A. Philbrick slipped over the summit of Mount Washington, New Hampshire, and survived an 1800-foot fall without serious injury. In Saanen, Switzerland, nurse Elizabeth Hollenstein skidded off a mountain road and crashed 30 feet below. Although Miss Hollenstein was not injured, she had to give first-aid to two of her would-be rescuers, one of whom sprained his foot while the other broke his arm.

Many scientific researchers have begun to conclude that we may all have within us such "mind over matter" potential to control pain and accomplish superhuman feats. In fact, some have gone so far to theorize that with the right conditioning, anyone might be able to perform such yogi-like accomplishments as walking barefooted over beds of red-hot coals and jumping from great heights without injury. These same researchers insist that the levels of consciousness operating during hypnosis and sleep may be measured by monitoring brain waves with electronic instruments.

As far-out as such experimentation may sound to the hard-to-convince, there seems to be a body of firm evidence materializing which indicates that the body is able to gather fresh reserves of strength and endurance while the brain is in the "alpha state," that mysterious zone between consciousness and unconsciousness, the area in which reality mixes with dreams. Tests have demonstrated that such a mental stage brings about an increase in muscular power.

There are a number of stories in circulation about the incredible feats of strength performed by the insane, who may be demonstrating the results of a conscious mind controlled by a diseased unconscious.

JUST before Christmas, 1970, police in Davenport, Iowa, were notified that a mental patient had escaped from an asylum and was known to be in the area. The mental patient was spotted by two patrolmen, both husky specimens well over six feet, who soon found it impossible to subdue the medium-sized escapee.

A call for help brought two additional patrolmen who, together with the original team, managed to wrestle the escapee into a pair of handcuffs. The mental patient laughed at his metal bonds, announced that he was "Superman," and pulled the links apart as if they had been made of string. It finally took six beefy and battered policemen to push the slim

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mental patient into a patrol car.

Whereas the mental patient in this instance was motivated by an unconscious mind running rampant, the incidents about which we are concerned in this article have to do with unconscious minds motivated by self-preservation or the preservation of another's life.

Mrs. Cedric Larsen of Montevideo, Minnesota, spent 27 days in a hospital recovering from a back injury during the summer of 1965. She was pale and weak from the many bedridden days, and her physicians had warned her not to exert herself except for mild exercises.

She was sitting in the front seat of the family car when she looked up to see the tractor her husband had just parked fall on him with crushing force. She jerked open the front door and ran to the overturned machine. Her husband was still conscious, but was grimacing in pain. He had one foot stuck in the steering wheel, and his body was pinned under the tractor's fender.

Mrs. Larsen grasped the big wheel on the back of the tractor and lifted and pushed at the same time. Incredibly, the tractor moved and her husband rolled his body out from under the fender. Then she let the tractor fall back to the ground.

But her work was not yet finished. She worked her husband's foot loose from the steering wheel, then dragged him away from the overturned machine. This task accomplished, she yelled to Mrs. Ruben Ronstad, who had been watching the strange drama with unbelieving eyes, to

call an ambulance.

Ed Husby, a Montevideo lumberman, went to the Larsen farm a few days later. He walked to the overturned vehicle and tried to lift it. He couldn't budge it. Eventually Husby used a powerful winch to pull the tractor to an upright position.

"It was a good thing Cedric didn't have to rely on me to lift the tractor," Husby said later. "I couldn't have moved it an inch."

Cedric Larsen suffered a fractured pelvis because of the farm accident. If his wife had not been empowered by that superhuman burst of strength, his injuries would have been greatly multiplied.

When Mrs. Larsen was asked how a woman who had just returned from a month's stay in the hospital could lift a massive farm tractor, she said: "I guess a person gets mighty powerful in cases like these."

In August, 1969, Professor Julius E. Schulz was pinned under an overturned tractor on his 80-acre farm near Marville, Missouri, for four days before he found the will to free himself from his painful metal prison. Then, in spite of broken ribs, badly bruised legs, and four days without food or water, he walked to the car that he had parked half-a-mile away and proceeded to drive four additional miles to find help.

Charles Jensen, a Future Farmers of America instructor in southwest Iowa, hoisted a tractor off a student long enough

for other boys in the class to free their pinned classmate.

Mrs. Vicki Olney of Budgeree, Gippsland, Australia, found the need to become "mighty powerful" when her 15-month-old son, Adam, fell into an old abandoned well over 15 feet deep. Instinctively, Mrs. Olney jumped into the well, then found herself waist-deep in scummy water, her bare feet chopped up like hamburger from hundreds of broken bottles that had been thrown into the well. For over eight hours, Mrs. Olney stood in that dark well, holding her son above the water until help came.

On May 22, 1970, Mrs. Emma Claudi, a 50-year-old widow, gained her mighty power from some unidentified inner source when a 500-pound circus lion escaped from its cage and began advancing toward a group of children.

Sultan, a seven-year-old lion, had become annoyed by the children screaming near its cage; and when one of the children unknowingly removed the bolt that locked the sliding gate of the cage, the massive brute began to move out to enjoy both his revenge and his dinner.

Mrs. Claudi looked up from the clothes she was washing outside of her mobile home at Intra, Italy, and saw the lion lifting the gate with its snout. She ran toward the cage, shouting at the kids to run. When she confronted the lion face-to-face, she balled up her fist and struck Sultan twice on the jaw. The lion lay down on its stomach, stunned, and Mrs. Claudi pushed it back into the cage as if she were

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shoving a heavy piece of furniture around a room. Once she had the lion back inside the cage, she slammed down the gate and slid the bolt back in place. Her only injury was a bruised knuckle.

Elmer Kirkeberg found his motivational key to superhuman strength when his wife was expecting their first child and snow still blocked the roads of remote Wolf Lake Township in Becker County, Minnesota. Kirkeberg knew that his wife's time had come to deliver the baby, but that reaching a doctor in time was out of the question. He had only one recourse: several miles down the country road was an old woman who was a skilled midwife.

Concern for his wife made Kirkeberg abandon caution and drive too fast on the treacherous roads. His Ford slid off the dirt road and into the ditch.

Although he weighed only 135 pounds, Kirkeberg knew that the only help available to him at that moment had to rest somewhere within his own body. He braced his back against the radiator, fastened his hands under the bumper, and lifted the whole front end up and out of the ditch and set it down on the road.

"My only explanation is that there was only one thought in my mind at that time and with such a concentration of effort a strength came to me that allowed me to accomplish what needed to be accomplished," Kirkeberg stated later.

In the winter of 1969, a Canadian man from northern Ontario walked five miles to a hospital while carrying his own severed arm. Perhaps the only thing that saved him in that numbing cold was that he was drunk.

DOWN on his luck and out of work as a seasonal farmhand, he had tried to hop a freight train. In his drunken stupor, he missed the freight car, fell under the train, felt the heavy metal wheels chew off his arm. He sobered up fast, wrapped a cloth around his bloody stump, found his severed arm several yards down the track, then set out on the five-mile walk to the nearest hospital.

In a four-hour operation, he and his arm were rejoined. Although the arm is now quite a bit shorter than the other, the farmhand will still be able to work for a living. "I guess that was what gave me the guts to walk all the way into town," he said. "I didn't want to be a one-armed cripple all my life."

The famous French psychologist Emile Coué believed that pain could be conquered if the unconscious mind could work on the formula that "the pain is passing away," rather than "there is no pain," because the imagination would know that a great injury would cause pain and it would simply not accept the formula that there was no pain.

Other psychologists have claimed that the secret of mind over matter may lie in the ability to induce a state of mind completely open to suggestion. In order to obtain such a state of mind, the conscious mind must be lulled into a feeling of peace and security so that the powers of the unconscious mind might take over the control of the physical body and make a superhuman giant of strength out of even the most frail physique.

ANGELS

(Continued from page 15)

Walter eagerly. "I'd like to have you on location, at a fee, to service the bikes, do preventive maintenance so I won't be held up in my shooting schedule."

I was about to cut him off when the words "two thousand dollars" popped out of his mouth and into my ears. "Two thousand dollars for about two weeks' work," was the exact statement.

"Wheel the bikes into the shop," I said to my guys. Then, to Walter: "Come into my office where we can talk."

We talked, and all I could think about was how far \$2,000 would go toward, say, building an extension to the shop of Moore's Cycle City. And anyway, I needed a vacation and this was as close as I was likely to get to it for a while.

So we made the deal—two thousand, plus "fringe benefits," which included my regular profit margin on any parts Walter's cycles would need, and the regular rate of pay for any of my mechanics who I might need to help me. Walter also said I could stay with the film people at the posh motel they were using—beautiful swimming pool, bar, great restaurant.

I spent the rest of the afternoon getting together the spare parts I'd need and loading them onto the van. Then I put my three best men on Walter's bikes and told them to finish them even if they had to work all night—at triple time, paid for by Walter—then ride them out to the location next morning.

So about two hours after Walter had ridden in, he was on his way back to location with his new mechanic-in-residence.

T

HE film company had made their camp in a stand of trees at the foot of a small-sized mountain. Beyond the trees was a quarter-mile stretch of scrub land good for cycling, and then Route 17.

There were tents where the actors and actresses got dressed and made-up, a station wagon equipped as a lunch counter and bar—with a great stock of liquor—and big spotlights, cameras, microphone booms and all kinds of equipment I couldn't begin to describe. The whole place had the look of an army bivouac area combined with a carnival. The movie people were taking a break, sitting around on canvas chairs, sprawling in the shade under the trees (the temperature was about 100°) or sitting on the choppers, drinking and talking.

And the girls—blondes, brunettes, redheads; all of them tall and long-legged, with the biggest, bounciest breasts I've ever seen. And with no bras in sight. And wearing either skin-tight T-shirts or unbuttoned denim bikers' jackets. They "let it all hang out" and it was great.

The actors didn't look any more like genuine outlaw bikers than Mickey Mouse does. They were big and muscular, but somehow they were too clean-cut and their

muscles got that way in a gym, not through hard work or brawling or hauling a cycle around since they were kids.

"I'd like you to meet our technical adviser, who's a former outlaw cyclist," said Walter. "Er . . . you can meet the girls later." He had watched me eyeing them as we walked from the truck.

I had already picked out the one guy who looked different from the rest and, sure enough, he was the "technical adviser"—Hack Jones, former outlaw biker, like myself, recruited by Walter to show the novice cyclists how to at least avoid killing themselves while making the movie, advise on outlaws' customs and behavior, act a bit part in the movie and do any dangerous riding for the star.

"Man, am I glad to see you!" said Hack, taking my big hand in his bigger hand. "I've tried my best to keep the choppers running, but I'm no mechanic and you can fake it only so much. Like, you can't replace a clutch when you don't know how to do it—and haven't got a new clutch anyway. Right?"

"Right," I said liking Hack right off. He was a big, husky, bear-like guy with a short crew cut and pushed-in nose.

Hack took me over to the "chuck wagon," as he called it, and introduced me to a few of the starlets, handed me the strongest bourbon and soda I've ever had, and I began to feel right at home.

THE rest of the day was taken up with me giving the cycles a fast checking out. They seemed to be in fair shape, so all I did was clean the grit off the chains and adjust the brakes and clutches on those that needed it most. Next day I'd get Walter to send in a station wagon for a couple of my guys to help me with the work.

While I was doing this, Walter was filming a fight scene, with Hack doubling for the star, "fighting" with another member over a cycle chief's girl. She was Valerie Valentine (real name: Mary Monahan), who I'd seen in a couple of B-movies. And she was fantastic, with the biggest breasts, the longest legs, the widest hips, the prettiest face and, topping it all off, reddish-blonde hair down to her waist. No outlaw mama ever looked like her. I was turned on, good. But I didn't think I had a chance. I was wrong.

After the scene was finished, we knocked off for the day and piled into the station wagons and on the choppers to head for the motel. I grabbed the best-looking chopper, one I'd been wanting to ride all day, and was revving up to pull out.

"Hey, can I ride with you?" said a feminine voice behind me. I turned—Valerie Valentine—or VV, as I was soon to call her. "The only guy around here I'd trust to ride with is Hack, but he's got himself a steady girl. You look like a real cyclist."

VV was wild from a distance, and a destroyer close-up. All breasts and long hair and big blue eyes. She was wearing black leather jeans and a biker's jacket, sleeves cut off and only the bottom snap closed. I gulped one, tried to take my eyes off all that bare bosom and said, "Climb on."



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VV smiled, saw I was freaking out and snapped the jacket more-or-less shut.

She slipped her helmet on, kicked down the foot pegs and climbed on, settling down and putting her smooth, creamy-tan arms around my waist. Her breasts flowed against my back and moved as if they had a life all their own.

Quick-like, I kicked the cycle into gear, let out the clutch and started across the flat plain to Route 17, following the lead station wagon. I could hardly wait to get to the motel and the pleasant evening I was thinking about. I figured I had it made already. I was right, but things were postponed for a time.

We were wheeling along—I really screwed it on, pulling far out in front of the caravan, the bike responded so beautifully. And the feeling of VV hanging onto me with those big, pillow breasts pressing against me was a part of any cyclist's dream ride. But just as I was really digging it all, I saw them, a dozen bikers parked smack in the middle of the highway. And as I got closer, I saw they were outlaws. And they stunk of trouble.

I was ready; I know how outlaws think, having led a pack, so . . .

I stopped my bike, taking my time about it, ending up almost wheel-to-wheel with the lead outlaw bike. The bikers were just lounging there, smoking big cigars and sipping beer.

"Man, you guys must really love this ol' road, huh?" I said, smiling. "You're living on it."

BUT the way I said it and the way I smiled told them that I'd take no crap from them. That's the only way to deal with outlaw bikers: show them you're not scared (even if you are), but don't throw out a direct challenge, either. They hate people who are "chicken," a man who won't stand up to them, a little anyway.

Try to figure out what they're going to do. They're moody, volatile guys, likely to change their minds about busting you up when they see you're neither scared nor hostile and just ride off; or, if you're in a bar, say, they might slap you on the back, call you "groovy" and buy drinks for you the rest of the night.

"We come to see the movie people," said the chief, a guy called Butcher, who I'd heard about in Phoenix. His gang was the Tartars M.C., with 12 or 15 members, all of them scummy. And Butcher, according to reports, was chief because he was scummiest of all.

I took a good look at Butcher. He was about six-two, weighed maybe 210—a 30-pound edge on me—and was dressed in "colors" that were stiff with oil, dirt, sand and beer; cowboy boots and, the only clean part of him, topped it off with yellow-blond hair, long and braided, the braid reaching down to his waist. His face was long and sharp, and he had pure white teeth that protruded as he smiled at me.

"The movie people are there, behind me," I said. "I guess they won't mind stopping to say hello to some fans."

"You one of the movie people?" Butcher asked. "You don't look like them movie people. We seen them come in, those lousy fags on those groovy choppers. We dig the choppers—and those chicks.

The chicks we like. You ain't one of the movie people, are you?"

"No," I said, not saying anything more about who I was. I'd let them worry about me. I rode a cycle outlaw-style, leaning way back, head low, and with a certain arrogance that only outlaws have. I hadn't lost the outlaw look, and they thought maybe I was with some outlaw gang and they apparently didn't want to provoke a fight with me personally, which might stir up a war with my gang.

The rest of the choppers pulled up, then the station wagons and vans. Walter hopped out of a wagon, with Hack close behind him. Walter didn't look scared, just teed-off.

"What's going on here?" he asked. "Who are these . . . creatures? Do they own this stretch of the highway?" He had sense enough to keep his voice down.

"They want to see you movie people," I said. "They're great movie fans."

Walter got me all wrong and said, grinning. "Oh. How nice. We'd be glad to give you fellows our autographs."

The Tartars broke up at that, laughing and howling like a pack of hyenas. Butcher laughed louder than the rest of them and shouted, "Hey. Ya hear that fellows? The dwarf is gonna give us his autograph . . ."

Walter turned purple with rage and, walking up to within six inches of Butcher, called the Tartars' chief, among other things, "a filthy, smelly reptile, a long-haired closet queen, a Mongoloid idiot and a buck-toothed son-of-a-bitch." That was damned fine cussing-out for a dwarf. Butcher was impressed and his jaw dropped in disbelief. But he couldn't take such insults without revenge.

"Here it comes," said Hack, setting himself. I told VV to split and got off my bike, hoping the other guys wouldn't be afraid to get their Hollywood haircuts and nose-jobs a little messed up. But then we heard sirens, far off but coming on fast. The state cops, and this was one of the few times I'd be glad to see them.

TWO patrol cars, throwing up dust, about a mile down the highway. The Tartars hauled out of there, blasting past us, spewing exhaust fumes. As the last chopper roared past, Walter scuttled out from behind my bike and stood in the road, shaking his fist after them.

We assured the police that there had been no trouble, that we'd been chatting friendly-like with the Tartars. Walter didn't want any time-consuming hassles because of his shooting schedule. The cops escorted us to the motel.

I was sure we hadn't seen the last of the Tartars. But I soon had more pleasant things to think about.

That night we had a party around the motel swimming pool, and I've never seen tinier bikinis anywhere. It was as if all the girls were competing to see who could expose the most flesh yet still stay within conventional limits. But by the time midnight came around, bikini tops were off all the girls. Swimming and drinking were forgotten except by a few hard-core drinkers and hard-core athletes, and soon we were all nude, the pool was about empty and the rooms were occupied.

VV and I, as nude as anyone, ran to my room and wrestled each other onto the bed. I'd spent two hours or so watching and fondling her beautiful body and was all but exploding. And so was she.

I began to stroke her breasts, hard, and the pink nipples stood up firm and rubbery. Her entire body was hot, feverish, and she moaned in my ear, "Now. Don't wait . . ." Then she thrust her belly against mine, rotated her hips and pulled me close, biting my neck and shoulders and clawing at my back. In minutes we both climaxed, then lay back, exhausted. After a time, I was able to move and, rolling over, pulled VV close to me. Her eyes were closed and her body was limp and cool.

"Cigarette," she whispered. I groped for the pack on the night table, lit two and we smoked quietly until we came down to Earth.

"Great," I said.

"Outasight," VV said. Neither of us finished the cigarettes. We made love again, slowly, savoring each other, and I left little of VV's body unkissed or unfondled.

FOR the next few days I didn't have anything to do except change a few flat tires, adjust brakes and clutches, and give the worst-riding actors a few lessons to improve their technique.

At night VV and I went swimming, made love and got to know each other. I was, all things considered, having a great vacation. But all the time, the Tartars were in the back of my mind. Bikers never forget an insult. I was sort of waiting for them to do whatever they were going to do. And I knew they'd do something. They did.

One afternoon while we were taking a break I looked across the desert toward Route 17 and there at the side of the road, perched on their cycles and looking like a flock of vultures, were the Tartars.

"Look," I said to Hack as we sat under a tree sipping cold beer. "Company."

"Yeah. I knew they'd show up sooner or later. How long they been there?"

"I don't know. It's like they dropped out of the sky. Guess they came in while we were shooting the race scene and couldn't hear them."

Soon everyone was uptight over the Tartars, even though they were just sitting there. Actors blew their lines, a couple of the guys had minor spills from looking over their shoulders at the Tartars.

"What should we do?" Walter asked me. "Everyone's freaking out. Those bums! They're lousing up my shooting schedule!"

"They're trying to bug us," I said. "Tell everyone to cool it. The Tartars won't try anything. They'll get bored after a while and split."

I knew damned well that Butcher and his Tartars had more in mind than just bugging us; outlaws never stop at bugging people, it isn't their style. But after we went on working, or appearing to work, the Tartars split, in a deliberate show of revving their engines and doing wheelies down the highway.

We didn't have to wait long to find out what the Tartars would do for revenge.

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and it wasn't anything unusual for an outlaw gang; it was typical.

The Tartars weren't about to take on the entire film crew—actors, technicians, truck drivers, everyone. Their strategy was to pick us off a few at a time, or as many as they could get before they were stopped. I knew this and I had warned everyone. But people can't be thinking about something like that 24 hours a day. They're sure to get careless.

Hack and his girl, Myra, a beautiful blonde starlet, and VV and I had become close friends. We'd gone into Phoenix a few times together, for fun and for me to see how Moore's Cycle City was doing. I worried, even though I'd left things in charge of Charlie Berry, my ace mechanic. But the night the Tartars attacked, VV and I didn't go with Hack and Myra. They went with another couple and ended up in a roadhouse that they should have known enough to stay out of. But they didn't and at one A.M. the phone in VV's room rang. She picked it up and said, "Oh, God. What happened? Yes . . . we'll be right there."

I was wide awake by then and asked, "What did they do and who did they do it to?" I knew the Tartars were involved.

They got Hack and Myra, and Stan and Ella; raped the girls and stomped the guys. They're in the hospital in Phoenix."

The vendetta had begun.

WE woke up Walter and the chick he was sleeping with and told him. His first concern was for the people who had been hurt and he would have run out of the room to his car half-naked if we hadn't reminded him that he hadn't put on a shirt or shoes. All the way to the hospital he was torn between notifying the police and getting a lot of bad publicity and, as I suggested, cooling it and letting me take care of the Tartars biker-style.

At the hospital we learned that Hack and Stan were hurt pretty badly, that they'd been stomped and chain-whipped, and the girls dragged into the woods, stripped, forced to engage in acts of perversion with Butcher then raped by most of the Tartars. Both girls were under heavy sedation; they'd been hysterical when a passing motorist had found them wandering nude on the highway. Hack and Stan had been left unconscious in a parking lot behind the roadhouse.

The doctor said we could see Hack for a few minutes, and then a state cop came into the waiting room and asked us if we knew anything more about what had happened than he did, like who had "perpetrated the crimes." Walter and I looked at each other and said no, that there had been a barroom brawl and the girls had been attacked. We'd let the authorities know if the victims said anything more.

The cop nodded, jotted something down in a notebook and left. Then VV and I went upstairs to see Hack, and Walter went to see Stan and the girls.

"It was quite a punch-out . . . but it didn't last long . . ." Hack said, unable to finish the grin he started because of the bandages and adhesive tape that covered half his face. Both eyes were swollen shut, his arm was in a cast and his ribs were

taped up.

VV had started to cry when she saw him, and I was seeing red and having wild fantasies about what I'd do to Butcher and the Tartars. Hack must have read my mind, because he said, "Don't do anything dumb, Thom. They're rough bastards . . ." Then he drifted off to sleep, full of drugs to kill the pain.

"You're going after them, aren't you?" said VV.

"I sure as hell am."

"What can you do by yourself?"

"Oh, I'll get some help. If Hack thinks the Tartars are rough bastards, I wonder what he'd think of my old club."

We left the hospital after I'd spoken to Stan and the girls. Stan wasn't as badly hurt as Hack; the girls were cut and bruised and, of course, felt dirty and thoroughly degraded. I told them I had some action in store for the Tartars and said it would be a helluva lot worse than anything the law might do to them.

IHAD to work fast. I began making phone calls and sending telegrams to my old cycle gang, the Apaches, who were now spread out over four or five Western states. But within three days, five of them were assembled in front of my cycle shop, on their choppers and wearing their colors. It was great to see them again. There was my "second-in-command," Spear Scott, tall and thin as a spear (he got the nickname "Burning Spear" from an Indian girl friend). And Hermit Grant, bearded and with his ragged, sweat-stained cowboy hat and his cheekful of chewing tobacco; Butterball Hobart, all 300 pounds of him, so his Harley was equipped with special suspension. Naturally, Zappo Zelinski showed up, ready for a fight, as always, his head shaved for the occasion ("Makes me look fierce," he said, "just like old times.") And last but not least, Roach Bixby, small, round-shouldered and mild-looking, but the fastest man with a chain-whip I'd ever seen.

We whooped and hugged each other, then I took them around behind the shop, broke out a few six-packs of beer and told them all about what had happened and that I needed their help.

"Hell, skip the pep talk," said Spear. "Just tell us what you've got in mind for these tough-ass Tartars."

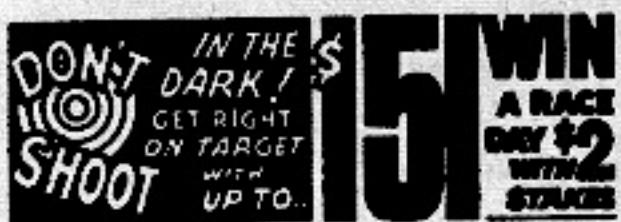
"Yeah, I've heard about those weirdos," said Roach. "Baddies, every one of them. And that Butcher is a sex nut. Likes real far-out stuff."

"Sure, they busted up a town in Montana, not far from where I live," said Zappo. "Sheriff and a couple of deputies couldn't do a thing. I'd kinda like to have a shot at them. Been gettin' bored with family life. Need some old-time action, some recreation."

"They got lots to eat out at that movie place?" asked Butterball. "If I'm gonna fight, I gotta eat."

So it was settled, as I knew it would be—once an outlaw, always an outlaw, when it comes to helping out your cycle buddies.

I took the Apaches M.C. out to meet Walter and VV and everyone working on the movie. Walter, in spite of how badly



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were exposed with almost any kind of motion she made—walking, drinking a glass of beer, sitting down, getting up. Greatest trouble-bait I'd ever seen. And she did the trick.

The dozen or so people in the bar didn't pay too much attention to us, except for the guys eyeing the girls now and then when they thought we weren't looking.

We were just about to head back to where we'd left the other Apaches waiting and ride to the motel when, about midnight, we heard the roar of cycles approaching the Vulture's Nest, stopping and revving. The vultures had arrived, if they were who we figured them to be.

In stomped the Tartars, all of them, headed by Butcher, his long braid swinging behind him, his snaky eyes searching the room arrogantly and finding what he'd been looking for—the three girls he'd heard about. And his eyes fixed on Gail, with that fringed vest scarcely hiding her outsized bosom.

HE looked at her, then at the other girls and then at Spear, Zappo and me. He didn't recognize me because I'd let my beard grow out so I'd look more like a genuine outlaw.

For a while the Tartars pretended to ignore us, acting as if the girls were the last thing in the world they wanted. They leaned on the bar; several of them sprawled on chairs with their feet on the tables. They talked loudly, laughing at stupid jokes. The other men in the bar sensed the mounting tension and drifted out after quickly finishing their drinks.

Soon it was just the Tartars, the six of us, and two worried bartenders. The Tartars got drunker and louder and meaner. And more threatening.

Then it broke. "What are three good-looking heads doing with a bunch of sissy bikers like that?" asked Butcher, of no one in particular, but looking at the girls.

"They got class, Goldilocks," said Gail. Lots of spunk. But just then I didn't care for spunk, like calling a murderous biker "Goldilocks." Butcher didn't like women who were spunky either. And he obviously hated being called "Goldilocks."

"Smart-mouth broad," he snarled. "You wish you had my hair instead of that bleached mop of yours."

"My hair's natural blonde!" Gail yelled. "And you're a dirty, smelly creep!"

Weirdest argument any biker had ever been in, I guess, but Butcher had what he needed to bust us up. He let out a wordless, animal-like bellow of rage and he and the nearest Tartars came after us. And where the hell were the Apaches, I wondered, as I unhooked the stainless steel cycle chain from around my waist.

As one of the bartenders moved toward the telephone, a Tartar headed him off and shoved him and the other bartender into the men's room, wedging a chair under the doorknob.

The Tartars edged toward us, then charged like lunatics, and before I could whip more than two heads, we were down, and all I could do was try to protect my guts and groin and head from the big cycle boots and chains and pipes that were starting to hammer down, burning and

stinging my body. Then, amidst the scufflings and grunts and curses, and the thumps and thuds, I heard the roar of cycles gearing down, and brakes screeching. The weight of pain lifted and I could see light again as the Tartars pulled away from us to meet the new challenge—the Apaches, who now charged into the outlaws. Wait until I see them, I thought. I'll raise hell for them waiting until the last minute . . .

I wasn't in bad shape, considering the odds, and neither were Spear and Zappo. Old biker training in how to take a stomping with the minimum of injury to vital organs had saved us.

We were both able to join in the action, so right off, still down on my knees, I whipped my chain against a Tartar's shins. He howled and bent to rub his shins, getting low enough for me to smash him in the teeth with the chain I had wrapped around my fist. Then I was up and striking at any Tartar within range, at any part of his anatomy that looked unprotected, with my fists and chain and boots.

ZAPPO and Spear weren't resting; they had one of the biggest Tartars backed into a corner and were, apparently, trying to smash him right through the wall as they punched and kicked until he sagged, went glassy-eyed and crashed to the floor.

I whipped my way through the big, struggling bodies to where Butcher was, near the bar, swinging a lead pipe at Butterball, who, in spite of his enormous bulk, was as agile as a cat and kept slipping the pipe or taking glancing blows on his blubber-protected forearms. Then he slugged Butcher in the guts with a big, meaty fist. Butcher bent double and then Butterball had him face-down on the floor and was sitting on him, his 300-pounds squashing him immobile.

"Keep him there!" I yelled above the racket. Then I charged back into the fight. From the body count, I could see that the Apaches were winning, but not by much. The odds were evened now, but the Honorary Apaches weren't doing very well, although they were trying. I pitched in to help one of them who was being worked over by three Tartars who were trying to get him against a wall. I picked off one Tartar with my chain whip, another turned and the Honorary Apache slugged him with a beautiful right to the jaw, dropping him. Then we slammed the other Tartar until he joined his buddies on the floor.

During the fight the chair had been kicked away from the men's room door and I watched as a bartender slipped out, sneaked over to the phone and made a call to the police. Then I rejoined the battle, stepping over a few Tartar bodies to wade in and clobber a couple more of the bums.

Finally, all that was left of the Tartars was exhaust smoke from the bikes of four or five who split, another pair crawling to the door and the rest in various conditions of unconsciousness on the floor, under tables or slumped against walls.

Still being sat on by Butterball was Butcher. Butterball was talking to him, quiet-like, like a big brother, saying, "That wasn't a very nice thing to do, man, raping those little chicks and busting up

our friends. Now, we can't let you get away with that, can we?"

All Butcher could do was squirm and gasp for breath.

Our guys didn't get off unhurt, but there was nothing too serious—a few teeth missing (old stuff to bikers), cracked ribs and sprained wrists and the usual assortment of bruises, cuts, bumps and black eyes. Even our Honorary Apaches came through without any permanent damage, but they'd need plenty of makeup before they got in front of the cameras.

But we had one more thing to do before we split and let the cops take over. Butcher.

"Let him up, Butterball," I said, as we all gathered around.

"What . . . you . . . gonna do?" Butcher asked, struggling for breath.

"We're going to let you be the guest of honor in an old Apache custom," I said. The Apaches grinned, nodded and began to line up for the old custom. The gauntlet.

"You are sentenced to run the gauntlet . . ."

Butcher made a break for the door but we grabbed him and forced him to the head of the double line we formed that led to the door.

"We're giving you a sporting chance to get through the door. That's more of a chance than you bastards gave our friends," I said as I took my place at the end of the line. "If you can get through the gauntlet on your feet, you're home-free."

We used only fists—protected by our heavy leather cycle gauntlets—with only an occasional boot in the ribs or groin by the less-restrained Apaches.

Butcher started down the line but didn't get far as he was spun in a complete circle by a ripping right to the head by Hermit. Before he could reorient himself, Roach caught him with a boot in the guts, then an uppercut that straightened him up perfectly for another fist in the face, courtesy of an Honorary Apache.

"Neat!" said Butterball, and gave Butcher the old-fashioned one-two. Butcher was now heading away from the door, blubbering and moaning, spitting blood and teeth. He went sprawling.

The girls and the bartenders were standing on top of the bar, cheering us on.

We got Butcher up and started him on his way again, warming up to it, recalling the condition that Hack and Stan and the girls were in when we saw them at the hospital. We slugged Butcher with quick, choppy, punishing blows until his face was scarcely recognizable. It would be a long time before he raped any more women, or beat up anyone, or rode his chopper, or did anything much.

He dropped about a yard from the door, still conscious but unable to move. "No more . . . no more," he moaned. We gathered around him and pulled him to his feet, then pushed him toward the door. But Gail yelled, "Wait a minute! There's something I want to do for Myra (she was Gail's best friend). She'd like to maybe have a little souvenir. And I can get back at this creep for saying I've got a bleach job. Anyone got a knife?"

I handed Gail a knife and she said,



"Beat it!"

"Hold him real still. Goldilocks is getting a haircut . . ."

"No! No! Please!" Butcher shrieked, struggling with all that was left of his strength, squirming and writhing as if he were going crazy. But it didn't help. Gail neatly sawed off his long golden braid. Then she sawed away at the rest of his hair until he looked as if he'd gotten his head stuck in a chicken-plucking machine. And all the while, he whined and cried.

Gail held the long golden braid over her head, laughing. We joined in a cheer, then dropped Butcher to the floor where he pulled his jacket over his head and moaned.

We left him that way, and as we roared down the highway, we heard the sirens of the state police wailing in the distance as they headed toward the Vultures' Nest. We rode off punched-out, tired, but knowing we'd done the job, knowing we'd done what Hack, Stan, Myra and Ella wanted. Or anyway, what Hack wanted. Bikers like to settle their own feuds.

GETTING it all together:

Butcher and the Tartars who were still in the bar were arrested on charges brought by the bartenders, who said nothing about the Apaches being there. Hip guys. The Tartars got one-to-three years in the county jail. But, we heard later, Butcher was half out of his head because of that haircut he got.

Walter paid for all damages to the bar, and, eventually, we got around to finishing the movie. Walter said that the actors' and actresses' contact with real outlaw bikers gave their acting an "extra dimension of realism."

Walter paid me a bonus of \$1,000 for actions that were "above and beyond the call of duty."

Right now, a construction crew is putting the finishing touches on an addition to Moore's Cycle City, so the long days in the desert and all the fighting were worth it.

Naturally, VV didn't care to settle down in Phoenix with a small-time motorcycle mechanic. But every now and then, when she has time off between pictures, we get together for motorcycling and other pleasant pastimes. ***

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LOVEMAKING

(Continued from page 31)

different ways than Jim."

"Would you say, then, that variety in your sexual needs is why you have extramarital affairs?"

"I suppose so, although I've never thought of it in that way. Yes, that must be right. Jim is good, like I said. He's a rough sort of guy, who really can make my head spin. He sort of *takes me* and it's wild. He'll make it with me three or four times a night when he's not tired or turned off a little because he's worried about something or maybe mad at me. He just exhausts me, in a pleasant way."

"But sometimes, I feel a need for a different kind of lovemaking . . ."

"Well, let's go back a little, to when you had your first extramarital affair, to when you first felt a need for this 'different kind of lovemaking.'"

"Oh that was after I'd been married a little over two years. I'd had a few lovers before I got married, different kinds of guys. And after awhile I began to feel . . . I don't know . . . not bored, exactly, but as if something was missing in the bedroom. Then I realized that I missed the variety I'd enjoyed before I was married. Not that I bed-hopped; I always had longer-term affairs. I never did care for one-night stands."

"So I decided I'd have to do something about it. And it wasn't long before I met the guy I wanted to do something about it *with*. At a party. There was this guy—tall, slim, quiet—not at all like Jim, who's husky and sort of boisterous and gabby. But Frank—that's not his real name—turned me on. Right then we made a date to make it, without any preliminaries."

WE went to a motel and, as I expected, Frank was a man who made love slowly, gently and thoroughly. He undressed me a little at a time, kissing and fondling whatever part of my body he exposed. I guess he took a half-hour just to undress me down to my panties. Then he undressed, got into bed with me and it was a while before he took off my panties. By then I was just wild but still Frank continued foreplay. When he finally began actual sex, I had an orgasm in about two minutes."

"Would you say that Frank was a better lover than your husband?"

"Oh, no. He wasn't better, just *different*."

"Okay. Now what about your second lover? How was he different?"

"Well, Hugh was a specialist in off-beat sex. Not anything way-out, though. I mean, oral sex. Hugh was an expert at that, and he taught me to be good at it, too."

"What else do you consider to be 'off-beat sex'?"

"Well, maybe off-beat isn't the right word. Maybe it would be better to say that Hugh was clever, ingenious when it came

to things like positions, and unusual places to have sex. Like, Hugh enjoyed making love with me on top, or with him entering me from the rear. My husband doesn't care for those positions. With him it's almost always the 'standard' position."

"And Hugh liked to be daring. He liked to make love in places like, for example, on the beach one afternoon, in broad daylight with a lot of people around . . ."

"How did you manage that?"

"We just pulled a blanket over us from about the waist down, then he slipped off the bottom half of my bikini, and took off his swimsuit, then we pretended we were just petting. And we . . . well . . . we made it. We couldn't move very much, of course, but it was so exciting, being there with other people, and the idea of maybe getting caught—that added something to it, that danger."

"What other unusual places did you make love?"

"Oh, at a party once, in a bedroom that we didn't lock; in a movie, up in the balcony; in a parking lot when we went to pick up the car after we went out . . . lots of places."

"Of course, we didn't always do it that way, just now and then. The spontaneity was good for extra kicks, too."

"Your husband doesn't like making love in unusual places, then?"

"No. I guess I'd have to say he's not very imaginative."

"Has your extramarital sex had any effect—good or bad—on your sex relationship with your husband?"

"No, I've tried hard to keep our sex the same as it was before, like I haven't done anything in bed with him that I've never done before; that would make him suspicious, I suppose. And I don't want to change the way he makes love to me, anyway. Like I said, he's good in bed in his own way, and I don't want him to be any different. But I do need different kinds of sex—from different men . . ."

MY next interview was with Suzanne B., a petite blonde, age from 25 to 30 (she wouldn't give me her actual age), married for six years, with two children.

"I'm a business widow," Suzanne told me. "My husband's business—he's in the TV and appliance repair field—keeps him at work practically seven days a week, ten, twelve or even more hours a day. Sometimes, he just sleeps on a cot in his office and doesn't come home for a couple of days. And what the hell, I need it as much as you do—sex, I mean. Somehow, men have gotten the idea that a woman's sex drive isn't nearly as strong as theirs. They couldn't be more wrong."

"Then you have extramarital affairs because you have an unusually strong sex drive?"

"No, no, my sex drive is normal, I'd say. But my husband isn't around when I need sex. Up until about three years ago, before this sudden business success he's had—a couple of private home developments and high-rise apartment houses have been built in town—he had a nice, modest business. Now it's been booming, and I hardly see him anymore. So I have lovers, one after the other—for a month, three months, a couple of weeks. It depends on

how good they are in bed

"That's the basis for your choice then—their bedroom performance?"

"Just about. Of course, I like to go out with them if they're interesting or if they amuse me somehow. But basically, I'm interested in sex with my lovers."

"When did you first have an affair? How did you decide that you were justified in 'sleeping around'?"

"That's easy. I'll never forget that. My husband had hardly been home one entire day and night for about three weeks, and I was going out of my mind for sex. On the first night he was able to come home and sleep with me, I all but begged him to make love to me, but he was exhausted. And impotent."

"I guess it was partly out of revenge and partly out of a pure need for sex, but that night—I guess it was about midnight—I got up, got dressed, took the car and drove into town to a cocktail lounge that's a well-known pickup spot. I'd never done anything like that in my life; never gone into a bar alone. I sat in the car for maybe a half-hour, trying to get up enough courage to go through with it. Finally, I was so . . . well . . . uptight . . . that I went in. Within five minutes, a young man was buying me drinks. He was just an ordinary guy, no better or worse in bed than anyone else; no better looking or more interesting. But I couldn't have cared less—he was a male body and that's all I wanted"

"Would you say it was a good sexual experience, this first time?"

"I had a couple of orgasms, and that's all I wanted at the time. He could have been any man. I never saw him again, gave him a phony name and telephone number. That was that."

"And since then"

WELL, that first time I cheated on my husband was like losing your virginity—after that, it's easy. Now I'm more selective, and more careful. I've had a dozen lovers in the past three years or so and enjoyed myself, had a wonderful time, for the most part, and with no pangs of conscience."

"Is your husband suspicious? I mean, when was the last time he made love to you?"

"He doesn't suspect; he's so wrapped up in making money, in wheeling-and-dealing, that he hardly knows I'm alive. Maybe once a month he'll wake up in the middle of the night with an erection and roll over on top of me and have himself a quickie. He doesn't even remember the next morning. A couple of times I've mentioned it just to embarrass him. So maybe that night or the next night he'll come home early—which, for him, means nine or ten o'clock—and we make love. He promises it won't happen again, that he'll come home early more often and . . . well, it's the same old routine all over again."

"And no, he isn't suspicious. I guess he figures that women *don't* need sex as much as men do. Either that or he doesn't really give a damn, as long as he's making that money."

"You've never talked it over with him, told him that you wanted him in the

bedroom instead of at the bank"

"I tried to, when I hadn't cheated on him yet but felt I was on the brink. All I got was the old 'I'm tired, let's talk about it tomorrow' excuse. After a couple of times, I got mad. Then I started sleeping around. Now? Well, it's too late. If I told him I'd been cheating on him, he'd divorce me. He's not exactly the kind of man who'd 'understand' something like that. And maybe I'm partly at fault. I like that money, too, I suppose. We live pretty well now"

RUTH L. is a petite, quiet honey blonde with innocent brown eyes that look straight at you whenever she speaks.

Ruth wore a plain dark suit, and looked the picture of a prim, proper young housewife—she is 28—who wouldn't dream of cheating on her husband.

"I've slept with about fifty men in the past two years, five men for every woman my husband has slept with."

"Then it's . . . revenge, spite for him cheating on you?"

"Yes. Pure spite. I don't even enjoy it particularly, unless the man really turns me on and is a good lover."

"Why the five men to every woman?"

"I don't know, sort of overkill, I guess. A promise I made myself. And why not five? Someday I'm going to tell my husband, just say, 'I've slept with five men to every one woman you've had, just to watch his face, just to torment him.'

"You say you've slept with men on a five-to-one basis. How do you know; I mean do you know when your husband has cheated on you?"

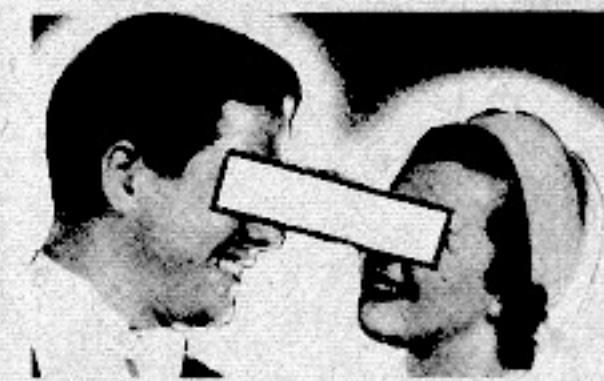
"Well, I didn't know at first—my husband is a compulsive Casanova, has to prove his manhood with every woman he meets—but after I found out the first time, it was easy. His guilt gives him away, then I see the other signs, the obvious ones."

"When he's cheated on me, he gets very sweet and affectionate—takes me out to expensive places, makes love to me very tenderly, is considerate, does things around the house. And before that, of course, I've been getting the usual 'I'm working late tonight' phone calls. And when he comes home he doesn't want to make love. Too tired, he says. So when I start getting that sort of thing, I start on another round of sleeping around. It makes me feel good."

"How do you decide on a lover?"

"Easy: the first man I meet when I go out to cheat. Well, anyway, the first man I meet where the circumstances are right. I don't just try to pick up a man I pass on the street; I don't want to be mistaken for a hooker. And a girl has to be careful that she doesn't pick up a sickie."

"But if I go to a bar or restaurant, for example, I'll pick out some man, the first one I look at, smile, catch his eye somehow, and if he's at all 'hip,' I've got him. You'd be surprised at the kind of men I've picked up and gone to bed with—a man in his sixties, a disgusting fat man, a teen-ager who'd never had a woman before and hardly knew what to do. But I showed him. And let's see, the cab driver who was taking me downtown to find a man. He drove me to an isolated



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**MALE
CALL****MAN, THE MAURAUDER?**

* "The Sea Lion They Couldn't Kill," in the February MALE, shows very well the cause of Man's troubles—Man himself, who insists on blaming his troubles on other factors.

Salmon fishermen in Alaska blamed the brown bear for poor catches; investigation proved the fishermen to be at fault.

Another story in the February issue—"Eggshell Cars Double Your Insurance Costs"—blames car damage on the manufacturer. But I think damage is due mainly to idiotic driving. Some drivers could drive a glass vehicle for ten years and still maintain it in good condition. But most drivers are like the Cincinnati Zoo gorilla who was finally given a cannonball as the only "toy" he couldn't break.

**William F. Bowen
Cincinnati, Ohio**

We agree in part, Bill. But we think that auto manufacturers should build better cars, if only to protect the idiots from themselves.—The Editors

YO-HO-HO

* I think that the "water monsters" those people said they spotted in "America's Strange Water Monsters" (MALE, March) were water monsters, all right. But they were "fire water" monsters. Those folks should stay away from the juice.

**Zach Depaul
N.Y.C.**

Maybe the water monsters are on the juice and are seeing people.—The Editors

TEAR-JERKER DEPT.

* So there you go again, rapping the auto repair people. I'm in the business and, yeah, I occasionally

engage in what you call "car repair gyps" ("25 Car Repair Gyps," MALE, April). If I didn't, I'd starve to death, with the outrageously high prices I'm charged for parts by Detroit, with salary demands going up constantly, and with all my other overhead costs rising besides. I've got to make a living, too.

**Name and address
withheld by request**

Oddly enough, we aren't able to work up too much sympathy for garage owners who are pleading poverty to justify their dishonesty. A bank robber, burglar or mugger can do the same thing. We wonder what our auto-driving readers think.—The Editors

ALL'S FAIR

* Wow! Francy Fair, April MALE's "Girl in the Wild," is wild. So she likes the Great Outdoors? Well, I haven't got forests or mountains just now, but I've got a Fair-sized backyard (get it—Fair-sized). So if she'd like to swing there . . .

**Al Piretti
Iselin, N.J.**

Sorry, Al, but Francy doesn't care for backyards. And we don't like lousy puns, even Fair-sized ones.—The Editors

F.D.A. UFOs K.O. DDT?

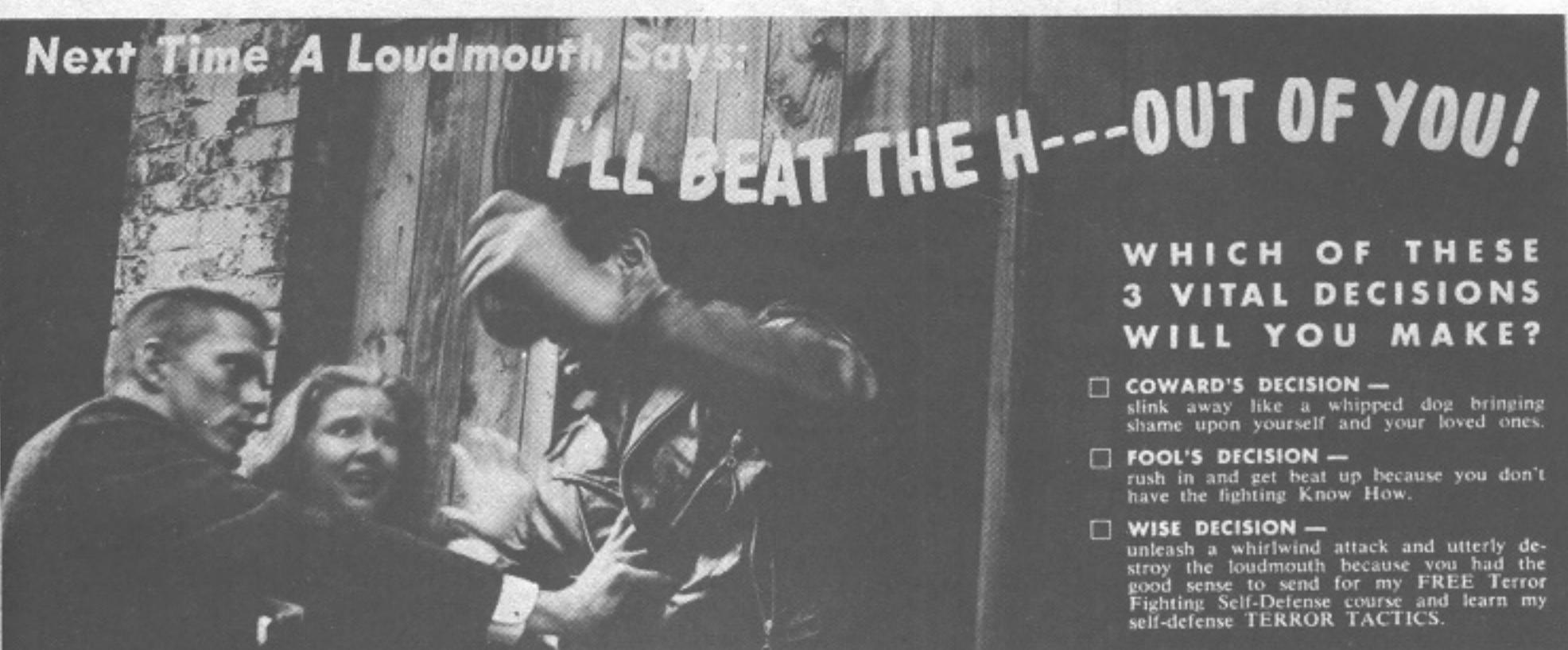
* I think I've found the reason why those UFOs are messing around over our farms. ("Flying Saucers Scorch Iowa Farms," MALE April). They're spies from the Food and Drug Administration checking to see that no DDT is being sprayed on those crops. I guess they flew too low and accidentally scorched the wheat.

**Harry Leeds
Grimsby, Ill.**

Could be, Harry. And now Iowa has acres and acres of burnt toast on-the-hoof.—The Editors

Next Time A Loudmouth Says

ALL BEAT THE H---OUT OF YOU!



WHICH OF THESE
3 VITAL DECISIONS
WILL YOU MAKE?

- COWARD'S DECISION** — slink away like a whipped dog bringing shame upon yourself and your loved ones.
- FOOL'S DECISION** — rush in and get beat up because you don't have the fighting Know How.
- WISE DECISION** — unleash a whirlwind attack and utterly destroy the loudmouth because you had the good sense to send for my FREE Terror Fighting Self-Defense course and learn my self-defense TERROR TACTICS.

10 SECONDS THAT SEPARATE THE MEN FROM THE BOYS

11:00 P.M. — An argument in a parking lot. A big, beefy wiseguy gets insulting and takes a swing at you. He's pretty sure of himself — sizes you up as a weak pushover who couldn't punch his way out of a paper bag. Your girl looks on, terrified that you'll be beaten up, maybe permanently injured. BUT . . .

POLICE FILES REVEAL: 590,020 Burglaries,
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Rapes, 6,920 Murders ALL IN A SINGLE YEAR!
IF ATTACKED — WHAT WILL YOU DO?

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Why give your money to some hoodlum. Here you will find terror-tactics that in a flash will enable you to make him drop his weapon and writhe in pain. Anyone dumb enough to tangle with a Weider Trained Terror Fighter will regret his mistake from a hospital bed or jail cell.



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PLUS shocking secrets of hideous Vandals, Thugs, ferocious Aztecs — Vicious Karate-kas, Commandos, Jungle Fighters — Boxing — Wrestling — Secret Police Methods, and other destructive self-defense secrets never before revealed.



11:00 P.M. PLUS 10 SECONDS — A Miracle! In a flash you streak forward — almost too fast for the eye to follow. The bully is down quivering in fear and writhing in pain — completely destroyed by the ferocious terror blitz you unleashed. This situation could happen to you. READ ON THIS PAGE HOW IN JUST DAYS YOU CAN ACQUIRE THE HIDDEN SECRETS OF 5000 YEARS OF RUTHLESS TERROR FIGHTING TACTICS — ABSOLUTELY FREE! — TAKE ON ANYBODY — ANYTIME — ANYPLACE AND WIN!

FEAR NO MAN IN JUST 24 HOURS

this absolutely free Terror-Fighting Course that I am anxious to send You shows how to swiftly start using my Terror-Fighting Secrets and Flatten out any Thug, Mug, Wiseguy or Bully — even if he's Tough, Trained and twice your size — Make him ABSOLUTELY HELPLESS IN SECONDS

FREE!

FOR MEN WHO WANT TO BE FEARLESS — A NEW TERROR FIGHTING COURSE 10 TIMES MORE DEVASTATING AND EFFECTIVE THAN BOTH KARATE AND JUDO COMBINED — NOW YOURS — FREE FOR THE ASKING!

WHAT'S THE SECRET?

NOT SIZE — NOT POWER — NOT STRENGTH!

I don't care if you're 15 or 50, Skinny, Fat or Under-size — If you've always been scared of your shadow — always "chickened out" — never faced up to a fight in your life — got weak in the knees and ran — I PROMISE YOU THAT IN 24-HOURS I can give you the TERROR FIGHTING SECRETS that will turn you into a Fierce Human Arsenal of Fighting Power — giving you the cool confidence to walk through the toughest streets in late hours with the destructive force of a tiger stalking jungle paths — flattening and pulverizing in a split second with one jab of your finger any 200-lb. brute who is foolish enough to attack you — with one chop disarm any hood or break the strangle hold of any thief. No night-crawling thug will ever be dumb enough to break into your house nor any wise guy ever insult or lay hands on your loved ones or you — if he is still conscious after you've used the secrets that I am willing to send you FREE in this book. NEVER AGAIN FEAR ANY MAN — WIN WITH WEIDER.

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If under 15 yrs. of age parents must sign here.

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section of a factory district and we made it in the back seat of the cab.

"All kinds of men. They're all the same. It doesn't matter any more, really."

DO you draw the line on which man you choose? Are there any restrictions you set?"

"I won't make it with a married man, knowingly. You can tell if a man is married, usually. Certain things give him away. Like, he's vague about what he does for a living, where he lives. And the way he treats you gives him away, too. He's in a hurry to get you into bed—like, right away, now, immediately. He can't waste any time, because he has to catch the seven-fifteen. That's a give-away: he can only see you at a certain time, in a certain place—so none of his friends see him. You know, it's easy to spot a married man. Sometimes you only have to look at his ring finger. If it's summertime, you can see the white band on his finger where the sun doesn't hit."

"But anyway, married men are out. Why should I help some bastard cheat on his wife?"

"Is your sex life with your husband good? Is he a good lover?"

"Not bad. Not the worst I've ever had, not the best, but good. When he started to cheat, though, I couldn't have cared less whether he ever made love to me again or not. Now I have sex with him the same way I would with any of my one-night-stands—casually, sometimes enjoying it and sometimes not; sometimes I give it all I've got, sometimes I lie there like I'm asleep."

"Doesn't your husband notice? Does he suspect that you're sleeping around?"

No. When he thinks I'm acting kind of cold in bed and asks me if there's anything wrong, I just say that I'm tired or that I don't feel very sexy. He believes me.

"Suspicious? No, he's such a Great Lover—he thinks—that he can't imagine me or any woman cheating on him."

"I guess I'll get a divorce some day. When I'm good and ready, when I've scored with at least two-hundred men, maybe. Then I'll tell the bastard all about my 'love affairs'—I've kept score, kept a record of who, when, where, what we did

to each other, how good he was, everything—and I'll hand it over to my husband just to prove that I've slept with all those men. I can hardly wait to see his face and listen to him bellow . . ."

THE fourth and final woman I spoke with was rather different from the others.

"I suppose you could say I began to enjoy it; not only for the 'kicks' but for the gifts I began getting from the men I slept with."

Emily is in her early 30s, a tall, sleek, almost aristocratic woman who comes on "cool" until you're with her for awhile, and you realize she's a sexy, passionate woman. She has black hair, blue eyes and is full-bodied, just short of being plump. We talked in her large apartment in a high-rise building—the only one in town—that's reserved for middle-ranking executives in the city in which she and her husband live. Their one son attends boarding school. This gives Emily a lot of time to herself.

"Matt, my husband, didn't really want to be an executive. He says he's 'chained to a desk.' He wanted to go on being a maintenance man (Matt works for a large business machine company), but I got tired of him coming home stinking of oil and grease and machinery. So I pushed him into going to business-training school, at company expense, so he'd get ahead. And the money is a lot better, too, in the job he has now."

"But before he could get the move up to the executive job, I had to sleep with his boss. If the boss and I hadn't met one another, Matt would have moved up anyway. But his boss blocked his promotion—office politics—until I agreed to an affair. So I agreed. And, I might as well admit it, I found Edmund—that's Matt's boss—very attractive."

"At first, I had all kinds of guilt feelings. But I just told myself that I was doing it for Matt, not myself. And I had insisted that Edmund not insist on making our affair a long-term one, that as soon as Matt was secure in his new job, we stop seeing each other. But then I began to enjoy sleeping with Edmund and, well . . ."

"You're still seeing Edmund?"

"Oh, no. That ended about a year ago. But now I sleep with men I've met through Matt's business—men from other companies, business executives we meet at parties and company functions. I enjoy their attention, and the sex and the gifts I get from them."

"Gifts?"

"Yes. These men are well-to-do. They appreciate a woman who's good in bed, who's discreet about things, and who isn't insisting on marriage or a 'permanent relationship' of any kind."

"But these gifts . . . Doesn't your husband suspect something if he sees them? What are they?"

"Oh, jewelry, stocks in big corporations. Things I can either lie to Matt about or put in my safe deposit box. He's not at all knowledgeable about jewelry, so I keep some of that here in the house and wear it when we go out. I just tell him they're inexpensive semi-precious stones."

"I only wish I could accept some of the other little trinkets I've been offered. One of my lovers bought me a mink coat. I had to refuse it. It would've been too difficult to explain. Broke my heart."

"Is your sex good, satisfying, with these men?"

"Usually. I choose my lovers carefully, for their looks, sexiness and, whenever possible, their youth. And I also make sure that a prospective lover isn't just some junior executive with a pretty young wife, a mortgage and no money for the gifts I like to get."

EE

I'M going to ask a question you won't like at all . . ."

"I know. Do I feel like a prostitute? Goodness, no. I *enjoy* the sex I get. Prostitutes don't. They despise men and, I suppose, sex itself. I don't. I won't sleep with a man who doesn't 'turn me on.' And anyway, I don't demand a gift from a man. If it isn't offered, I don't even hint that I'd like a gift. It's up to the man."

"What about your sexual relationship with your husband? Is it good, bad or indifferent?"

"Good, or anyway, as good as it was before I began to have my love affairs. I think of Matt as my 'Number One Lover.' He's special to me, really. And I think he has his little affairs, too. So everything works out nicely for everyone."

"Do you worry about your husband finding out?"

"Sure, a little. I'm very careful; I've never slept with any executive from Matt's company except his boss. I always choose a man who works someplace else, preferably in another city. If Matt did find out, well, I have a feeling that my sleeping around has helped him in his job, behind the scenes, you know. There'd be a blow-up, but that's all. Who knows? Maybe he does know and doesn't care."

FOUR women—all unfaithful, each for her own good reasons for being unfaithful. Other women, millions of them, happily or unhappily married, whose husbands are good lovers or bad lovers, feel the need for extramarital sex. And, often, so do their husbands.

The sex revolution is changing the marriage relationship, drastically. ***

Matrimonial Bureau

WIFE SWAPPING ARRANGED



ESCAPERS

(Continued from page 21)

Miles Pearlworthy. "Three men have already died in that hole. I have no intention of joining them, thank you. It's simply impossible."

Although they didn't speak, Ed Hagen, Leroy Krajewski and Jack Chambers obviously shared the Briton's feelings. All except Krajewski, a relative newcomer to the stalag, had been part of the escape group led by Colonel Sam Billings of the RCAF. They would never forget the months of silent digging with their bare hands, the effort of disposing of the day's unearthed soil by smuggling it to the exercise yard in their pockets or flushing it down the toilet a handful at a time. Even more searing was the moment of ghastly horror that had climaxed the attempt . . .

Miller—a stocky, red-haired aerial gunner from Milwaukee, Wisconsin—moved his cold gaze from face to face. "I'm as frightened of the idea as you are. But we all have to consider the stakes. Unless we get word to London that Roger Cleff is in Nazi hands, God knows how many thousands of GI's are going to die. I don't want that on my conscience for the rest of my life."

He waited in silence as his friends thought it over. At last, a regretful sigh was wrenched from Jack Chambers' throat. "All right, Lew," the infantry captain said reluctantly. "I'll go with you. I guess being buried alive is better than eating any more of that grass and lentil soup they dish out here."

Chambers' strained attempt at humor didn't produce the usual response of equally tight laughter. Instead, one by one, the others nodded their assent. The most daring POW escape run of World War II was underway . . .

Like the other prisoners in Stalag 27-A, located deep in the mountains of Bavaria, Lew Miller had been a thorn in the Germans' side since the day he had bailed out of a burning B-17 over Stuttgart. Before the war, Miller—the son of a German immigrant couple, fluent in his parents' native tongue—had been a member of a hell-driving team that had toured the midwest, performing incredible stunts in hopped-up cars. He had been the first man to clear the roofs of twelve lined-up automobiles, zooming up a wooden ramp and launching his vehicle into space like a steel bird. Although he didn't know it at the time, his civilian job was to prove crucially useful.

Captured and imprisoned in Stalag 12 near Saarbrucken, Miller made his first escape attempt on the night of November 26, 1943. With four other POW's, he cut his way through two barbed wire fences; their only tool, a set of false teeth. The group was within half a mile of the Swiss border when, moving through a narrow ravine, they were ambushed by a trigger-happy Nazi patrol, caught in a vicious, unprovoked crossfire. The other POW's were slaughtered in their tracks. Knocked unconscious when a slug grazed his

forehead, Miller was the only survivor.

HE had expected, after his recapture, to be taken back to Stalag 12. Instead, guarded by three grim-faced SS non-coms, he was driven through the Bavarian mountains to Stalag 27-A, located in an isolated area north of Ansbach.

Seen from a distance, the installation was like an outpost on the moon. Its dozen concrete-walled barracks sat like toppled tombstones in the center of an unused gravel pit. A dozen machine gun towers ringed the compound and foot guards walked the perimeter. It was the toughest security setup Miller had ever encountered.

The American was taken immediately to the office of the commandant, a heavy-set major. "This is like no other camp," the man told him curtly. "We make no distinctions in rank or nationality. Every prisoner has been sent here because of attempted escapes or chronic troublemaking. If, by some miracle, you should manage to break out, your life is forfeit. You will be shot on sight, even if you put up no resistance. In short, the choice is submission or death. Dismissed."

As he had expected, the other POW's treated him with cool reserve at first, since the Nazis routinely attempted to plant spies in POW camps. During his first two days in the barracks, he was interrogated repeatedly by Colonel Sam Billings, the senior officer. The questions covered everything from his knowledge of his air base in England to physical details about Milwaukee, his home town.

Finally accepted by the others he discovered that he was living with an extraordinary group of men.

Lieutenant Miles Pearlworthy, an RAF double ace, had been a top Olympic miler in the thirties. Although he looked almost frail, his tall, lanky body was actually a superb, muscular machine. During his two breakouts from other stalags, he had led his pursuers on mad chases through half of Germany.

Captain Jack Chambers, captured during the North African campaign, was a skilled mountain climber, the conqueror of dozens of dangerous peaks in North America and Europe. After his escape from Stalag 18 in Austria, he had taken refuge atop a theoretically unclimbable rock spire. Three Nazi soldiers were killed in falls and a dozen more injured in attempts to get him off his perch. Only when close to starvation had he surrendered.

Probably the most unusual of the group was Private First Class Ed Hagen. Only five feet, two inches tall and as skinny as a toothpick, Hagen had been a carnival contortionist and escape artist before enlisting in the Army Air Corps. Capable of picking any lock ever made, he had pulled off an escape even before he was sent to a POW camp. While waiting for transportation, he had broken out of a basement cell in the Gestapo headquarters at Reims.

TWO weeks after entering the camp, Miller was at last told about the tunnel that the other men had been digging for

more than a year. Chambers lifted a section of the concrete flooring, so perfectly set in place that its edges were virtually invisible. "Took us two months just to do this part of the job," he said. "Ever try to wear down concrete with fingernail scissors and chunks of tin cans? It's murder, buddy."

The narrow shaft ran more than 300 yards, already beyond the outer perimeter of barbed wire. Every time Miller descended into it, his stomach muscles knotted with fear. Like the others, he knew that the stalag had been built in a former gravel works in order to discourage tunneling. The soil wasn't much firmer than crusted sand. Even shored up with pilfered boards from packing cases and other odds and ends of wood, the tunnel looked impossibly dangerous.

At last, the time for the break came. Less than two feet of dirt remained to be unearthed. It was agreed that they would leave in groups of three, at ten-minute intervals. Colonel Billings and two RAF officers named Bleek and Trevor were the first to go. Minutes after they entered the tunnel, the POW's heard a muffled rumble. Clouds of dust swirled up from the entrance.

There was little time for grief. They agreed that, at all costs, the Nazis must be prevented from learning of the tunnel's existence. Dangerous as it was, it might still be reopened later if a really desperate situation arose.

"But not without decent shoring," Hagen vowed. "You'll never get me down there again until we really know what the hell we're doing."

"What about roll call in the morning?" Chambers asked. "We can't just say poor Billings and the others turned into smoke and went up the stove pipe!"

"Suppose they find the door unlocked?" Hagen said. "That way they're bound to figure the fellows sneaked into the compound, maybe stowed away on a truck or something, got out that way. It's been done often enough."

"Not here," Pearlworthy said gloomily. "Besides, how do we unlock the door? The lock is on the other side and even a pro like you can't reach a mechanism through an inch of steel."

"You are looking," the tiny carnival escape artist said proudly, "at a man who routinely succeeded in cramming himself into an overnight bag. That window is a lead pipe cinch."

Miller could barely believe his eyes when, using one of the bunks as a ladder, Hagen clambered up and wriggled through the eight-inch window slit with the ease of a greased snake, dropping silently to the ground.

Kneeling on the upper bunk, Miller nervously watched Hagen crawl toward the steel door on his hands and knees, dropping flat whenever the roving searchlights swept the barracks. A moment later, they heard faint metallic scratching sounds from the other side of the door. It opened and Hagen slipped inside, grinning. "Absolutely nothing," he declared. "You should have seen the time I got out of a padlocked trunk on the

bottom of Lake Erie."

Unnoticed by the others, Jack Chambers had smudged his face and hands with dirt. "Won't be enough," he said. "The scum have to be convinced that Billings and the others actually reached the compound."

"How?" Miller asked.

"I'm going to cream a guard! They'll think the 'escapees' did it."

Before they could talk him out of it, Chambers was through the door, vanishing wraith-like into the night. The others waited tensely as the minutes ticked by, expecting to hear the stutter of automatic weapons. Then Chambers was back, a Luger pistol and an officer's ceremonial dagger thrust through his belt.

"Got me that creep *Oberleutnant* Schmidt," he gloated. "Right outside the mess hall. Bastard never knew what hit him."

Less than two hours later, every siren in the camp started howling at once . . .

The next week was one of the most grueling of Lew Miller's life. Like the other men in the barracks, he was grilled for hours on end, going without sleep for as much as a day and a half at a time while teams of interrogators tried to break the story the POW's had agreed upon. Finally, dazed with weariness, the words became meaningless even to himself, as if someone were playing a miniature phonograph record inside his head:

"I had no idea Colonel Billings was planning a break . . . No, I didn't hear them leave the barracks . . . Who unlocked the door? How should I know? I wasn't asked to take part in the escape. Wouldn't be here if I had . . . Why not? Hell, I guess Colonel Billings just didn't like my looks . . ."

To his surprise, the interrogations never included physical torture. As this stage of the war—with an Allied invasion of France expected momentarily—some prison camp commandants were careful to avoid any actions that might put them in a war crimes docket if Germany lost.

At last, the questioning ended. Immediately afterward, the entire guard force of the camp was replaced, the former jailers being shipped *en masse* to the Russian front. Obviously, the commandant had decided someone under his command had been bribed to smuggle the escapees out of the compound.

Miller and his friends sank back into the dreary routine of POW life—eating the watery soup and ersatz bread that was their only food, playing endless games of IOU poker with cards so stained and creased that most of them were identifiable by their backs. The first break in the monotony was the arrival, early in March, of Corporal Leroy Krajewski. An incredibly strong giant of a man, with hands like snow shovels, Krajewski was a former coal miner from Connellsville, Pennsylvania. During a mass break from Stalag 16, less than a week earlier, he had overturned a wooden guard tower with his bare hands, enabling more than a dozen POW's to escape. Caught two days later in the Bohemian Forest, he laid out eight German soldiers before being subdued.

AS a professional miner, Krajewski was

to give the "final verdict" on Billings' tunnel. "Anyone dumb enough to go in there," he said after inspecting the crumbled shaft, "deserves to die with his mouth full of dirt. It'd be easier to secretly build an airplane and fly out!"

But the time came when, like it or not, Sam Billings' tunnel had to be used. After midnight on August 3, they were awakened by guards, who shoved a man wearing a filthy, smoke-stained RAF flying suit into the barracks. "Meet Wing Commander Mallory," an SS corporal said with a sarcastic laugh. "Don't become too friendly. We're only keeping him here until they send a truck up from Reutlingen. His filthy bomber crashed in the next valley."

After muttered greetings to the newcomer, the men in the barracks turned over and tried to go back to sleep. They would have if he hadn't asked in a pleading voice:

"Would one of you gentlemen please kill me? I lack the courage to do the job myself, I'm afraid."

They all sat up. Miles Pearlworthy lit a candle, a serious infraction of the camp rules after 2100 hours. "Damn!" he gasped when he got a closer look at "Wing Commander Mallory."

"You know who I am?" the man asked. His eyes stunned, Pearlworthy nodded. "You toured my Spitfire base in '41."

"One of you will simply have to kill me," the newcomer said in despair . . .

He told his story in clipped phrases. "Wing Commander Mallory" was actually Sir Roger Cleff, one of Britain's three top civilian experts in aerial weaponry, a key figure in the development of mass saturation-bombing techniques. "I'm here out of stupidity," the gray-haired, weary-faced Cleff said with bitter self-reproach. "As far as anyone in London knows, I'm on a month's holiday at my hunting lodge in the north of Scotland. Doctor ordered it. Gall bladder. Left orders I wasn't to be bothered under any circumstances. Trouble is, two nights ago, we hit the underground rocket assembly works in Munich. The planes used a special deep penetration bomb I devised for the Air Ministry. Wanted to see if it had really done the job. I'm absolutely forbidden to go on combat missions, of course, but I'd cheated before and gotten away with it. Old Hugh Mallory—we went to Cambridge together—was leading a follow-up reconnaissance over the target area. Talked him into taking me along. Not even the other crewmen on the Lancaster knew who I was. We'd taken aerial photographs and were heading back when this wretch of an Me-109 zoomed out of nowhere and shot us up. God knows why, but I was the only one who came out of the crash alive. Managed to pull old Hugh from the wreckage before it burned completely. Poor fellow was dead. Knew full well the Jerries would sell Eva Braun into slavery to get their hands on me, so I changed clothes with Hugh, put on his identity discs . . . Now you'll have to kill me. Nothing for it."

"Now take it easy," Jack Chambers said. "Why do you want to die?"

"I have in my head the dates, targets and flight patterns of two dozen RAF and

American air raids scheduled for the next 30 to 40 days. Mass strikes on ball bearing factories, V-1 launching sites, everything you can think of. Once the Germans discover who I am, they're certain to torture me, learn everything they can. Never enjoyed physical pain. Very un-British of me, I'm sorry to say. No, I'll talk. Not a shred of doubt in my mind. And that means thousands of men will die when the Germans intercept our formations.

"And there's more, another matter that I can't even mention . . ."

"Maybe they won't realize you aren't Mallory," Hagen suggested hopefully.

MILES Pearlworthy shook his head. "Not a prayer. Once they have him in a regular POW camp, he'll be put through the routine works by Jerry Intelligence. The lice have memorized photographs of men like Sir Roger, just in case they ever run into this kind of a windfall. They may even have his fingerprints. He's quite right. We'll have to kill him."

Shuddering, Cleff closed his eyes. "Don't tell me how you're going to do it. Don't want to know."

The five POW's stared at each other in horrified consternation. "Not me," Chambers blurted. "Don't ask me!"

"Has to be another way," Krajewski muttered.

But no one had any suggestions. Sickened at the task confronting them, they were about to draw straws to choose the assassin. Then the problem was taken out of their hands. The door was thrown open and the guard squad filed in.

"Burning candles again, eh?" the Nazi corporal sneered. "You know what that will mean. No exercise privileges for two weeks."

"You will come with us, Commander Mallory. The transportation to your new home has arrived. If you behave yourself at Stalag 13, you will never see this place again."

Shoulders slumped in defeat, Sir Roger Cleff shuffled through the door, followed by the guards.

"What are we going to do?" Pearlworthy asked.

"I see only one possibility," Lew Miller said tightly. "We have to get word to our guys that Cleff is a prisoner. Then they're certain to wash out all the raids he helped plan."

"Get word!" Hagen said mockingly. "How? With a carrier pigeon? And what about that 'other matter' that Cleff can't mention?"

"We have to stage a break, deliver the news personally. As for the 'other matter,' well, one thing at a time. And he'll never get to tell us now, anyway."

"But it will take weeks—perhaps months—to mount a successful escape," Pearlworthy said.

Then Miller spoke the words that chilled even himself: "We'll have to use Sam Billings' tunnel . . ."

When everyone had agreed to take part, they spent the next few hours making plans. "One thing I'm sure of," Miller said. "If we get out, the dumbest moves we could make would be to head toward either Switzerland or the Allied lines in

France. It's just what the Krauts will expect us to do. Once they realize how important Cleff is, they'll saturate both routes with thousands of troops. We'd never get through."

"What the hell alternative is there?" Chambers asked.

"Sweden. If we make it to the Danish coast, it's only a few miles across into neutral territory."

"You're mad!" Pearlworthy gasped. "That means covering more than 700 miles, right through the heart of Germany."

"Sure—but the Krauts would never figure we'd do anything that crazy. If we stick to wooded areas, avoid towns we might make it. The other alternatives are sure losers."

"Too much talk," Krajewski grumbled. "We aren't even sure the tunnel can be cleared."

THE first earthen obstacle proved to be less than five feet thick. When the breakthrough was made, Miller slipped into the open space beyond, crawling more than 250 yards before hitting another obstruction.

"It's practically all open," he told the others exultantly when he and Krajewski returned to the barracks. "And the dirt is loose as hell. We could get it all out in one night if we had to. Means we won't have to dispose of the filthy stuff every day."

Leroy Krajewski frowned. "You dug most of the shaft in the winter, when the soil was still partly frozen. It is much less solid now. Anything could trigger another cave-in. That it hasn't happened already is a miracle."

"But we don't have time to screw around," Jack Chambers said. "I'm for making one big try and to hell with it."

The wildly reckless plan was put into action the next night. Since there was no turning back once they began, the five POW's dismantled their bunks. The heavy lengths of wood would be needed as shoring timbers. Then they went to work, operating with frantic speed. One man at a time did the actual digging, while the others—strung out in the tunnel behind him—passed back the unearthed soil in tin mess plates.

By midnight all of them felt as though they had been hit by a steam roller. A 10-foot-high mound of dirt sat in the center of the barracks floor. Nevertheless—gasping for breath, bodies drenched with sweat—they continued to dig. No other choice was left to them, since they would never be able to conceal the evidence of the break attempt this late in the game.

"Suppose it's filled up from here on in?" wheezed Ed Hagen when Miller replaced him in the digger's spot. "Won't have a prayer of breaking through by roll call."

"Too late to worry about that now."

Moments later, his groping hands discovered a human skull with strips of rotting flesh still adhered to it. As they had feared, Billings and his comrades hadn't made it.

After the grisly discovery, their task became a brain-numbing nightmare. They dug on and on, the odor of death clogging their nostrils, mingling with the smell of their vomit. At least two dozen times, they

froze in place during light earthfalls, hearts pounding while Krajewski's expert hands wedged in pieces of the broken bunks as shoring.

"What time is it?" Miller cried when he edged past Chambers, who was taking the digging shift.

"Close to three," the Ranger captain said. "We'll never make it!"

But, only seconds later, Chambers broke through to another clear stretch of tunnel. Krajewski, holding a candle, crept ahead to inspect it. "It's open the rest of the way!" the ex-miner called back. "Come ahead."

The others had nearly reached him when the shaft roof started to give way. At first, Miller—in the lead—thought that the gravel sifting down on his scrambling body was just another minor fall. Then the earthen rain became heavier and heavier and he heard a terrible, groaning sound overhead. Krajewski's candle flickered out. Fighting panic, Miller continued to crawl, choking on the clouds of minute particles clogging his nose and mouth.

HIS hands touched cloth; he realized that it was Leroy Krajewski's pants leg. The huge man had somehow reached a partially standing position.

"Go between my legs," Krajewski ordered in a strained, agony-filled voice. "Don't stop . . . Nothing to be done . . . I've had it . . ."

At last, Miller understood. Krajewski was supporting a collapsed section of the shaft roof on his giant shoulders and back. Miller scrambled between the Pennsylvanian's feet, hurried on. Behind him, Ed Hagen's fingers grazed the soles of his shoes . . .

Miller didn't stop until his head struck a solid wall. He sat up, struck a match. He had reached the end of the tunnel.

"We have to get Leroy out of there," Jack Chambers said.

But it was already too late. They heard a muffled roar far behind them, knew that Krajewski was gone . . .

Like gophers trapped in a flooded burrow, they tore away the three feet of dirt between themselves and the surface and crawled out one by one, sucking clean air into their aching lungs. The stalag's barbed wire fence lay more than 100 yards behind them as they fled into the night . . .

For hours, the POW's plunged headlong through the forest, heedless of the thorns and branches tearing through their garments, ripping their flesh. The first gray traces of dawn were on the horizon when they finally sought refuge in a stone outbuilding on an isolated mountain farm. They were so weary that they were barely able to climb the rickety wooden ladder to the loft, which was filled with bales of hay.

"Poor Leroy," Chambers wheezed as he flung himself on to a bale. "The poor son of a bitch."

"Can't worry about that," Miller said. "We have our own necks to save."

It was past five. In less than an hour their escape would be discovered—if it hadn't been already. "What's the next step?" Miles Pearlworthy asked.

"I think we ought to hide out here until nightfall," Miller suggested. "Hundreds

of these small farms in the mountains. They can't check every one of them. Besides, we're north of the camp. The Krauts are certain to send most of the search parties south and west."

Miller volunteered to man the first watch while the others slept. The stolen Luger through his belt, he took up a post near the small loft window. When the sun rose, he studied the terrain. The farmhouse was nearly half a mile away, indicating that this building was used only for storage purposes. Since the hay bales were obviously intended as winter fodder, there seemed little chance that anyone would enter the structure. Luckily, it sat atop a hill, accessible only by a winding, steep dirt road. Approaching vehicles would be visible a mile away.

The sun was high when Chambers relieved Miller on watch. He crept behind the stacked hay bales and was asleep in seconds . . .

Awakened by a tug on his sleeve, Miller sat up groggily to see Hagen kneeling beside him. "Something coming," the tiny escape artist whispered harshly. The warning was unnecessary. Miller had already heard a distant automobile engine.

HE joined the others at the window. An open touring car was rolling up the twisting road beneath the barn. They were about to make a run for it when the vehicle came close enough for its occupants to be visible. A man in a *Luftwaffe* officer's uniform was driving—and sitting beside him was a young blonde girl in a Bavarian peasant dress. A German lieutenant, his arm around a blonde, was in the rear.

"If they're hunting us, they're sure going about it funny," Ed Hagen said with a nervous laugh. "Think we ought to beat it?"

But it was already too late for an escape. The car squealed to a halt in front of the barn and the occupants clambered out. The driver—a *Luftwaffe* captain—carried a wicker basket. The man in the back seat held a bottle of Moselle wine in either hand.

"Good God almighty!" Jack Chambers gasped. "They're on a picnic!"

The four POW's scurried behind the bales of fodder. For the next half hour, they listened to the babble of voices as the couples spread out their lunch on the barn floor. Fluent in German, Miller realized that the quartet wasn't going to leave soon. As the meal neared its end, the carefree voices grew increasingly serious.

"We only have another day's leave," the German captain said pleadingly to the blonde. "And I promise we will not forget you and Ilse. Suppose we go down in flames tomorrow? You'll be sorry then."

"What are they talking about?" Hagen whispered in Miller's ear.

"What you'd be talking about if you were down there."

"Not here," the girl replied. "Suppose someone should come in?"

"The loft then," contributed the Nazi lieutenant.

Nearly 18 months had passed since Lew Miller had been this close to a woman. Despite their perilous situation, he felt a hard knot of desire form in his gut as the couples climbed to the loft. Peering

through a space between the fodder bales, he got his first close glimpse of the two girls. The blonde—who couldn't have been more than 19—had already pulled her blouse over her head and was leaning back to wriggle out of her skirt, her full, quivering breasts nearly spilling from a filmy lace bra. The captain's eager hands reached behind her, sought the brassiere's snaps . . .

Then Jack Chambers uttered a soft, strangled, barely audible cough. The laughter on the other side of the bales ceased.

"Who is there?" the *Luftwaffe* captain asked sharply, reaching toward his holstered sidearm.

"It's just a chicken or something," his friend said. "Come, Ilse, get out of those panties."

Miller drew his Luger, stood erect and shot the captain between the eyes. Blood spurting from his shattered forehead, he fell across the nearly naked blonde's lissome body. Female screams ringing in his ears, Miller swiveled about just in time to see Jack Chambers follow through his swing with a chunky piece of oaken plank that sent the Nazi lieutenant over the edge of the hayloft to the barn floor below. But somehow, the Nazi recovered and, his head bloody, he staggered out through the barn door.

By the time Miller reached the doorway, the Nazi had roared off in the touring car. "Son of a raving bitch!" the American howled. He knew that an hour after the German sounded the alarm they would all be dead or captured.

THEN Miles Pearlworthy rushed past him. "I'll handle it!" the former track star yelled . . .

As the car descended the twisting road below the barn, Miles Pearlworthy dashed cross-country through the fields. In his hand was the ceremonial dagger Chambers had stolen back at the stalag. The Englishman vaulted hedges and drainage ditches like a gazelle, long legs moving so fast that they were blurred. He was nearly a mile from the barn when he plunged down a steep bluff above the road—just as the German hit the brakes to negotiate a sharp curve, only a few feet away.

With the last of his strength, Pearlworthy dived into the front seat, plunging the dagger into the German's throat. The car veered off the road, rattled down a hillside, overturned twice, finally coming to crashing rest against the trunk of a massive oak tree . . .

Hours later, a squad of *Wehrmacht* troops found Pearlworthy lying in a thicket a quarter of a mile from the wreck. Both his legs were broken. "You may not know it," the Englishman said in a pain-throttled voice as he stared up into rifle muzzles, "but you nearly witnessed an historic event. Honestly believe I was the first man to break the four-minute mile. Bloody shame I'll never be able to prove it . . ."

After binding and gagging the two terrified German girls with their own clothing, the three surviving escapees had hurried to the scene of the car crash. All they had found was the dead Nazi officer.

Miles Pearlworthy had already dragged himself into the woods.

"He has to be around someplace!" said the baffled Jack Chambers.

They shouted the Englishman's name again and again, not realizing that Pearlworthy had temporarily passed out from the pain of his shattered legs. "No good," Lew Miller finally said. "God knows who heard that car hit the tree. We'd better move on while we still can . . ."

For the next five days, the trio lived like hunted animals. Travelling only at night, they spent the sunlit hours among the dark fir trees of central Germany. Their chief source of food was rotting potatoes, torn from the earth of backwoods farms. Since it was still summer, they had hoped to find wild berries and nuts, but few were available. At this stage of the war—when the German civilian population was getting its first real taste of starvation—known patches of natural food had long since been ravaged by teams sent out by local villages. Several times they barely escaped detection by such groups of foraging peasants.

The only time they found an intact food supply led to yet another disaster. Crossing a narrow spur of mountains north of Fulda, they stumbled upon a meadow dark with blueberries. It was sunrise, when they usually went into hiding. However, hunger overcame caution.

"You two get back in the trees," Chambers said. "Who's going to pay any attention to one man picking berries, even if there's anybody around? Another day without eating and you'll have to bury me!"

Desperate, they took the chance—and were soon to regret it. Chambers had barely filled his greasy fatigue cap with fruit when, seemingly zooming out of nowhere, a single-engine Junkers observation plane swept over the meadow at treetop level. The aircraft pulled up sharply, banked to the south . . .

"That tore it!" groaned Lew Miller . . .

THE three POW's fled higher and higher into the mountains, keeping to the most heavily wooded areas. Two hours after the Junkers' appearance, they knew that Chambers had been identified as an escaped prisoner. Lying on their bellies atop a ridge, they saw a column of Nazi trucks roaring up a dirt road miles below. They halted, disgorging dozens of rifle-bearing men in gray-green uniforms. The soldiers spread out in a thin skirmish line, and moved forward . . .

"At least we've got a decent head-start," Miller said. "Maybe we can find a place to lie low until they've passed us by."

They climbed on, crossed a sparsely wooded peak, entered a stretch of deep woods with high granite cliffs on either side. "Damn it, if we only had a map!" Chambers said. "This looks like a pass but you can't ever be sure."

Dusk was closing in when they came up against a sheer rock wall stabbing nearly 700 feet into the sky. Equally steep cliff faces loomed on both sides. "We're boxed

in," Chambers said gloomily. "And if we backtrack, we'll run into the Krauts for sure. Can't be more than half an hour behind us. Only one thing to do—climb out of here."

"You're nuts," Hagen told the ex-alpinist in an appalled voice. "I get dizzy on high curbs!"

"Not you and Lew," Chambers said. "Without ropes and tools, neither of you could do it. But the climb is a cinch for me. And while I'm up there, the Krauts won't be looking at anybody else. That spotter plane saw one man. How do they know we didn't all split up and head in different directions after that shoot-out in the barn? Besides, I've a good chance of making it on my own . . ."

A plan was quickly devised. They scooped out two troughs in a copse of trees at the edge of the canyon. Miller and Hagen lay down in the holes. Then Chambers covered both of them with pine needles, leaving only their faces exposed. "Be dark soon," Chambers said. "You'll be able to slip out then . . . So long . . ."

The two hidden men were helpless witnesses to what followed. They watched Chambers start up the cliff face, bathed in the red glow of the dying sun. He was two-thirds of the way to the top, clambering from handhold to handhold like a monkey, when the Nazi force entered the blind canyon. An advancing German passed so close to the concealed Americans that a heavy black boot almost stepped on Miller's head.

But Chambers had been right. None of the troops paid the slightest attention to the ground. Every eye was following the POW's perilous course up the face of the cliff.

"Come down!" A Nazi officer bellowed through a bullhorn.

When the warning was ignored, the soldiers opened fire with their rifles. Jack Chambers was within six feet of the top of the cliff when a bullet caught him in the back. His body plummeted earthward . . .

Chambers' sacrifice gave Miller and Hagen another ticket to survival, since the Nazis, thinking the other POW's had made it over the mountain, withdrew. Under cover of the gathering darkness, they made their way back through the canyon and resumed the journey north . . .

The next two weeks were, forever after, a desperate, confused blur in Lew Miller's mind. He and Hagen slipped through Nazi Germany like a team of ghosts, time after time avoiding capture by near-miracles. They stowed away on freight trains and barge canals, twice stole cars, drove them until they ran out of gas, continuing on foot. Often Miller—wearing the dead *Luftwaffe* captain's uniform—would risk visits to small towns to buy food, while Hagen remained hidden in the countryside.

BUT finally—just before dawn on August 17—they sneaked across the border into German-occupied Denmark. The most dangerous phase of the escape now confronted them. "Denmark has one of the best Resistance organizations in

Europe," Miller said after they had found shelter in the basement of a bombed out house on the outskirts of Flynn. "Means the Kraut security setup is 10 times tougher than anything we've faced up to now. We'll never make it to Sweden without help."

"But how do we contact the Underground?"

"Only one way I can think of. And I hope it doesn't get me killed . . ."

That night, wearing the captain's uniform, Lew Miller slipped into Flynn. Feigning drunkenness, he lurched from one workingman's bar to another, doing his damnedest to attract attention. His last stop was a sleazy cafe on the edge of town. He could almost feel the stares of hate against his back as he staggered into the darkness, careened over to an open field across from the bar, as if about to vomit.

Miller was almost sure his strategy had failed when he heard soft footsteps behind him. Throwing off the drunk act, he turned and drew his Luger. Facing him was a young Dane with a knife held high.

"Shoot, you Nazi butcher!" the youth cried in despair.

"I'm not German," Miller said, lowering the Luger. "I'm an escaped prisoner of war. And I need help . . ."

Half an hour later, Miller was led into the home of the town's schoolmaster, leader of the local Resistance unit. To his surprise, the POW had little trouble convincing the man of his true identity. "You and your friend are already legend," the schoolmaster said. "The Germans have plastered your pictures on half the walls in Denmark."

The details of the flight to Sweden were arranged quickly. The schoolmaster gave Miller a map of the area. Circled in red was the isolated fishing pier where, at midnight, he and Hagen were to be picked up by a Danish trawler. "Do not be late," the schoolteacher said. "The captain will put in for only two minutes."

Almost dizzy with relief, Lew Miller made his way back to the gutted building where he had left Ed Hagen. He crawled into the basement and softly called out his friend's name. Then a dozen flashlights flicked on, imprisoning him in their yellow glare. "We thought you'd show up eventually," a man said harshly in German . . .

Since Flynn had no military stockade, Miller and Hagen were locked up in the local jail, a one-cell chamber with a heavy wooden door. "Nailed me right after you left," Hagen said ruefully as, at gunpoint, they were forced to strip off all their clothing. "Must have been spotted on the road. No way I could warn you."

The Germans were taking no chances. Still naked, the Americans were manacled to an overhead water pipe by both wrists, the cuff chains looped over the pipe. Miller's toes barely touched ground. The much shorter Hagen's feet dangled eight inches from the floor.

"You won't be here long," said the Nazi major who had led the squad that captured them. "A Gestapo car is on the way from Copenhagen. They will deal with you much more effectively than we could."

"Well, we almost made it," Miller sighed. "Another hour . . . Just one

more hour . . ."

To his amazement, Hagen uttered a low chuckle. "Have you loose in a minute. And if you ever tell how I did it, you'll get a fistful of knuckles in your mouth after the war . . ."

In an astonishing display of dexterity, the little carnival escape artist raised his right foot to his mouth and carefully bit away a strip of adhesive tape fixed to his naked sole. Beneath the tape was a thin steel lockpick. Using his teeth, he slipped the device between his big and first toes.

"Always carry it with me," Hagen said as he swung his legs up to circle the pipe. "No one ever looks at the bottom of your feet . . . Don't know why . . . Houdini himself figured out the trick . . . Only three other men in America know it . . ."

Seconds later, Hagen's magic toes inserted the lockpick in the mechanism of Miller's handcuffs. Grunting with effort, he twisted the device only four or five times before it clicked open and Miller dropped free, the manacle dangling from his right wrist.



"What he always neglects to tell is how much the city zoo sued him for after he shot it."

"What about you, Ed?" Miller asked.

"No way. Have to be able to see what I'm doing. And you can't handle it—not without putting in 14 or 15 years learning how . . ."

It was already too late to help Hagen. Hearing footsteps in the hall outside, Miller positioned himself opposite the door. It opened and he found himself staring into the major's incredulous, slack-jawed face. Miller lashed out with the manacle, using it like a Medieval mace-and-chain. The heavy cuff caught the German in the mouth before he could yell a warning. Blood and fragments of smashed teeth spewed from between his lips as he sank to the stone floor.

Miller struck again and again, until the Nazi's face was almost obliterated. Then he yanked the major's pistol from its holster and charged into the jail's front room. Two Gestapo agents in black leather raincoats and a rifle-bearing soldier were the only occupants. Miller fired from the hip, squeezed the trigger until all three men sprawled lifelessly on the floor. Before leaving, he tore the watch off one of the dead agent's wrists.

The Gestapo car—a gray Volkswagen—was parked in front of the jail. The naked Miller leaped behind the wheel, roaring down Flynn's main street.

Nothing in Lew Miller's civilian days as a helldriver matched his trip that night. Zooming around curves on two wheels, driving through open fields when he spotted headlights approaching, he raced full throttle toward the rendezvous with the trawler. His eyes darted repeatedly to the watch.

The sweephand gave him only seconds of leeway when he saw the pier ahead. The trawler, engines throbbing softly, was moored at its end. To his horror, its motors suddenly came to full life and the boat began edging out to sea. He realized what was happening. The crew had expected him and Hagen to arrive on foot. They must figure that Germans were in the car!

Cursing with rage, Hagen didn't ease up on the gas. The trawler's broad aft deck was more than 20 feet away when the Volkswagen shot off the end of the pier, soared through the air, slammed down on deck with an impact that buckled the heavy boards.

"I'm Miller," he said when a stunned sailor wrenched open the driver's door. "And I hope you're not a traffic cop."

Hours later, the Danes put Lew Miller ashore south of the Swedish port of Malmo. Wearing clothes borrowed from a crewman, he immediately turned himself in to the local police. The next morning he was visited in jail by an American diplomat. "Never mind me," Miller said tersely. "It's an Englishman named Sir Roger Cleff who's really important."

"I later learned that I'd got the news of Cleff's capture out barely in time," Miller recently told a journalist researching a book on World War II's greatest POW escapes. "As he'd expected, Cleff talked under torture. The very next night, half the *Luftwaffe* was ready to intercept a giant Lancaster strike on the rocket research center at Peenemunde."

Of course, the mission was scrubbed—along with every other raid Sir Roger had helped plan. The 'other matter' that Cleff had mentioned was even more important than the raids. This involved an invasion that would have brought 100,000 Allied troops into danger of being annihilated by the Nazis. The U.S. Army Air Corps had planned to use a new experimental fighter plane as air cover in the invasion, and one or more of these aircraft might have fallen into Nazi hands. So the breakout was even more important than we had even imagined."

Now the owner of an auto franchise in Chicago, Miller occasionally sees Ed Hagen, the only other member of the breakout team to survive the war. "The Krauts executed poor Miles for stabbing that *Luftwaffe* lieutenant. If Lew hadn't been found hanging helplessly by his wrists, I guess they'd have done the same thing to him because of the guys I killed in the station. He says they interrogated him for weeks. The sons of bitches went half nuts trying to learn how I'd gotten down from the water pipe. Lew insisted I'd picked the lock with my teeth but they didn't believe him . . ."

SENSUOUS ZONES

(Continued from page 18)

But this knowledge is merely the basic requirement before they can be said to know how to make love. To be really successful—and certainly if they are going to heed my advice and approach each session of lovemaking with the intention of making it as perfect as possible—they must make quite a close study of their own, and *particularly of their partner's* reactions to the various stimulation techniques.

Dr. William Masters and his associate, Mrs. Virginia Johnson, have been carrying out experiments under laboratory conditions for more than ten years. Their subjects have been volunteers, carefully chosen according to certain criteria, from all age-groups and social strata. They have trained these couples to make love under observation as naturally as they would in the privacy of their bedrooms. In 1966 Dr. Masters and Mrs. Johnson published their findings at the end of eleven years of tests in a report called *Human Sexual Response*. In my view this is the most significant study in sexual behavior to have been made up to now. Their discoveries, besides exploding many of the myths which surround sexual response, have also opened up many roads which lead to the better understanding of sexual behavior. Not only that, but if many of their findings were used as a basis for the techniques of lovemaking, there can be no doubt that these techniques would be considerably enhanced results-wise. I shall certainly use some of their findings as a foundation in some of my brief accounts which follow.

THE BREASTS

Everyone who has taken even the smallest amount of care with their lovemaking knows, I suppose, that when a woman's breasts are caressed, and particularly when the nipples are concentrated on, the nipples swell and harden, and become erect in the same way that the clitoris and penis do. The reason for this is that the nerves of the breast are concentrated with the woman's sexual nervous system, the effect of which is two-fold: it calls forth sexual-like responses in the nipples themselves, and also makes it possible for the breasts to convey a message of sexual excitement to the main sex organs.

Their operation, I believe, is to a very large extent psychological. If a woman's nipples are caressed by her partner's finger and thumb or his mouth, this is a definite sexual approach. She knows it, and this heightens her responses. There are a number of women who can withhold the erection of the nipples if an attempt is made to caress them by a man who, for some reason or another, is sexually repugnant to them. This has an analogy in the man who is the object of stimulation by a man or woman for whom he has no

sexual desire at all; a strongly heterosexual man who finds homosexual behavior thoroughly disgusting very rarely responds with erections even if his penis is expertly stimulated by a homosexual.

AS I shall be explaining later—I have already briefly mentioned it before—it is, in my view, preferable to begin foreplay not with direct stimulation of the clitoris, which is both hard to find in very many cases and also capable of causing a good deal of pain if stimulated dry, but with stimulation of other of the sensitive (erogenous) zones. With the exception of the entrance-rim of the vagina and the clitoris, the breasts are usually a woman's most highly sensitive zone. Even cupping them in the hands is sufficient to cause in most women a pleasurable response. So if foreplay begins at the breasts, the clitoris is most likely to become erect in less time than if any other of the erogenous zones were stimulated.

Naturally erection, as with the penis and clitoris, brings about an increase in the size of the nipples. This, of course, is brought about by a similar inrush of blood as in the case of the penis and clitoris. Masters and Johnson have discovered that large nipples do not increase in size proportionately with small nipples; in other words, small nipples increase more in erect-size relation to their relaxed-size than do large nipples. It follows, too, that the woman with large nipples does not have a more intense response than the woman with small nipples. In fact, the woman with small nipples can have an intensity of response of which the large-nippled woman can never be capable. Men, therefore, who look for large nipples in the belief that they will find a highly passionate nature, are deluding themselves.

Once the nipples have become erect, as a rule they stay erect until the woman has come off. But again it is not possible to generalize, for though a woman may become progressively excited until she requires the penis to be put into her and coupling rapidly brought to a climax, in quite a few women the nipples may lose their erection. A number of women have testified to this, while others have said that they lose nipple-erection if direct stimulation is withdrawn. Some of these women find that once nipple erection has been lost, it cannot be regained even under expert direct stimulation. They lose nothing by this, however, for the stimulation of other erogenous zones makes up for the lost sensations in the breast area.

Broadly speaking, however, in the majority of women nipple-erection does remain until after the woman has come off. The subsidence is not always apparent, because the areola, which also swells during excitement, subsides first and though the nipple may be quite soft, it relaxes much more slowly than the areola, and seems to be still erect.

Before I go on to consider the responses to sexual excitement of the various individual parts of the sexual apparatus of women, it will be useful to describe briefly two different sets of reactions which do occur in *all* sexually excited

women—though, again, with varying degrees of effectiveness. They are:

THE ACTION OF MUSCLES

In the final phase of sexual excitement, there is scarcely a muscle in the body that is not involved, some considerably so, some only very slightly, in the response to sex. Even in the middle phase of excitement, some of the most unlikely muscles become caught up in the general response to stimulation and mounting tension.

The reaction of the muscles has one outstanding characteristic—tightening; though some of them have a characteristic tightening alternating with relaxing, such muscles being those most closely associated with the physical mechanics of orgasm. I shall be dealing with these particular muscles in a little more detail later, but they are for the most part, those which surround the vagina.

Tensing of the muscles, of course, is not only the accompaniment of mounting sexual tension, and relief from that tension. Fear causes it, for example. The man with a bad head for heights, who finds himself on a narrow ridge with a drop of tens of feet below him, becomes petrified by his fear of falling to his death. "Petrified," "turned to stone." He becomes rigid, unable to move a limb. Pain, especially sudden pain, more often than not, has the same effect.

This tensing of the muscles is, for the most part, automatic, involuntary and often unconscious. Unconscious tensing is certainly the reaction to emotional stress of the type which causes headaches. The headaches are, in fact, brought on by the tensing of the muscles around the upper part of the spine and in the neck.

In connection with sexual excitement, one group of muscles which are unconsciously tightened are those in the chest. It is this which is the direct cause of the "gasping for breath" which is a universal characteristic of both men and women as they become increasingly sexually stimulated, even if they are lying absolutely still and are submitting to the caresses of the partner. Men, as a whole, tend to gasp more vehemently than women, and there has previously been the notion that he does so because his thrusting movements during the final phase of lovemaking constitute comparatively violent exercise, and though one might not know the cause of the quicker-than-normal breathing which is brought on by any form of vigorous physical exercise, I don't suppose that there was anyone who was unaware of the shortness of breath or who did not recognize it as an invariable accompaniment to vigorous physical exercise.

If we had carried out only the simplest of researches, we might have discovered long before Masters and Johnson brought it home to us, that the man breathes more deeply long before he embarks on the final, vigorous phase of intercourse; that in fact, if he is masturbated by a partner he manifests the same gasping for breath after the point-of-no-return has been reached and until he has finished coming

off, yet he has remained absolutely immobile himself. Had we been at all observant we would have noticed that those women who lie on their backs and make absolutely no physical response at all to their partner's thrusting movements, also gasp for breath as they come off. We might even have noticed that if we indulge ourselves with a prolonged session of sex—say an hour or an hour and a half—and are the happy victims of expert stimulation, after about half an hour we have increasing difficulty in breathing through our noses and have to breathe through our mouths to avoid a sensation of suffocating. Some couples—highly sexed and passionate whose coming off sensations are almost invariably intense—have been observed baring their teeth at the very peak of coming off, which indicates that a strong desire of involuntary muscle tension is present, since it is clear that the baring of teeth is not the natural reaction at moments of great conscious ecstasy, and while, in addition, in order to bare the teeth the muscles of the lips must be tensed.

However, the tensing of these particular muscles in the chest which compel both the man and the woman to breathe deeply, is not the only cause of the gasping. The second unavoidable reaction to sexual stimulation is the concentration of blood in various parts of the body. The obvious members which respond in this way are the nipples of both partners, the woman's clitoris and outer and inner vaginal lips, and the man's penis, the clitoris and penis becoming so engorged with a concentration of blood that they become quite rigid as well as swollen in size, and the vaginal lips so enlarged, though they remain soft, that the difference between their relaxed and engorged states is visible and their swelling recognizable to the touch.

BY their researches into blood concentration Masters and Johnson made the discovery of other areas of the body which are subject to this phenomenon. They found that during the early stages of a woman's response to sexual stimulation the womb raises itself again. This was one of the really original discoveries of the whole research project; before Masters and Johnson noted it, it was unknown. Since there are no muscles surrounding the womb—though there are muscles built into it—this movement has created a puzzle. Masters and Johnson's own explanation, or rather suggested explanation, is that it is brought about by a concentration of blood in the ligaments that hold the womb in place, that the swelling of the ligaments caused by this concentration of blood shortens the ligaments, and this shortening has the effect of lifting the womb. They could not prove that this is what happens because no method of observing the ligaments has yet been devised, and consequently a number of eminent gynaecologists reject their suggested explanation. Their own suggestion was that as the woman becomes more and more sexually excited, the muscles in her abdomen and pelvic areas tighten and this tightening raises the womb. After she has come off, the muscles

relax, thus allowing the womb to return to its normal position.

Whether or not the womb-ligaments do experience a concentration of blood, the increase in the size of the woman's breasts—not her nipples only—is the result of an unusual flow of blood in the breasts as a consequence of general sexual stimulation of the woman.

I shall be discussing both the concentration of blood and the tightening of muscles much more specifically when I come to deal with the sexual response of individual organs, the first of which are the clitoris and vagina.

THE RESPONSE OF THE CLITORIS AND VAGINA

The clitoris and vagina are the woman's two major sexual organs, and the clitoris is the woman's most sensitive erogenous zone.

First let us consider what happens physically to the clitoris when it is stimulated. To do this it is necessary for me to describe briefly how the clitoris is constructed and its site.

It is by all comparisons, a tiny organ. It has been calculated that in its relaxed state its average length is about one-fifth of an inch. There are, however, as many variations in size as there are of the penis from man to man. Some clitorises are so large, that when they are erect they protrude from the outer vaginal lips to all appearances like the head of a miniature penis. The average clitoris, however, is too small to be easily seen, even when erect, and is located usually only with difficulty.

The clitoris, then, like the penis, has a shaft and a head. The shaft remains imbedded in the skin and only the head protrudes. When the woman is not sexually excited, this head is covered by a hood of skin, which, when erection takes place, slips back, just like the foreskin of the uncircumcised male, and exposes the head.

Other characteristics of the penis retained by the clitoris are the spongy erectile tissue, which fills with blood in response to sexual stimulation, thus causing the clitoris to become stiff, like the penis; and the mass of nerves, concentrated here more densely than in any other part of the woman's sexual apparatus, which are connected with her general sexual nervous system, under sustained direct stimulation bring about the woman's orgasm.

The clitoris is sited at the upper point of the inner vaginal lips, which cover it. Below it is the opening of the urethra—the tube by which the bladder is emptied of urine—below which again is the vaginal entrance. From the clitoris to the upper rim of the vaginal entrance, fronting the pubic bone, is a short strip of flesh covered with the special membrane skin which lines the vagina, and is similar to the membrane covering the head of the penis. This strip has no anatomical name so far as I can discover, and for the sake of convenience, I call it the vaginal ridge, since it is necessary to refer to it frequently in our consideration of the function of the vagina and clitoris.

Packed full of nerves though it is, the clitoris requires much longer direct

stimulation than does the penis not only to bring it to erection, but to build up the responses to the plateau phase and thereafter. But before any kind of direct stimulation can be applied to it, the clitoris has to be located, and this, in more cases than not, is quite a job. It would save a lot of time and worry if the woman would take her husband's finger and direct it on to the clitoris.

Even when he has located it, he may not be able to swear that he can feel it, but if he gently rubs the spot indicated by his wife, after some minutes he will become aware of a tiny hard ball, about the size of a small pea, under his finger. You will recall that earlier on I advocated that the man should not begin his foreplay with direct stimulation of the clitoris, but should induce its erection and bring the Bartholin's lubricating glands into action by stimulating the breasts and other erogenous zones, on the grounds that direct stimulation can cause extreme discomfort, perhaps to the extent of killing the woman's desire altogether, if he attempts it before some degree of erection and particularly the flow of lubricating fluid have been achieved. Really expert stimulation of the breasts will automatically have an erectile effect on the clitoris, though from woman to woman, and in the same woman from occasion to occasion, more or less time will be required to bring about clitoral erection.

Now, the odd thing about the clitoris is that the head protrudes from the hood only during the first, or excitement, phase of stimulation. Masters and Johnson discovered by observation that when the plateau phase was reached, the clitoris, while remaining fully erect, draws back within the hood and stays there until after she has come off. This will account for the complaint of many men in the past that they have been unable to maintain their wives' clitoral erection because after having found it and caressed it for a time, they have lost it since it has lost its erection.

Though the woman loses all, or most, of her arousal sensations when direct stimulation stops, the erected and swollen areas do not subside. The clitoris and nipples remain erect and the two sets of vaginal lips swollen, despite the fact that they are not under stimulation from physical or psychological causes. In fact, as every sex manual will tell you, after the woman comes off she goes on feeling orgasm sensations for quite a time and her erect and swollen areas take some minutes to subside to normal.

So much for the clitoris and its responses. We will turn now to the other chief part of the woman's sexual apparatus—the vagina.

THE vagina—it is a Latin word meaning *sheath*—is a kind of barrel-like tube going up inside the woman's body from its opening between her legs. In length, and in a state of repose, it is on an average 3 inches long. It is lined with a special membrane which is corrugated in two senses—it has largish folds in it when in repose and still has other corrugated features when stretched by the penis whose

function is to stimulate the nerves in the penis. The first kind of corrugation is brought about by the fact that, being only 3 inches long, whereas practically any length of penis that goes into it will be between an inch and four or five inches longer, it has to stretch longways to accommodate the penis. It is also capable of expanding in circumference so as to take a penis of almost any girth.

Even before the penis is put into the vagina, however, the vagina increases in size from its normal relaxed state, the increase being a direct result of the woman being sexually roused; and though the entrance to the vagina does not react in this way, but remains a tight ring, which expands only when made to do so by the penis, the rest of the tube expands until, at the far end, it takes on a bell-like appearance.

The first half of the vagina's length is supplied with nerves and is surrounded by inner walls of smooth muscle. Masters and Johnson have called this part of the vagina the orgasmic platform, because if the vagina does produce orgasmic sensations, it is here they will be originated. I shall be giving my view of "vaginal orgasm" later, but even if women are not capable of being brought to orgasm by vaginal stimulation alone, the orgasmic platform is that part of the vagina—in addition to other areas of the body—where she experiences orgasmic sensations.

The rim of the vaginal entrance is as well supplied with nerves as is the clitoris, and the frenum of the man's penis, and is, therefore, a highly important erogenous zone. It is also surrounded by a muscle which the woman can learn to operate. It is, however, by way of being what is known as an *involuntary* muscle; that is to say, at times it contracts and relaxes at will, and nothing that the woman can do will stop these movements. In a very large number of women they occur as she comes off, in the same way and in such a pronounced fashion that the muscles surrounding the male genital area contract and relax to force the semen out of the penis when the man comes off. In quite a number of women, however, they are so faint that they cannot be felt by the penis, and, according to some women, not even by the woman themselves.

The entrance to the vagina is protected by two small folds of flesh known as the inner (or minor or lesser) lips, while the outer lips, the vaginal ridge, the urethral opening and the clitoris are protected by larger folds of flesh called the outer (or major or greater) lips. The covering of the inner lips is the special membrane that lines the vagina, except that it is not corrugated, while the outer covering of the outer lips is ordinary skin. Both sets of lips, as I have mentioned already, become swollen with concentrations of blood when the woman is sexually excited.

Because of its expanding potential the vagina does not have to be stimulated to enlargement in order to admit the penis. Though it is difficult for a man to get his penis into an unroused vagina, it can be done provided the penis is well lubricated. He can move his penis backwards and forwards, too, in the usual way and the friction of the walls will bring him off.

FEMALE ORGASM

The sensations produced by coming off in both men and women defy description; and such is the effect of them on the physical awareness at the very peak of the climax, that it is extremely difficult for either the man or the woman to describe precisely how and when the orgasmic sensations begin, how they develop and in which parts of the anatomy they develop. On the other hand, thanks to the Masters and Johnson researches, it is now possible to say how various parts of the anatomy react physically during orgasm—something which could not be done before except in a very superficial way.

Let us consider first the woman's physical reactions; in other words, let us see how various parts of the body behave under the impact of orgasmic sensations.

As sexual excitement rises the clitoris enlarges. The degree of enlargement differs from woman to woman, and from occasion to occasion in the same woman; but as far as an average can be struck, it is not far out if we say that at the peak of enlargement the clitoris is double the size that it is when relaxed. It has reached the peak of enlargement usually just before the woman enters the second phase of excitement—the plateau phase.

THE clitoris, which is composed of erectile tissue, like the nipples and the man's penis, is enlarged by the inflow of blood in response to stimulation, for besides being equipped with a highly sensitive nervous system, it has an extremely large circulatory system for its size. So long as the woman is sexually stimulated, the blood will remain trapped in the clitoris.

Similarly, within a short time of the woman beginning to feel sensations of sexual arousal, the outer vaginal lips swell—also caused by the concentration of blood—and reach their maximum size before the plateau phase is reached.

The inner lips also greatly increase in size during the excitement phase. In some women they swell so much that their thickness adds almost half an inch to the length of the vagina before it is stretched by the penis.

The physical changes which take place in the vagina begin in the two-thirds of the barrel farthest from the entrance. Gradually this part of the vagina expands in all ways. Lengthways it increases by one to two inches, and in width by two or three times its relaxed proportions. These changes have come about by the end of the excitement phase.

During the plateau phase, it is the turn of the third of the vagina nearest to the entrance to change. It is this part of the vagina, it will be recalled, that Masters and Johnson refer to as the "orgasmic platform" because it is the part of the vagina most sensitive to orgasmic sensations. In contrast to the other two-thirds of the vagina-barrel, the concentration of blood in the walls causes them to swell and to reduce the diameter of the barrel by at least one-third of its normal size.

The effect of all the foregoing is to

prepare the parts of the woman's sexual apparatus most concerned with the woman's orgasm for the actual coming off, some time before this climax of excitement is reached, i.e. by the middle of the plateau phase everything is ready.

As the first of the coming-off sensations arrives quite a lot of activity begins. The orgasmic platform of the vagina—the first third nearest to the entrance—begins to contract and relax with a definite rhythm, in the same way that the penis experiences rhythmical muscular contractions as the semen is expelled during orgasm. Before the orgasm is complete the orgasmic platform very rarely makes less than four of these contractions, and can make as many as ten, according to the intensity of the orgasm. These contractions always make themselves known to the woman—like the man's incapability of having an orgasm without spouting semen—for without them she cannot come off. In more cases than not, however, they are not violent enough for the man to be aware of them via his penis, and this is the reason why the man very often has no idea whether or not his partner has come off.

These rhythmic vaginal contractions seem to spark off similar rhythmic contractions in the womb. Again, they are within the awareness of the woman, but unlike the orgasmic platform contractions they are not essential for her experience of orgasmic sensations. Women who have had their whole womb removed in hysterectomy are still capable of coming off. In fact, some women have told me that after hysterectomy their orgasms have tended to be more intense than they were before; which I believe is the result of the removal of the fear of pregnancy—whether conscious or not—allowing the woman to abandon herself to swiving without psychological reservations intervening.

As the woman approaches orgasm and during actual coming off itself, the muscles in her chest become more and more tense so that she breathes even more heavily than ever. Her heart beats much more quickly too, and thumps against her rib cage. Other muscles also tense and seem to reach their maximum of tension with the first orgasm-sensation. Though this is true of all women, in some the tension, the speed of the pulse and the breathing through the mouth are not strong enough to become known by the man. Similarly, some women, though by no means all, have an automatic compulsion to make thrusting movements with the pelvis. When the orgasmic sensations are very intense—and in highly sexed women this can be a normal, almost universal experience—the tension of the muscles in the face force them to make strange grimaces, while the intensely voluptuous feelings at the climax of coming off are a kind of extraordinary sweet pain, which makes them cry out, or moan, or even scream shrilly, as though they were being beaten. Other women may be so affected by the orgasm-sensations that they lose control over their minds and whisper or shout obscenities of which they are probably ignorant—and would certainly never dream of using—when they are not under the influence of

supreme sexual excitement.

Though, as I have said earlier, I do not think there is a man or woman past, present or future who could describe exactly in words the sensations they feel at coming off, it is, I believe, possible to describe some of the sensual aspects of the woman's orgasmic experience. Masters and Johnson asked 487 women to explain to them in their own words what they felt personally, and from these reports they have been able to make a composite picture of the general physiological reactions to orgasmic experience.

These reactions, they say, are divided into three stages. The very first orgasmic sensation—the beginning of state one—brings with it a feeling of "everything stopping," which lasts for a brief instant and is followed immediately by a sensation of acute and intense voluptuousness centered in the clitoris and from there spreading out into the pelvis. This sensation may be a gradual one or come with such an impact that it has a shock effect. All other sensations are overwhelmed by the orgasmic sensation at this stage. Many women also experience in this first stage a sense of wanting to bear down and expel something from the body, comparable with the sensations accompanying the later stages of childbirth, though having no painful quality.

STAGE two follows without a pause and seems to be a development of the voluptuous sensation radiating from the clitoris through the pelvis area. This earlier indefinable voluptuousness is now felt as a flush of warmth that begins in the pelvic area and from there spreads to every part of the body. Almost every woman experiences stage two.

When this "suffusion of warmth" seems to have reached every part of the body, there follows a feeling that the vagina and lower part of the pelvis is contracting. This is the beginning of stage three. Almost at once the sensation of contractions gives way to a sensation of throbbing, which though most intensely felt in the pelvis also pervades the rest of the body.

It is in this third stage of orgasmic sensation that the first contractions of the orgasmic platform impinge on the woman's awareness. Parallel with its later phase is the awareness of the contractions of the womb, and at the same time that both sets of contractions are felt, many women become conscious of feeling the

pulse beating in the vaginal area.

Masters and Johnson, while giving a warning against accepting their figures as anything more than an arbitrary convenience, have devised an intensity of orgasm table. If the woman has only three to five well defined orgasmic contractions, they reckon the orgasm as a mild one; five to eight contractions represent an orgasm of average intensity; while eight to twelve contractions constitutes a very intense orgasm.

The fourth phase of Masters and Johnson's sex sequence they have called the "resolution phase." This is after orgasm has reached its peak of sensation and the contractions have finished. The sensations of the resolution phase are of a pleasant afterglow of release from tension.

As the sensations die away—and they do this much more slowly in a woman than in a man—the various parts of the female sexual apparatus which have taken part in the orgasmic experience begin to return to their normal unstimulated state.

The first organ to return to normal is the orgasmic platform of the vagina. Within a very short time after the final orgasmic contraction the platform shrinks back to its normal size. The time it takes to do this, however, is generally slightly longer than the time it takes for the collapse of the penis's erection after ejaculation (orgasm) has finished. (Masters and Johnson put the period of the orgasmic platform's collapse at between a minute and a minute-and-a-half after the last orgasmic contraction.)

The shrinkage of the orgasmic platform naturally affects the rest of the vagina which also begins to return to normal. Five to eight minutes elapse, however, before the vagina returns to its normal size.

With the return of the vagina to its normal size, the womb also gradually falls back into its normal position.

The collapse of the vagina is to a large extent paralleled by the collapse of the inner and outer lips. These organs—vagina, and both sets of lips—return to normal as though to the accompaniment of a canon in music.

AT the same time that the major sex organs are returning to normal, the breasts begin to relax. As I have pointed out earlier, in the orgasmic phase the areola swells so much, and in so doing encroaches on the nipples, that it looks as if the nipples have lost their erection. After orgasm is complete, however, the areola-swelling disappears very quickly, and the nipples have the appearance of having regained erection. The nipples return to normal at a slower rate than the areola, nevertheless they are back to normal long before the swelling of the breasts themselves, caused by the concentration of blood, which can very often still be observed ten minutes after all orgasmic sensation has ceased.

The last of the major sex organs to return to normal is the clitoris. If the woman does not come off, though all the other parts affected by concentration of blood have returned to normal, the clitoris may still be erect an hour after all sexual stimulation has ceased.

FREQUENCY OF LOVEMAKING

I receive on an average of eight letters a week from newly married couples asking me how often it is wise or safe to make love.

There is no specific advice one can give, for there is probably no other field of human activity in which needs and potential so vary as in this field of sexual activity. Some men are coerced by their sexual apparatus into making love every day, often more than once a day, some are prompted by their desires three or four times a week, others twice or once a week, while a minority once a fortnight, once a month or even less. Women are responsive to the same range of promptings, if left to themselves, but are capable of quite a wide range of adjustment—which men are not—providing psychological difficulties do not intervene.

The most one can say to anyone seeking advice on frequency is that seven times a week is right for those who feel the urge seven times a week, two to five times a week for those who are prompted to make love this often. It is, in fact, practically impossible for anyone, no matter what their sexual nature is, to make love so excessively as to damage themselves. Nature has built into our bodies a number of safe-guards, which come into play as soon as any truly excessive activity is attempted, and forestalls it by preventing the male from functioning as he is required to function in order to make love naturally. No normal man or woman, of whatever category his or her sex drive may be, need be afraid of making love too often.

I have introduced the matter here, however, not to give this assurance, but to draw attention to another extremely interesting conclusion reached by Masters and Johnson. They deduce from their studies of a group of elderly subjects that the *more frequently* one makes love up to the age of 35, the *later in life* will one be sexually active. They say that it is the fear of failure to achieve erection which is the main reason for men withdrawing from sexual activity in their later years.

It has been pointed out by some commentators on Masters and Johnson's work that the conclusions they have drawn lack a certain validity, chiefly because of the small size of the groups studied. Nevertheless it is conceded that regular sex in the earlier years does generally make satisfactory sex more certain in the sixties and seventies.

I have some statistics of my own that tend to support Masters and Johnson's conclusions. Like them, however, I cannot say that the man who made love seven times a week, given good health, will be making love normally two or three times a month when he is seventy. But it looks to me as though this suggestion has some basis in fact. If anyone feels, as some I know do feel, that life without sex at any age is not to be contemplated, they might probably do worse than see to it when they are younger that no boredom with sex will be allowed to overtake them, and that they will respond to lovemaking as often as their sex urge signals they should. Certainly it can do them no harm; very likely it can do them a lot of good. ***

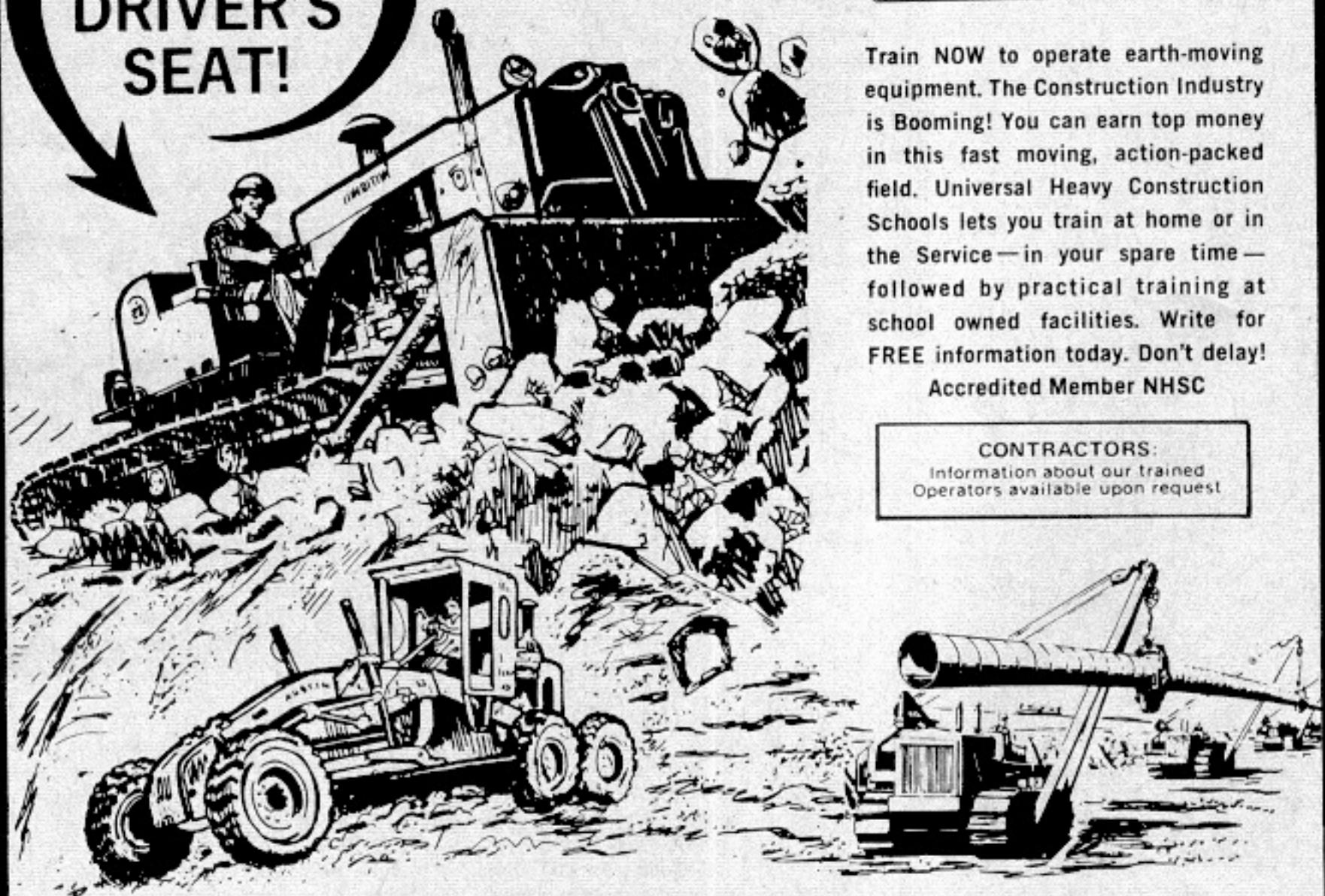
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